

THE MODEL SPEAKER^{AND} RECITER





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LETTER OF THANKS FOR BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

THE MODEL SPEAKER AND RECITER

BEING

**A Standard Work on Composition
and Oratory**

CONTAINING

RULES FOR EXPRESSING WRITTEN THOUGHT IN A CORRECT AND
ELEGANT MANNER; SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST FAMOUS
AUTHORS; SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS AND HOW TO
TREAT THEM; USE OF ILLUSTRATIONS; DESCRIPTIVE,
PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS WRITINGS, ETC., ETC.

TOGETHER WITH A

Peerless Collection of Readings and Recitations

FROM AUTHORS OF WORLD-WIDE RENOWN, FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS
ACADEMIES, COLLEGES, LODGES, SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND
SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS

THE WHOLE FORMING AN

UNRIVALED SELF-EDUCATOR FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Delsarte Manual of Oratory," "Golden Gleanings of Poetry, Prose and Song," etc., etc.

Embellished with Numerous Engravings

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1897

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PREFACE.

MILLIONS of young people in America are being educated, and hence there is a very great demand for a Standard Work showing how to express written thought in the most elegant manner, and how to read and recite in a way that insures the greatest success. To meet this enormous demand is the aim of this volume.

PART I.—HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION.—The treatment of this subject is masterly and thorough, and is so fascinating that the study becomes a delight. Rules and examples are furnished for the right choice of words, for constructing sentences, for punctuation, for acquiring an elegant style of composition, for writing essays and letters, what authors should be read, etc. The directions given are all right to the point and are easily put into practice.

The work contains a complete list of synonyms, or words of similar meaning, and more than 500 choice subjects for compositions, which are admirably suited to persons of all ages. These are followed by a charming collection of Masterpieces of Composition by such world-renowned authors as Emerson, Hawthorne, George Eliot, Lord Macaulay, Washington Irving, C. H. Spurgeon, Sarah J. Lippincott, Mrs. Stowe and many others.

These grand specimens of composition bear the stamp of the most brilliant genius. They are very suggestive and helpful. They inspire the reader to the noblest efforts, and teach the truth of Bulwer Lytton's well-known saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

PART II.—READINGS AND RECITATIONS.--The second part of this incomparable work is no less valuable, and a candid perusal will convince you that it contains the largest and best collection of recitations ever brought together in one volume. These are of every variety and description. Be careful to notice that every one of these selections, which are from the writings of the world's best authors, is especially adapted for reading and reciting. This is something which cannot be said of any similar work.

All the Typical Gestures used in Reciting are shown by choice engravings, and the reader has in reality the best kind of teacher right before him. The different attitudes, facial expressions and gestures are both instructive and charming. These are followed by Recitations with Lesson Talks. Full directions are given for reciting the various pieces, and this is done by taking each paragraph or verse of the selection and pointing out the gestures, tone of voice, emphasis, etc., required to render it most effectively. The Lesson Talks render most valuable service to all who are studying the grand art of oratory.

The next section of this masterly volume contains Recitations with Music. This is a choice collection of readings which are rendered most effective by accompaniments of music, enabling the reader by the use of the voice or some musical instrument to entrance his audience.

These charming selections are followed by a superb collection of Patriotic Recitations which celebrate the grand victories of our army and navy in the Philippines and West Indies. These incomparable pieces are all aglow with patriotic fervor and are eagerly sought by all elocutionists.

There is space here only to mention the different parts of this delightful volume, such as Descriptive and Dramatic Recitations, Orations by Famous Orators; a peerless collection of Humorous and Pathetic Recitations.

Thus it is seen that this is a very comprehensive work. Not only is it carefully prepared, not only does it set a very high standard of excellence in composition and elocution, but it is a work peculiarly fitted to the wants of millions of young people throughout our country. The writer of this is free to say that such a work as this would have been of inestimable value to him while obtaining an education. All wise parents who wish to make the best provision for educating their children should understand that they have in this volume such a teacher in composition and oratory as has never before been offered to the public.

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ALAS, HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE
DISSENSION BETWEEN HEARTS TH-T LOVE

PART I.

HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION

AND

Express Written Thought in a Correct and Elegant Manner.

THE correct and pleasing expression of one's thoughts in writing is an accomplishment of the highest order. To have little or no ability in the art of composition is a great misfortune.

Who is willing to incur the disgrace and mortification of being unable to write a graceful and interesting letter, or an essay worthy to be read by intelligent persons? What an air of importance belongs to the young scholar, or older student, who can pen a production excellent in thought and beautiful in language! Such a gifted individual becomes almost a hero or heroine.

When I was a pupil in one of our public schools the day most dreaded by all of the scholars was "composition day." What to write about, and how to do it, were the most vexatious of all questions. Probably nine-tenths of the pupils would rather have mastered the hardest lessons, or taken a sound

whipping, than to attempt to write one paragraph of a composition on any subject.

While some persons have a natural faculty for putting their thoughts into words, a much larger number of others are compelled to confess that it is a difficult undertaking, and they are never able to satisfy themselves with their written productions.

Let it be some encouragement to you to reflect that many who are considered excellent writers labored in the beginning under serious difficulties, yet, being resolved to master them, they finally achieved the most gratifying success. When Napoleon was told it would be impossible for his army to cross the bridge at Lodi, he replied, "There is no such word as impossible," and over the bridge his army went. Resolve that you will succeed, and carry out this good resolution by close application and diligent practice. "Labor conquers all things."

WHAT TO DO, AND HOW TO DO IT.

STUDY carefully the lessons contained in the following pages. They will be of great benefit, as they show you what to do and how to do it.

These lessons are quite simple at first, and are followed by others that are more advanced. All of them have been carefully prepared for the purpose of furnishing just such helps as you need. You can study them by

yourself; if you can obtain the assistance of a competent teacher, so much the better. I predict that you will be surprised at the rapid progress you are making. Perhaps you will become fascinated with your study; at least, it is to be hoped you will, and become enthusiastic in your noble work.

Be content to take one step at a time. Do not get the mistaken impression that you

will be able to write a good composition before you have learned how to do it. Many persons are too eager to achieve success immediately, without patient and earnest endeavor to overcome all difficulties.

Choose a subject for your composition that is adapted to your capacity. You cannot write on a subject that you know nothing about. Having selected your theme, think upon it, and, if possible, read what others have written about it, not for the purpose of stealing their thoughts, but to stimulate your own, and store your mind with information. Then you will be able to express in writing what you know.

The Treatment of the Subject.

The principal reason why many persons make such hard work of the art of composition is that they have so few thoughts, and consequently so little to say, upon the subjects they endeavor to treat. The same rule must be followed in writing a composition as in building a house—you must first get your materials.

I said something about stealing the thoughts of others, but must qualify this by saying that while you are learning to write, you are quite at liberty in your practice to make use of the thoughts of others, writing them from memory after you have read a page or a paragraph from some standard author. It is better that you should remember only a part of the language employed by the writer whose thoughts you are reproducing, using as far as possible words of your own, yet in each instance wherein you remember his language you need not hesitate to use it. Such an exercise is a valuable aid to all who wish to *perfect* themselves in the delightful art of composition.

Take any writer of good English.—J. G. Holland, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Irving, Cooper, or the articles in our best magazines

—and read half a page twice or thrice; close the book, and write, in your own words, what you have read; borrowing, nevertheless, from the author so much as you can remember. Compare what you have written with the original, sentence by sentence, and word by word, and observe how far you have fallen short of the skilful author.

A Frequent Change of Authors.

You will thus not only find out your own faults, but you will discover where they lie, and how they may be mended. Repeat the lesson with the same passages twice or thrice, if your memory is not filled with the words of the author, and observe, at each trial, the progress you have made, not merely by comparison with the original, but by comparison with the previous exercises.

Do this day after day, changing your author for the purpose of varying the style, and continue to do so long after you have passed on to the second and more advanced stages of your training. Preserve all your exercises, and occasionally compare the latest with the earliest, and so ascertain what progress you have made.

Give especial attention to the *words*, which, to my mind, are of greater importance than the sentences. Take your nouns first, and compare them with the nouns used by your author. You will probably find your words to be very much bigger than his, more sounding, more far-fetched, more classical, or more poetical. All young writers and speakers fancy that they cannot sufficiently revel in fine words. Comparison with the great masters of English will rebuke this pomposity of inexperience, and chasten and improve your style.

You will discover, to your surprise, that our best writers eschew big words and do not aim to dazzle their readers with fine words. Where there is a choice, they pre-

for the pure, plain, simple English noun—the name by which the thing is known to everybody, and which, therefore, is instantly understood by all readers. These great authors call a spade “a spade;” only small scribblers term it “an implement of husbandry.” If there is a choice of names, good writers prefer the one best known, while an inexperienced writer is apt to select the most uncommon.

The example of the masters of the English tongue should teach you that commonness (if I may be allowed to coin a word to express that for which I can find no precise equivalent) and vulgarity are not the same in substance. Vulgarity is shown in assumption and affectation of language quite as much as in dress and manners, and it is never vulgar to be natural. Your object is to be understood. To be successful, you must write and talk in a language that everybody can understand; and such is the natural vigor, picturesqueness and music of our tongue, that you could not possess yourself of a more powerful or effective instrument for expression.

Right Choice of Words.

It is well for you to be assured that while, by this choice of plain English for the embodying of your thoughts, you secure the ears of ordinary people, you will at the same time please the most highly educated and refined. The *words* that have won the applause of a political meeting are equally successful in securing a hearing in Congress, provided that the thoughts expressed and the manner of their expression be adapted to the changed audience.

Then for the *sentences*. Look closely at their construction, comparing it with that of your author; I mean, note how you have put your words together. The placing of words is next in importance to the choice of

them. The best writers preserve the natural order of thought. They sedulously shun obscurities and perplexities. They avoid long and involved sentences. Their rule is, that one sentence should express one thought, and they will not venture on the introduction of two or three thoughts, if they can help it.

Obscure Sentences.

Undoubtedly this is extremely difficult—sometimes impossible. If you want to qualify an assertion, you must do so on the instant; but the rule should never be forgotten, that a long and involved sentence is to be avoided, wherever it is practicable to do so.

Another lesson you will doubtless learn from the comparison of your composition with that of your model author. You will see a wonderful number of *adjectives* in your own writing, and very few in his. It is the besetting sin of young writers to indulge in adjectives, and precisely as a man gains experience do his adjectives diminish in number. It seems to be supposed by all unpracticed scribblers that the multiplication of epithets gives force. The nouns are never left to speak for themselves.

It is curious to take up any newspaper and read the paragraphs of news, to open the books of nine-tenths of our authors of the third and downward ranks. You will rarely see a noun standing alone, without one or more adjectives prefixed. Be assured that this is a mistake. An adjective should never be used unless it is essential to correct description. As a general rule adjectives add little strength to the noun they are set to prop, and a multiplication of them is always enfeebling. The vast majority of nouns convey to the mind a much more accurate picture of the thing they signify than you can possibly paint by attaching epithets to them.

Yet do not push to the extreme what has just been said. Adjectives are a very important part of language, and we could not well do without them. You do not need to say a "flowing river;" every river flows, but you might wish to say a "swollen river," and you could not convey the idea you desire to express without using the adjective "swollen." What I wish to caution you against is the needless multiplication of adjectives, which only serve to overload and weaken the expression of your thought.

Express Your Own Ideas.

When you have repeated your lesson many times, and find that you can write with some approach to the purity of your author, you should attempt an original composition. In the beginning it would be prudent, perhaps, to borrow the *ideas*, but to put them into your own language. The difficulty of this consists in the tendency of the mind to mistake memory for invention, and thus, unconsciously to copy the language as well as the thoughts of the author.

The best way to avoid this is to translate poetry into prose; to take, for instance, a page of narrative in verse and relate the same story in plain prose; or to peruse a page of didactic poetry, and set down the argument in a plain, unpoetical fashion. This will make you familiar with the art of composition, only to be acquired by practice; and the advantage, at this early stage of your education in the arts of writing and speaking, of putting into proper language the thoughts of others rather than your own is, that you are better able to discover your faults. Your fatherly love for your own ideas is such that you are really incompetent to form a judgment of their worth, or of the correctness of the language in which they are embodied.

The critics witness this hallucination every day. Books continually come to them, writ-

ten by men who are *not* mad, who probably are sufficiently sensible in the ordinary business of life, who see clearly enough the faults of other books, who would have laughed aloud over the same pages, if placed in their hands by another writer, but who, nevertheless, are utterly unable to recognize the absurdities of their own handiwork. The reader is surprised that any man of common intelligence could indite such a maze of nonsense, where the right word is never to be found in its right place, and this with such utter unconsciousness of incapacity on the part of the author.

Write Exactly What You Mean.

Still more is he amazed that, even if a sensible man could so write, a sane man could read that composition in print, and not with shame throw it into the fire. But the explanation is, that the writer knew what he *intended* to say; his mind is full of *that*, and he reads from the manuscript or the type, not so much what is there set down, as what was already floating in his own mind. To criticise yourself you must, to some extent, forget yourself. This is impracticable to many persons, and, lest it may be so with you, I advise you to begin by putting the thoughts of others into your own language, before you attempt to give formal expression to your own thoughts.

You must habitually place your thoughts upon paper—first, that you may do so rapidly; and, secondly, that you may do so correctly. When you come to write your reflections, you will be surprised to find how loose and inaccurate the most vivid of them have been, what terrible flaws there are in your best arguments.

You are thus enabled to correct them, and to compare the matured sentence with the rude conception of it. You are thus trained to weigh your words and assure yourself

that they precisely embody the idea you desire to convey. You can trace uncouthness in the sentences, and dislocations of thought, of which you had not been conscious before. It is far better to learn your lesson thus upon

paper, which you can throw into the fire unknown to any human being, than to be taught it by readers who are not always very lenient critics and are quick to detect any faults that appear in your production.

READING AND THINKING.

HAVING accustomed yourself to express, in plain words, and in clear, precise and straightforward sentences, the ideas of others, you should proceed to express your own thoughts in the same fashion. You will now see more distinctly the advantage of having first studied composition by the process I have recommended, for you are in a condition to discover the deficiencies in the flow of your own ideas. You will be surprised to find, when you come to put them into words, how many of your thoughts were shapeless, hazy and dreamy, slipping from your grasp when you try to seize them, resolving themselves, like the witches in *Macbeth*,

Into the air: and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind.

What You Should Read.

Thus, after you have learned *how* to write, you will need a good deal of education before you will learn *what* to write. I cannot much assist you in this part of the business. Two words convey the whole lesson—*Read* and *think*. What should you read? Everything. What think about? All subjects that present themselves. The writer and orator must be a man of very varied knowledge. Indeed, for all the purposes of practical life, you cannot know too much. No learning is quite useless. But a speaker, especially if an advocate, cannot anticipate the subjects on which he may be required to talk. Law is the least part of his discourse. For once that he is called upon to argue a point of

law, he is compelled to treat matters of fact twenty times.

And the range of topics is very wide; it embraces science and art, history and philosophy; above all, the knowledge of human nature that teaches how the mind he addresses is to be convinced and persuaded, and how a willing ear is to be won to his discourse. No limited range of reading will suffice for so large a requirement. The elements of the sciences must be mastered; the foundations of philosophy must be learned; the principles of art must be acquired; the broad facts of history must be stamped upon the memory; poetry and fiction must not be slighted or neglected.

Our Great Writers.

You must cultivate frequent and intimate intercourse with the genius of all ages and of all countries, not merely as standards by which to measure your own progress, or as fountains from which you may draw unlimited ideas for your own use, but because they are peculiarly *suggestive*. This is the characteristic of genius, that, conveying one thought to the reader's mind, it kindles in him many other thoughts. The value of this to speaker and writer will be obvious to you.

Never, therefore, permit a day to pass without reading more or less—if it be but a single page—from some one of our great writers. Besides the service I have described in the multiplication of your ideas, it will render you the scarcely lesser service of preserving purity of style and language, and pre-

venting you from falling into the conventional affectations and slang of social dialogue.

For the same reason, without reference to any higher motive, but simply to fill your mind with the purest English, read daily some portion of the Bible; for which exercise there is another reason also, that its phraseology is more familiar to all kinds of audiences than any other, is more readily understood, and, therefore, is more sufficient in securing their attention.

Three Kinds of Reading.

Your reading will thus consist of three kinds: reading for *knowledge*, by which I mean the storing of your memory with facts; reading for *thoughts*, by which I mean the ideas and reflections that set your own mind thinking; and reading the *words*, by which I mean the best language in which the best authors have clothed their thoughts. And these three classes of reading should be pursued together daily, more or less as you can, for they are needful each to the others, and neither can be neglected without injury to the rest.

So also you must make it a business to *think*. You will probably say that you are always thinking when you are not *doing* anything, and often when you are busiest. True, the mind is active, but wandering, vaguely from topic to topic. You are not in reality *thinking out* anything; indeed, you cannot be sure that your thoughts have a shape until you try to express them in words. Nevertheless you must think before you can write or speak, and you should cultivate a *habit of thinking* at all appropriate seasons.

But do not misunderstand this suggestion. I do not design advising you to set yourself a-thinking, as you would take up a book to read at the intervals of business, or as a part of a course of self-training; for such attempts would probably begin with wandering fancies

and end in a comfortable nap. It is a fact worth noting, that few persons can think continuously while the body is at perfect rest. The time for thinking is when you are kept awake by some slight and almost mechanical muscular exercise, and the mind is not busily attracted by external subjects of attention.

Thus walking, angling, gardening, and other rural pursuits are pre-eminently the seasons for thought, and you should cultivate a habit of thinking during those exercises, so needful for health of body and for fruitfulness of mind. *Then* it is that you should submit whatever subject you desire to treat to careful review, turning it on all sides, and inside out, marshalling the facts connected with it, trying what may be said for or against every view of it, recalling what you may have read about it, and finally thinking what you could say upon it that had not been said before, or how you could put old views of it into new shapes.

Learning to Think.

Perhaps the best way to accomplish this will be to imagine yourself writing upon it, or making a speech upon it, and to think what in such case you would say; I do not mean in what *words* you would express yourself, but what you would discourse about; what ideas you would put forth; to what thoughts you would give utterance.

At the beginning of this exercise you will find your reflections extremely vague and disconnected; you will range from theme to theme, and mere flights of fancy will be substituted for steady, continuous thought. But persevere day by day, and that which was in the beginning an effort will soon grow into a habit, and you will pass few moments of your working life in which, when not occupied from without, your mind will not be *usefully* employed within itself.

Having attained this habit of thinking, let

it be a rule with you, before you write or speak on any subject, to employ your thoughts upon it in the manner I have described. Go a-fishing. Take a walk. Weed your garden. Sweep, dust, do any sewing that needs to be done. While so occupied, *think*. It will be hard if your own intelligence cannot suggest to you how the subject should be treated, in what order of argument, with what illustrations, and with what new aspects of it, the original product of your own genius.

At all events this is certain, that without preliminary reflection you cannot hope to deal with any subject to your own satisfaction, or to the profit or pleasure of others. If you neglect these precautions, you can never be more than a wind-bag, uttering words that, however grandly they may roll, convey no thoughts. There is hope for ignorance; there is none for emptiness.

To sum up these rules and suggestions: To become a writer or an orator, you must fill your mind with knowledge by reading and observation, and educate it to the creation of thoughts by cultivating a habit of reflection. There is no limit to the knowledge that will be desirable and useful; it should include something of natural science much of history, and still more of human nature. The latter must be your study, for it is with this that the writer and speaker has to deal.

Remember, that no amount of antiquarian, or historical, or scientific, or literary lore will make a writer or orator, without intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world about him, with the tastes, sentiments, passions, emotions, and modes of thought of the men and women of the age in which he lives, and whose minds it is his business to instruct and sway.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A CAPTIVATING STYLE.

YOU must think, that you may have thoughts to convey; and read, that you may have words wherewith to express your thoughts correctly and gracefully. But something more than this is required to qualify you to write or speak. You must have a *style*. I will endeavor to explain what I mean by that.

As every man has a manner of his own, differing from the manner of every other man, so has every mind its own fashion of communicating with other minds. This manner of expressing thought is *style*, and therefore may style be described as the features of the mind displayed in its communications with other minds; as manner is the external feature exhibited in personal communication.

But though style is the gift of nature, it is nevertheless to be cultivated; only in a sense

different from that commonly understood by the word cultivation.

Many elaborate treatises have been written on style, and the subject usually occupies a prominent place in all books on composition and oratory. It is usual with teachers to urge emphatically the importance of cultivating style, and to prescribe ingenious recipes for its production. All these proceed upon the assumption that style is something artificial, capable of being taught, and which may and should be learned by the student, like spelling or grammar.

But, if the definition of style which I have submitted to you is right, these elaborate trainings are a needless labor; probably positive mischief. I do not design to say a style may not be taught to you; but it will be the style of some other man, and not your own; and, not being your own, it will no

more fit your mind than a second-hand suit of clothes, bought without measurement at a pawn-shop, would fit your body, and your appearance in it would be as ungainly.

But you must not gather from this that you are not to concern yourself about style, that it may be left to take care of itself, and that you will require only to write or speak as untrained nature prompts. I say that you must cultivate style; but I say also that the style to be cultivated must be your own, and not the style of another.

How to Cultivate Style.

The majority of those who have written upon the subject recommend you to study the styles of the great writers of the English language, with a view to acquiring their accomplishment. So I say—study them, by all means; but not for the purpose of imitation, not with a view to acquire *their* manner, but to learn their language, to see how they have embodied their thoughts in words, to discover the manifold graces with which they have invested the expression of their thoughts, so as to surround the act of communicating information, or kindling emotion, with the various attractions and charms of art.

Cultivate style; but instead of laboring to acquire the style of your model, it should be your most constant endeavor to avoid it. The greatest danger to which you are exposed is that of falling into an imitation of the manner of some favorite author, whom you have studied for the sake of learning a style, which, if you did learn it, would be unbecoming to you, because it is not your own. That which in him was *manner* becomes in you *mannerism*; you but dress yourself in his clothes, and imagine that you are like him, while you are no more like than is the valet to his master whose cast-off coat he is wearing.

There are some authors whose manner is

so infectious that it is extremely difficult *not* to catch it. Hawthorne is one of these; it requires an effort not to fall into his formula of speech. But your protection against this danger must be an ever-present conviction that your own style will be the best for you, be it ever so bad or good. You must strive to *be* yourself, to think for yourself, to speak in your own manner; then, what you say and your *style* of saying it will be in perfect accord, and the pleasure to those who read or listen will not be disturbed by a sense of impropriety and unfitness.

Nevertheless, I repeat, you should cultivate your own style, not by changing it into some other person's style, but by striving to preserve its individuality, while decorating it with all the graces of art. Nature gives the style, for your style is yourself; but the decorations are slowly and laboriously acquired by diligent study, and, above all, by long and patient practice. There are but two methods of attaining to this accomplishment—contemplation of the best productions of art, and continuous toil in the exercise of it.

Make Your Composition Attractive.

I assume that, by the process I have already described, you have acquired a tolerably quick flow of ideas, a ready command of words, and ability to construct grammatical sentences; all that now remains to you is to learn to use this knowledge that the result may be presented in the most attractive shape to those whom you address. I am unable to give you many practical hints towards this, because it is not a thing to be acquired by formal rules, in a few lessons and by a set course of study; it is the product of very wide and long-continued gleanings from a countless variety of sources; but, above all, it is taught by experience.

If you compare your compositions at intervals of six months, you will see the progress

you have made. You began with a multitude of words, with big nouns and bigger adjectives, a perfect firework of epithets, a tendency to call everything by something else than its proper name, and the more you admired your own ingenuity the more you thought it must be admired by others. If you had a good idea, you were pretty sure to dilute it by expansion, supposing the while that you were improving by amplifying it. You indulged in small flights of poetry (in prose), not always in appropriate places, and you were tolerably sure to go off into rhapsody, and to mistake fine words for eloquence. This is the juvenile style; and is not peculiar to yourself—it is the common fault of *all* young writers.

But the cure for it may be hastened by judicious self-treatment. In addition to the study of good authors, to cultivate your taste, you may mend your style by a process of pruning, after the following fashion. Having finished your composition, or a section of it, lay it aside, and do not look at it again for a week, during which interval other labors will have engaged your thoughts. You will then be in a condition to revise it with an approach to critical impartiality, and so you will begin to learn the whole-

some *art of blotting*. Go through it slowly, pen in hand, weighing every word, and asking yourself, "What did I *intend* to say? How can I say it in the briefest and plainest English?"

Compare with the plain answer you return to this question the form in which you had tried to express the same meaning in the writing before you, and at each word further ask yourself, "Does this word precisely convey my thought? Is it the aptest word? Is it a necessary word? Would my meaning be fully expressed without it?" If it is not the best, change it for a better. If it is superfluous, ruthlessly strike it out.

The work will be painful at first—you will sacrifice with a sigh so many flourishes of fancy, so many figures of speech, of whose birth you were proud. Nay, at the beginning, and for a long time afterwards, your courage will fail you, and many a cherished phrase will be spared by your relenting pen. But be persistent, and you will triumph at last. Be not content with one act of erasure. Read the manuscript again, and, seeing how much it is improved, you will be inclined to blot a little more. Lay it aside for a month, and then read again, and blot again as before. Be severe toward yourself.

THE CHOICE OF LANGUAGE.

SIMPLICITY is the crowning achievement of judgment and good taste. It is of very slow growth in the greatest minds; by the multitude it is never acquired. The gradual progress towards it can be curiously traced in the works of the great masters of English composition, wheresoever the injudicious zeal of admirers has given to the world the juvenile writings which their own better taste had suffered to pass into oblivion. Lord Macaulay was an instance of this.

Compare his latest with his earliest compositions, as collected in the posthumous volume of his "Remains," and the growth of improvement will be manifest.

Yet, at first thought, nothing appears to be easier to remember, and to act upon, than the rule, "Say what you want to say in the fewest words that will express your meaning clearly; and let those words be the plainest, the most common (not vulgar), and the most intelligible to the greatest number of persons." It is certain that a beginner will adopt

the very reverse of this. He will say what he has to say in the greatest number of words he can devise, and those words will be the most artificial and uncommon his memory can recall. As he advances, he will learn to drop these long phrases and big words; he will gradually contract his language to the limit of his thoughts, and he will discover, after long experience, that he was never so feeble as when he flattered himself that he was most forcible.

Faults in Writing.

I have dwelt upon this subject with repetitions that may be deemed almost wearisome, because affectations and conceits are the besetting sin of modern composition, and the vice is growing and spreading. The literature of our periodicals teems with it; the magazines are infected by it almost as much as the newspapers, which have been always famous for it.

Instead of an endeavor to write plainly, the express purpose of the writers in the periodicals is to write as obscurely as possible; they make it a rule never to call anything by its proper name, never to say anything directly in plain English, never to express their true meaning. They delight to say something quite different in appearance from that which they purpose to say, requiring the reader to translate it, if he can, and, if he cannot, leaving him in a state of bewilderment, or wholly uninformed.

Worse models you could not find than those presented to you by the newspapers and periodicals; yet are you so beset by them that it is extremely difficult not to catch the infection. Reading day by day compositions teeming with bad taste, and especially where the style floods you with its conceits and affectations, you unconsciously fall into the same vile habit, and incessant vigilance is required to restore you to sound,

vigorous, manly, and wholesome English. I cannot recommend to you a better plan for counteracting the inevitable mischief than the daily reading of portions of some of our best writers of English, specimens of which you will find near the close of the First Part of this volume. We learn more by example than in any other way, and a careful perusal of these choice specimens of writing from the works of the most celebrated authors will greatly aid you.

You will soon learn to appreciate the power and beauty of those simple sentences compared with the forcible feebleness of some, and the spasmodic efforts and mountebank contortions of others, that meet your eye when you turn over the pages of magazine or newspaper. I do not say that you will at once become reconciled to plain English, after being accustomed to the tinsel and tin trumpets of too many modern writers; but you will gradually come to like it more and more; you will return to it with greater zest year by year; and, having thoroughly learned to love it, you will strive to follow the example of the authors who have written it.

Read Great Authors.

And this practice of daily reading the writings of one of the great masters of the English tongue should never be abandoned. So long as you have occasion to write or speak, let it be held by you almost as a duty. And here I would suggest that you should read them *aloud*; for there is no doubt that the words, entering at once by the eye and the ear, are more sharply impressed upon the mind than when perused silently.

Moreover, when reading aloud you read more slowly; the full meaning of each word must be understood, that you may give the right expression to it, and the ear catches the general structure of the sentences more perfectly. Nor will this occupy much time

There is no need to devote to it more than a few minutes every day. Two or three pages thus read daily will suffice to preserve the purity of your taste.

Your first care in composition will be, of course, to express yourself grammatically. This is partly habit, partly teaching. If those with whom a child is brought up talk grammatically, he will do likewise, from mere imitation; but he will learn quite as readily anything ungrammatical to which his ears may be accustomed; and, as the most fortunate of us mingle in childhood with servants and other persons not always observant of number, gender, mood, and tense, and as even they who have enjoyed the best education lapse, in familiar talk, into occasional defiance of grammar, which could not be avoided without pedantry, you will find the study of grammar necessary to you under any circumstances. Your ear will teach you a great deal, and you may usually trust to it as a guide;

but sometimes occasions arise when you are puzzled to determine which is the correct form of expression, and in such cases there is safety only in reference to the rule.

Fortunately our public schools and academies give much attention to the study of grammar. The very first evidence that a person is well educated is the ability to speak correctly. If you were to say, "I paid big prices for them pictures," or, "Her photographs always flatters her," or, "His fund of jokes and stories make him a pleasant companion," or, "He buys the paper for you and I"—if you were guilty of committing such gross errors against good grammar, or scores of others that might be mentioned, your chances for obtaining a standing in polite society would be very slim. Educated persons would at once rank you as an ignorant boor, and their treatment of you would be suggestive of weather below zero. Do not "murder the King's English."

PUTTING WORDS INTO SENTENCES.

HAVING pointed out the importance of correct grammar and the right choice of language, I wish now to furnish you with some practical suggestions for the construction of sentences. Remember that a good thought often suffers from a weak and faulty expression of it.

Your sentences will certainly shape themselves after the structure of your own mind. If your thoughts are vivid and definite, so will be your language; if dreamy and hazy, so will your composition be obscure. Your speech, whether oral or written, can be but the expression of yourself; and what you are, that speech will be.

Remember, then, that you cannot materially change the substantial character of your writing; but you may much improve

the form of it by the observance of two or three general rules.

In the first place, *be sure you have something to say*. This may appear to you a very unnecessary precaution; for who, you will ask, having nothing to say, desires to write or to speak? I do not doubt that you have often felt as if your brain was teeming with thoughts too big for words; but when you came to seize them, for the purpose of putting them into words, you have found them evading your grasp and melting into the air. They were not *thoughts* at all, but *fancies*—shadows which you had mistaken for substances, and whose vagueness you would never have detected, had you not sought to embody them in language. Hence you will need to be assured that you have thoughts to express, before you try to express them.

And how to do this? By asking yourself, when you take up the pen, what it is you intend to say, and answering yourself as you best can, without caring for the form of expression. If it is only a vague and mystical idea, conceived in cloudland, you will try in vain to put it into any form of words, however rude. If, however, it is a definite thought, proceed at once to set it down in words and fix it upon paper.

Vague and Hazy Ideas.

The expression of a precise and definite thought is not difficult. Words will follow the thought; indeed, they usually accompany it, because it is almost impossible to think unless the thought is clothed in words. So closely are ideas and language linked by habit, that very few minds are capable of contemplating them apart, insomuch that it may be safely asserted of all intellects, save the highest, that if they are unable to express their ideas, it is because the ideas are incapable of expression—because they are vague and hazy.

For the present purpose it will suffice that you put upon paper the substance of what you desire to say, in terms as rude as you please, the object being simply to measure your thoughts. If you cannot express them, do not attribute your failure to the weakness of language, but to the dreaminess of your ideas, and therefore banish them without mercy, and direct your mind to some more definite object for its contemplations. If you succeed in putting your ideas into words, be they ever so rude, you will have learned the first, the most difficult, and the most important lesson in the art of writing.

The second is far easier. Having thoughts, and having embodied those thoughts in unpolished phrase, your next task will be to present them in the most attractive form. To secure the attention of those to whom you

desire to communicate your thoughts, it is not enough that you utter them in any words that come uppermost; you must express them in the best words, and in the most graceful sentences, so that they may be read with pleasure, or at least without offending the taste.

Your first care in the choice of words will be that they shall express precisely your meaning. Words are used so loosely in society that the same word will often be found to convey half a dozen different ideas to as many auditors. Even where there is not a conflict of meanings in the same word, there is usually a choice of words having meanings sufficiently alike to be used indiscriminately, without subjecting the user to a charge of positive error. But the cultivated taste is shown in the selection of such as express the most delicate shades of difference.

Suit the Word to the Thought.

Therefore, it is not enough to have abundance of words; you must learn the precise meaning of each word, and in what it differs from other words supposed to be synonymous; and then you must select that which most exactly conveys the thought you are seeking to embody. There is but one way to fill your mind with words, and that is, to read the best authors, and to acquire an accurate knowledge of the precise meaning of their words—by *parsing* as you read.

By the practice of *parsing*, I intend very nearly the process so called at schools, only limiting the exercise to the definitions of the principal words. As thus: take, for instance the sentence that immediately precedes this,—ask yourself what is the meaning of “practice,” of “parsing,” of “process,” and such like. Write the answer to each, that you may be assured that your definition is distinct. Compare it with the definitions of the same word in the dictionaries, and observe

the various senses in which it has been used.

You will thus learn also the words that have the same, or nearly the same, meaning—a large vocabulary of which is necessary to composition, for frequent repetition of the same word, especially in the same sentence, is an inelegance, if not a positive error. Compare your definition with that of the authorities, and your use of the word with the uses of it cited in the dictionary, and you will thus measure your own progress in the science of words.

An Amusing Exercise.

This useful exercise may be made extremely amusing as well as instructive, if friends, having a like desire for self-improvement, will join you in the practice of it; and I can assure you that an evening will be thus spent pleasantly as well as profitably. You may make a merry game of it—a game of speculation. Given a word; each one of the company in turn writes his definition of it; Webster's Dictionary, or some other, is then referred to, and that which comes nearest the authentic definition wins the honor or the prize; it may be a sweepstakes carried off by him whose definition hits the mark the most nearly.

But, whether in company or, alone, you should not omit the frequent practice of this exercise, for none will impart such a power of accurate expression and supply such an abundance of apt words wherein to embody the delicate hues and various shadings of thought.

So with *sentences*, or the combination of words. Much skill is required for their construction. They must convey your meaning accurately, and as far as possible in the natural order of thought, and yet they must not be complex, involved, verbose, stiff, ungainly, or full of repetitions. They must be brief,

but not curt; explicit, but not verbose. Here, again, good taste must be your guide, rather than rules which teachers propound, but which the pupil never follows.

Not only does every style require its own construction of a sentence, but almost every combination of thought will demand a different shape in the sentence by which it is conveyed. A standard sentence, like a standard style, is a pedantic absurdity; and, if you would avoid it, you must *not* try to write by rule, though you may refer to rules in order to find out your faults after you have written.

Lastly, inasmuch as your design is, not only to influence, but to please, it will be necessary for you to cultivate what may be termed the *graces* of composition. It is not enough that you instruct the minds of your readers; you must gratify their taste, and win their attention, giving pleasure in the very process of imparting information. Hence you must make choice of words that convey no coarse meanings, and excite no disagreeable associations. You are not to sacrifice expression to elegance; but so, likewise, you are not to be content with a word or a sentence if it is offensive or unpleasing, merely because it best expresses your meaning.

Graces of Composition.

The precise boundary between refinement and rudeness cannot be defined; your own cultivated taste must tell you the point at which power or explicitness is to be preferred to delicacy. One more caution I would impress upon you, that you pause and give careful consideration to it before you permit a coarse expression, on account of its correctness, to pass your critical review when you revise your manuscript, and again when you read the proof, if ever you rush into print.

And much might be said also about the *music of speech*. Your words and sentences

must be musical. They must not come harshly from the tongue, if uttered, or grate upon the ear, if heard. There is a rhythm in words which should be observed in all composition, written or oral. The perception of it is a natural gift, but it may be much cultivated and improved by reading the works of the great masters of English,

especially of the best poets—the most excellent of all in this wonderful melody of words being Longfellow and Tennyson. Perusal of their works will show you what you should strive to attain in this respect, even though it may not enable you fully to accomplish the object of your endeavor. Aim at the sun and you will shoot high.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED.

THE faculty for writing varies in various persons. Some write easily, some laboriously; words flow from some pens without effort, others produce them slowly; composition seems to come naturally to a few, and a few never can learn it, toil after it as they may. But whatever the natural power, of this be certain, that *good* writing cannot be accomplished without study and painstaking practice. Facility is far from being a proof of excellence. Many of the finest works in our language were written slowly and painfully; the words changed again and again, and the structure of the sentences carefully cast and recast.

There is a fatal facility that runs "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood," that is more hopeless than any slowness or slovenliness. If you find your pen galloping over the paper, take it as a warning of a fault to be shunned; stay your hand, pause, reflect, read what you have written; see what are the thoughts you have set down, and resolutely try to condense them. There is no more wearisome process than to write the same thing over again; nevertheless it is a most efficient teaching. Your endeavor should be to say the same things, but to say them in a different form; to condense your thoughts, and express them in fewer words.

Compare this second effort with the first, and you will at once measure your improvement. You cannot now do better than re-

peat this lesson twice; rewrite, still bearing steadily in mind your object, which is, to say what you desire to utter in words the most apt and in the briefest form consistent with intelligibility and grace. Having done this, take your last copy and strike out pitilessly every superfluous word, substitute a vigorous or expressive word for a weak one, sacrifice the adjectives without remorse, and, when this work is done, rewrite the whole, as amended.

And, if you would see what you have gained by this laborious but effective process, compare the completed essay with the first draft of it, and you will recognize the superiority of careful composition over facile scribbling. You will be fortunate if you thus acquire a mastery of condensation, and can succeed in putting the reins upon that fatal facility of words, before it has grown into an unconquerable habit.

Simplicity is the charm of writing, as of speech; therefore, cultivate it with care. It is not the natural manner of expression, or, at least, there grows with great rapidity in all of us a tendency to an ornamental style of talking and writing. As soon as the child emerges from the imperfect phraseology of his first letters to papa, he sets himself earnestly to the task of trying to disguise what he has to say in some other words than such as plainly express his meaning and nothing more. To him it seems an object of ambi-

tion—a feat to be proud of—to go by the most indirect paths, instead of the straight way, and it is a triumph to give the person he addresses the task of interpreting his language, to find the true meaning lying under the apparent meaning.

Come Right to the Point.

Circumlocution is not the invention of refinement and civilization, but the vice of the uncultivated; it prevails the most with the young in years and in minds that never attain maturity. It is a characteristic of the savage. You cannot too much school yourself to avoid this tendency, if it has not already seized you, as is most probable, or to banish it, if infected by it.

If you have any doubt of your condition in this respect, your better course will be to consult some judicious friend, conscious of the evil and competent to criticism. Submit to him some of your compositions, asking him to tell you candidly what are their faults, and especially what are the circumlocutions in them, and how the same thought might have been better, because more simply and plainly, expressed. Having studied his corrections, rewrite the article, striving to avoid those faults.

Submit this again to your friendly censor, and, if many faults are found still to linger, apply yourself to the labor of repetition once more. Repeat this process with new writings, until you produce them in a shape that requires few blottings, and, having thus learned what to shun, you may venture on self-reliance.

But, even when parted from your friendly critic, you should continue to be your own critic, revising every sentence, with resolute purpose to strike out all superfluous words and to substitute an expressive word for every fine word. You will hesitate to blot many a pet phrase, of whose invention you

felt proud at the moment of its birth; but, if it is circumlocution, pass the pen through it ruthlessly, and by degrees you will train yourself to the crowning victory of art—simplicity.

When you are writing on any subject, address yourself to it directly. Come to the point as speedily as possible, and do not walk round about it, as if you were reluctant to grapple with it. There is so much to be read nowadays that it is the duty of all who write to condense their thoughts and words. This cannot always be done in speaking, where slow minds must follow your faster lips, but it is always practicable in writing, where the reader may move slowly, or repeat what he has not understood on the first passing of the eye over the words.

Arranging Your Words.

In constructing your sentences, marshal your words in the order of thought—that is the natural, and therefore the most intelligible shape for language to assume. In conversation we do this instinctively, but in writing the rule is almost always set at defiance. The man who would tell you a story in a plain, straightforward way would not write it without falling into utter confusion and placing almost every word precisely where it ought not to be. In learning to write, let this be your next care.

Probably it will demand much toil at first in rewriting for the sake of redistributing your words; acquired habit of long standing will unconsciously mould your sentences to the accustomed shape; but persevere and you will certainly succeed at last, and your words will express your thoughts precisely as you think them, and as you desire that they should be impressed upon the minds of those to whom they are addressed.

So with the sentences. Let each be complete in itself, embodying one proposition.

Shun that tangled skein in which some writers involve themselves, to the perplexity of their readers and their own manifest bewilderment. When you find a sentence falling into such a maze, halt and retrace your steps. Cancel what you have done, and reflect what you design to say. Set clearly before your mind the ideas that you had begun to mingle; disentangle them, range them in orderly array, and express them in distinct sentences, where each will stand separate, but in its right relationship to all the rest.

This exercise will improve, not only your skill in the art of writing, but also in the art of thinking, for those involved sentences are almost always the result of confused thoughts; the resolve to write clearly will compel you to think clearly, and you will be surprised to discover how often thoughts, which had appeared to you definite in contemplation, are found, when you come to set them upon paper, to be most incomplete and shadowy. Knowing the fault, you can then put your wits to work and furnish the remedy.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

SIMPLE SENTENCES.

SUBJECT AND PREDICATE.

THE sentence 'John writes' consists of two parts:—

(1) The name of the person of whom we are speaking,—*John*
and

(2) What we say about John,—*writes*.

Similar to the sentence 'Fire burns' consists of two parts:—

(1) The name of the thing of which we are speaking,—*fire*.

(2) What we say about fire,—*burns*.

Every sentence has two such parts.

The name of the person or thing spoken about is called the **Subject**.

What is said about the Subject is called the **Predicate**.

Exercise 1.

Point out the Subjects and the Predicates.

William sings. Birds fly. Sheep bleat. Henry is reading. Rain is falling. Rain has fallen. Stars are shining. Stars were shining. Cattle are grazing. Soldiers are watching. Soldiers watched. Soldiers were watched. School is closed. Donkeys bray. Donkeys were braying. I am writing. We are reading.

EXAMPLES.—William sings: "William" is the subject; "sings" is the predicate. Henry is read-

ing: "Henry" is the subject; "is reading" is the predicate. In like manner you should go through the list and point out the subjects and verbs.

Exercise 2.

Place Predicates (Verbs) after the following Subjects:—

Baby. Babies. Lightning. Flowers. Soldiers. Lions. Bees. Gas. The sun. The wind. The eagle. Eagles. The ship. Ships. The master. The scholars. The cat. Cats. Bakers. A butcher. The moon. The stars. Carpenters. The carpenter. The mower. Porters. Ploughmen.

EXAMPLES.—"Baby" smiles. "Babies" cry. "Lightning" strikes. Supply verbs for all the subjects.

Exercise 3.

Place Subjects before the following Predicates:—

Mew. Chatter. Grunt. Ran. Hum. Fly. Howl. Is walking. Plays. Played. Fell. Whistled. Shrieked. Sings. Sing. Sang. Sleeps. Slept. Bark. Barks. Cried. Bloom. Laughed. Soar. Swim. Swam. Was swimming. Dawns. Dawned. Gallops. Roar.

EXAMPLES.—Cats "mew." Monkeys "chatter." Pigs "grunt." Go on and write subjects for all the verbs.

SUBJECT, PREDICATE, AND OBJECT.

The Predicate always is, or contains, a Verb. In many sentences the Predicate is a Verb alone. When it is a Verb in the Active Voice, it has an **Object**, thus:—

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Predicate.</i>	<i>Object.</i>
Parents	love	children.
Children	obey	parents.
Boys	write	essays.
Haste	makes	waste.

Exercise 4.

Pick out the Subjects, Predicates, and Objects.

Soldiers fight battles. Tom missed Fred. Mary is minding baby. Job showed patience. Abraham had faith. Romulus founded Rome. Titus captured Jerusalem. Arthur loves father. Walter threw a stone. Tom broke a window. The servant swept the room. Masons build houses. The girl is milking the cow. The dog bit the beggar. Artists paint pictures. I am expecting a letter. We have won prizes.

EXAMPLES.—The word "soldiers" is the subject; "fight" is the predicate; "battles" is the object. "Tom" is the subject; "missed" is the predicate; "Fred" is the object. You do not need to be confined to the sentences here given; write others of your own, and name the subjects, verbs and objects.

Exercise 5.

You will readily understand what is required to complete the sentences in Exercises 5, 6 and 7. A poet *writes* poems. The smith *strikes* the iron, etc.

Supply Predicates.

A poet . . . poems. The smith . . . the iron. Horses . . . carts. Cows . . . grass. Cats . . . milk. The sexton . . . the bell. The horse . . . the groom. Grocers . . . sugar. The hounds . . . the fox. Birds . . . nests. The gardener . . . the flowers. Miss Wilson . . . a ballad. Horses . . . hay. The dog . . . the thief. The banker . . . a purse. Tailors . . . coats. Brewers . . . beer. The girl . . . a rose.

Exercise 6.

Supply Objects.

The servant broke . . . The cook made . . . The hunter killed . . . Farmers till . . . Soldiers fight . . . Tom missed . . . Mary is minding . . . Romulus founded . . . Titus

captured . . . Cæsar invaded . . . The gardener sowed . . . Somebody stole . . . Artists paint . . . The sailor lost . . . Children learn . . . Authors write . . . Farmers grow . . . Birds build . . . I admire . . . We like . . . I hurt . . .

Exercise 7.

Supply Subjects.

. . . dusted the room. . . is drawing a load. . . loves me. . . met Tom. . . caught the thief. . . grow flowers. . . bit the beggar. . . won the prize. . . has lost the dog. . . has killed the cat. . . felled a tree. . . are singing songs. . . is making a pudding. . . is expecting a letter. . . gives light. . . makes shoes. . . sold a book. . . like him. . . likes him.

ENLARGED SUBJECT.

Subjects may be enlarged by **Adjuncts**. Thus the sentence "Boys work" may, by additions to the subject, become

The boys work.

These boys work.

Good boys work.

My boys work.

The good boys of the village work.

The good boys of the village, wishing to please their master, work.

Exercise 8.

Point out the Subject and its Adjuncts.

Tom's brother has arrived. The careless boy will be punished. The laws of the land have been broken. The sweet flowers are blooming. The poor slave is crying. The boat, struck by a great wave, sank. The little child, tired of play, is sleeping. A short letter telling the good news has been sent.

Exercise 9.

Add Adjuncts to each Subject.

Birds fly. Sheep bleat. Stars are shining. Cattle are grazing. Soldiers are watching. Donkeys bray. Lightning is flashing. The sun is shining. The scholars are studying. The ploughman is whistling. Monkeys chatter. Pigs grunt. The lark is soaring. Lions roar.

ENLARGED OBJECTS.

Objects, like Subjects, may be enlarged by **Adjuncts**. Thus the sentence "Boys learn

lessons" may, by additions to the Object, become

Boys learn *the* lessons.
 Boys learn *their* lessons.
 Boys learn *home* lessons.
 Boys learn *difficult* lessons.
 Boys learn lessons *about Verbs*.
 Boys learn *the* lessons *set by Mr. Edwards*.
 Boys learn *the difficult home* lessons *about Verbs set by Mr. Edwards*.

Exercise 10.

Point out the Object and its Adjuncts.

The servant dusted every room. Fred loves his sweet little sister. We have rented a house at Barmouth. We saw our neighbor's new Shetland pony. I am reading a book written by my father. The policeman caught the man accused of theft. The gardener is hoeing the potatoes planted by him in the early spring.

Exercise 11.

Add Adjuncts to each Object.

The soldiers fought battles. Mary is minding baby. Walter threw a stone. Tom broke a window. The servant swept the room. The girl is milking the cow. The dog bit the beggar. The artist painted pictures. I am expecting a letter. We have won prizes. The fire destroyed houses. The general gained a victory. The engineer made a railway. The children drowned the kittens. We have bought books. He teaches geography.

ENLARGED PREDICATE.

Predicates, like Subjects and Objects, may be enlarged by Adjuncts. Thus the sentence "Boys work" may, by additions to the Predicate, become

Boys work *diligently*.
 Boys work *now*.
 Boys work *in school*.
 Boys work *to please their teacher*.
 Boys work *diligently now in school to please their teacher*.

Exercise 12.

Pick out Predicate and its Adjuncts.

Tom's brother will come to-morrow. The careless girl was looking off her book. The laws of the land were often broken by the rude mountaineers. Pretty flowers grow in my garden all through the spring. The poor slave was crying bitterly over the loss of

his child. The corn is waving in the sun. The great bell was tolling slowly for the death of the President. The trees are bowing before the strong wind. I am going to Montreal with my father next week.

Exercise 13.

Add Adjuncts to each Predicate in Exercises

8, 9, 10 and 11.

VERBS OF INCOMPLETE PREDICATION.

Some Verbs do not convey a complete idea, and therefore cannot be Predicates by themselves. Such Verbs are called **Verbs of Incomplete Predication**, and the words added to complete the Predicate are called the **Complement**.

Examples of Verbs of Incomplete Predication.

The words, "London is," do not contain a complete idea. Add the words, "a great city," and you have a complete sentence. "William was," needs a complement, and you can finish the sentence by writing, "Duke of Normandy."

Exercise 14.

Point out the Verbs of Incomplete Predication and the Complements.

Thomas art the man. I am he. It is good. He is here. The house is to be sold. The horse is in the stable. The gun was behind the door. Jackson is a very good gardener. Those buds will be pretty flowers. Old King Cole was a merry old soul. I'm the chief of Ulva's isle. William became King of England. The girl seems to be very happy. The general was made Emperor of Rome.

Supply Complements.

London is . . . Paris is . . . Jerusalem was . . . The boy will be . . . He has become . . . We are . . . I am . . . He was . . . Richard became . . . The prisoners are . . . The man was . . . Those birds are . . . Grass is . . . Homer was . . . The child was . . . The sun is . . . The stars are . . . The sheep were . . . Charleston is . . . Havana was . . .

PRACTICE IN SIMPLE SENTENCES.

A sentence when written should always begin with a capital letter, and nearly always end with a full stop.

A sentence which is a question ends with a note of interrogation (?), and one which is an exclamation ends with a note of admiration or exclamation (!).

Exercise 15.

Make sentences about

Fire. The sun. The moon. The sea. Bread. Butter. Cheese. Wool. Cotton. Linen. Boots. Hats. A coat. The table. The window. The desk. Pens. Ink. Paper. Pencils. Lead. Iron. Tin. Copper. Gold. Silver. A knife. The clock. Books. Coal. The servant. A chair. Breakfast. Dinner. Supper. The apple. The pear. Oranges. Lemons. Water. Milk. Coffee. Tea. Cocoa. Maps. Pictures.

Exercise 16.

Make sentences introducing the following pairs of words :

Fire, grate. Sun, earth. Moon, night. Bread, flour. Pen, steel. Wool, sheep. Cotton, America. Boots, leather. Ink, black. Paper, rags. Walk, fields. Pair, gloves. Learning, to paint. Brother, arm. Wheel, cart. London, Thames. Bristol, Avon. Dublin, Ireland. Paris, France. Columbus, America. Shakespeare, poet. Threw, window. Useful, metal. Carpet, new. Wall, bricklayer. Road, rough. Lock, cupboard. Jug, full. Hawaii, island. Pencils, made. Drew, map.

Exercise 17.

Write complete sentences in answer to the following questions :—

EXAMPLE. *Question.* What is your name?
Answer. My name is John Smith.

If you said simply "John Smith" your answer would not be a complete sentence.

What is your name? When were you born? How old are you? Where do you live? How long have you lived there? What school do you attend? Of what games are you fond? During what part of the year is football played? And lawn-tennis? Are you learning Latin? And French? And German? Can you swim? And row? And ride? And play the piano? Do you like the sea? Have you ever been on the sea? Have you read "Robinson Crusoe?" What is the first meal of the day? And the second? And the third? Where does the sun rise? And set? How many days are there in a week? And in a year? And in leap year? How often does leap year come?

Exercise 18.

Make three sentences about each of the following :—

The place where you live. France. India. Australia. America. A horse. A cow. A dog. A sheep. A lion. A tiger. Spring. Summer. Autumn. Winter. The sun. The moon. Stars. Holidays. Boys' games. Girls' games. A railway. A steam-engine. The sea. A ship. Flowers. Fruits. A garden. Wool. Cotton. Leather. Silk. Water. Milk. Rice. Wheat. Books. Tea. Coffee. Sugar. Cocoa. Paper. Houses. Bricks. Stone. A field. Guns. A watch. A farm. Knives. Bees. Shellfish. Fresh-water fish. Coal. Glass. Gas. The United States. New York. The Mississippi. Canada. Indians. Chicago. St. Louis. Oakland. Philadelphia. Bicycle. Golf.

Exercise 19.

Combine each of the following facts into a sentence and write it out :

EXAMPLE: Take the first name below, thus :—"Joseph Addison, the essayist, was born at Milston in Wiltshire, in the year 1672." Pursue the same plan with all the other sets of facts here furnished.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>What he was.</i>	<i>Where born.</i>	<i>When born.</i>
Joseph Addison	Essayist	Milston, Wiltshire	1672
William Blake	Poet and painter	London	1757
John Bunyan	Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress"	Elstow, Bedfordshire	1628
Lord Byron	Great English poet	London	1788
Geoffrey Chaucer	Great English poet	London (probably)	About 1344
George Washington	First President of the United States	Virginia	1732
Justin S. Morrill	United States Senator	Vermont	1810
William McKinley	President of the United States	Ohio	1844

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>What he was.</i>	<i>Where he died.</i>	<i>When he died.</i>
Matthew Arnold	Poet and essayist	Liverpool	1888
Daniel Defoe	Author of "Robinson Crusoe"	London	1731
Henry Fielding	Novelist	Lisbon	1754
Henry Hallam	Historian	Penshurst	1859
William Shakespeare	Greatest English poet	Stratford-on-Avon	1616
William H. Gladstone	Great English statesman	Hawarden	1898
Henry W. Longfellow	American poet	Cambridge	1882
Abraham Lincoln	President of the United States	Washington	1865

<i>Battle.</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Between.</i>	<i>Victor.</i>
Senlac, near Hastings	1066	English and Normans	Normans
Bannockburn	1314	English and Scotch	Scotch
Cressy	1346	English and French	English
Waterloo	1815	English and French	English
Marston Moor	1644	Royalists and Parliamentarians	Parliamentarians
Bull Run	1861	Unionists and Confederates	Confederates
Manila	1898	Americans and Spaniards	Americans

These facts should be combined into sentences in various ways, thus:

The Normans defeated the English at Senlac, near Hastings, in the year 1066.

The English were defeated by the Normans at Senlac, near Hastings, in the year 1066.

In the year 1066, at Senlac, near Hastings, the Normans beat the English, etc., etc.

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Persons.</i>
Printing introduced into England		1476	William Caxton
Discovery of America		1492	Christopher Columbus
Defeat of the Spanish Armada	English Channel	1588	Howard, Drake and others
Gunpowder Plot	Westminster	1605	Guy Fawkes and others
Conquest of England		1066	William, Duke of Normandy
Surrender of British fleet	Yorktown	1781	Lord Cornwallis
Destruction of Spanish fleet	Santiago	1898	Admiral Schley

SENTENCES COMBINED.

A number of simple sentences may sometimes be combined so as to form one.

EXAMPLE:—The girl was little. She lost her doll. The doll was pretty. It was new. She lost it yesterday. She lost it in the afternoon.

These sentences may be combined in one, thus:—The little girl lost her pretty new doll yesterday afternoon.

The combined sentence tells us as much as the separate sentences, and tells it in a shorter, clearer, and more pleasing way.

Exercise 20.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

1. The man is tall. He struck his head. He was entering a carriage. The carriage was low.
2. Tom had a slate. It was new. He broke it. He broke it this morning.
3. The cow is black. She is grazing in a meadow. The meadow is beside the river.
4. The apples are ripe. They grow in an orchard. The orchard is Mr. Brown's.
5. The corn is green. It is waving. The breeze causes it to wave. The breeze is gentle.
6. The father is kind. He bought some clothes.

The clothes were new. He bought them for the children. The children were good.

7. The boy was careless. He made blots. The blots were big. They were made on his book. The book was clean.

8. The bucket was old. It was made of oak. It fell. It fell into the well. The well was deep.

9. Polly Flinders was little. She sat. She sat among the cinders. She was warming her toes. Her toes were pretty. They were little.

10. Tom Tucker is little. He is singing. He is singing for his supper.

11. There were three wise men. They lived at Gotham. They went to sea. They went in a bowl. They had a rough trip.

12. The man came. He was the man in the moon. He came down soon. He came too soon.

13. I saw ships. There were three. They came sailing. They sailed by. I saw them on Christmas day. I saw them in the morning.

14. Cole was a king. He was old. He was a merry soul.

15. A great battle began. It was between the English and the Scotch. It began next morning. It began at break of day. It was at Bannockburn.

Sentences are often combined by means of Conjunctions or other connecting words.

Sentences are combined, by means of the Conjunction *and*.

EXAMPLES:—1. The boy is good. The boy is clever.

2. William is going to school. John is going to school.

3. I admire my teacher. I love my teacher.

These may be combined into single sentences, as follows:—

1. The boy is good and clever.

2. William and John are going to school.

3. I admire and love my teacher.

Note the use of the comma when more than two words or sets of words are joined by *and*:—

I met Fred, Will and George.

Faith, Hope and Charity are sometimes called the Christian Graces.

I bought a pound of tea, two pounds of coffee, ten pounds of sugar and a peck of flour.

The comma is used in the same way with *or*.

Exercise 21.

Combine the following set of sentences by means of the Conjunction *and*:—

1. Jack went up the hill. Jill went up the hill.
2. The lion beat the unicorn. The lion drove the unicorn out of town.
3. Edward is honest. Edward is truthful.
4. The child is tired. The child is sleepy.
5. Tom will pay us a visit. Ethel will pay us a visit. Their parents will pay us a visit.
6. The grocer sells tea. He sells coffee. He sells sugar.
7. Maud deserves the prize. She will get it.
8. Coal is a mineral. Iron is a mineral. Copper is a mineral. Lead is a mineral.
9. The boy worked hard. He advanced rapidly.
10. Little drops of water, little grains of sand make the mighty ocean. Little drops of water, little grains of sand make the pleasant land.

Sentences are combined by means of the Conjunction *or*, thus:—

1. The boy is lazy. The boy is stupid.
2. I want a pen. I want a pencil.
3. The horse is lost. The horse is stolen.

These sentences may be combined as follows:—

1. The boy is lazy or stupid.
2. I want a pen or a pencil.
3. The horse is lost or stolen.

Remember to put in the commas when more than two words or sets of words are joined by *or*, thus:—

We could have tea, coffee or cocoa.

The beggar asked for a piece of bread, a glass of milk or a few pennies.

Exercise 22.

Combine the following sets of sentences by means of the Conjunction *or*:—

1. The child was tired. The child was sleepy.
2. My father will meet me at the station. My mother will meet me at the station.
3. Will you have tea? Will you have coffee?
4. The colonel must be present. One of the other officers must be present.
5. The cup was broken by the servant. The cup was broken by the dog. The cup was broken by the cat.

6. I must find the book. I must buy another.
 7. The horse is in the stable. The horse is in the barnyard. The horse is in the meadow.
 8. The prize will be gained by Brown. The prize will be gained by Smith. The prize will be gained by Jones.

Sentences may be combined by *either . . . or*, and *neither . . . nor*, thus:—

James was at school this morning. His sister was at school this morning.

These sentences may be combined thus:—

Either James or his sister was at school this morning.

Neither James nor his sister was at school this morning.

Exercise 23.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

(a) *By either . . . or.* (b) *By neither . . . nor.*

1. The man can read. The man can write.
2. He is deaf. He is stupid.
3. That shot will strike the horse. That shot will strike the rider.
4. The king was weak in mind. The king was weak in body.
5. The king was loved. The queen was loved.
6. The cow is for sale. The calf is for sale.

Sentences may be combined by *both . . . and*, thus:—

The man is tired. The horse is tired.

These sentences may be combined in the following:—

Both the man and the horse are tired.

Exercise 24.

Combine, by means of both . . . and, the sets of sentences given in Exercise 23.

Sentences may be combined by means of Conjunctions of Cause, Consequence or Condition, such as *if, though, although, because*, thus:—

1. You are tired. You may rest.
2. The boy was not bright. He was good.
3. He is liked. He is good tempered.

Combine these sentences as follows:—

1. If you are tired you may rest.
2. Though the boy was not bright he was good.
3. He is liked because he is good tempered.

Exercise 25.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

(a) *By means of if.*

1. You will get the prize. You deserve it.
2. He might have succeeded. He had tried.
3. You are truthful. You will be believed.
4. Send for me. You want me.
5. You do not sow. You cannot expect to reap.
6. You are waking. Call me early.
7. I will come with you. You wish it.
8. We had known you were in town. We should have called on you.

(b) *By means of though or although.*

9. The man was contented. He was poor.
10. The little girl has travelled much. She is young.
11. The story is true. You do not believe it.
12. He spoke the truth. He was not believed.
13. It was rather cold. The day was pleasant.
14. He is often told of his faults. He does not mend them.

(c) *By means of because; also by means of as and since.*

16. I came. You called me.
17. I will stay. You wish it.
18. The dog could not enter. The hole was too small.
19. You are tired. You may rest.
20. Freely we serve. We freely love.
21. The hireling fleeth. He is a hireling.
22. We love him. He first loved us.

Sentences may be combined by means of Conjunctive Adverbs (such as *where* with its compounds, also *when, whence, why*), and of Conjunctions of Time (such as *after, before, while, ere, till, until, since*).

Exercise 26.

Combine, by means of one of the words given in the last paragraph, the following sets of sentences:

1. This is the place. My brother works.
2. Mary went. The lamb was sure to go.
3. The boy was reading. His master came up.
4. The moon rose. The sun had set.
5. It is now three months. We heard from our cousin.
6. Do not go out. The storm has abated.

7. The man arrived. We were speaking to him.
8. I remember the house. I was born.
9. I know a bank. The wild thyme blows.
10. There is the field. The money was found.
11. The workman did not hear. He was called.
12. He goes out riding. He can find time.

Supply the omitted clauses :

The tree is still lying where . . . Wherever . . . was my poor dog Tray. William came after . . . My brother cannot stay till . . . The merchant has been here since . . . Go where . . . Smooth runs the water where . . . She stayed till . . . The boy has worked hard since . . . We shall be pleased to see you whenever . . . The train had gone before . . . The little girl was tired after . . . Make hay while . . .

Sentences may be combined by means of Relative Pronouns, thus :

1. That is the boy. The boy broke the window.
2. That is the man. The man's window was broken.
3. Mary is the girl. You want Mary.
4. This is the house. Jack built the house.
5. The knife was lost. The knife cost fifty cents.

Combine as follows :

1. That is the boy who broke the window.
2. That is the man whose window was broken.
3. Mary is the girl whom you want.
4. This is the house that Jack built.
5. The knife which was lost cost fifty cents.

Exercise 27.

Combine, as in the examples just given, the following pairs of sentences :

1. The boy is crying. The boy is called Tom.
2. The man was hurt. The man is better now.
3. The grocer has sent for the police. The grocer's goods were stolen.
4. The child is very naughty. The father punished the child.
5. My uncle gave me the book. The book is on the table.
6. The horse goes well. I bought the horse.
7. The lady sings beautifully. You see the lady.
8. They did not hear the preacher. They went to hear the preacher.
9. The gentleman is very kind to the poor. You see the gentleman's house.
10. I have just bought an overcoat. The overcoat is waterproof.

11. The tree was a chestnut. The wind blew the tree down.

12. Tom had just been given the dollar. He lost it.

13. The boy drove away the birds. The birds were eating the corn.

14. The girl is very clever. You met her brother.

15. The dog fetched the birds. Its master had shot them.

16. Where is the book? You borrowed it.

17. The cow has been found. It was lost.

PUNCTUATION.

If the proper stops are left out, the meaning of a sentence may be doubtful. Take, for example, the toast at a public dinner :

Woman without her man is a brute.

This might mean that woman without man is a brute. Punctuate the sentence correctly by the right use of the comma, and you will see that the meaning is quite different. Thus: Woman, without her, man is a brute.

The misplacing of the stops may make nonsense of a sentence. Take the sentence :

Cæsar entered, on his head his helmet, on his feet sandals, in his hand his trusty sword, in his eye an angry glare.

This may become: Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, sandals in his hand, his trusty sword in his eye, an angry glare.

The barber's sign also had two meanings according to its punctuation :

1. What do you think?
I shave you for nothing and give you a drink.
2. What! Do you think
I shave you for nothing and give you a drink?

THE FULL STOP.

A Full Stop is placed at the end of every sentence.

Exercise 28.

Insert full stops where wanted. Place a capital letter after each.

The old man was sitting under a tree the house was burned the roses were scattered by the wind the carpet was beaten this morning the mower was bitten by a snake that book is liked England was conquered by William the corn was ground by the miller the father was called by a little girl the cheeses were eaten by mice that fish is caught with a hook the

flowers were gathered by Ellen that carving is much admired the lady was nearly stunned snow had newly fallen the sun had just risen the moon was almost setting Amelia is always reading Nelly had often driven the horse the week has quickly gone the bells were merrily ringing.

EXAMPLES:—The old man was sitting under a tree. The house was burned. The roses were scattered by the wind, etc.

Write the following, insert stops where wanted, and make good sense of it.

The celebrated Rabelais was once staying at a remote country inn he wished to go to Paris but had no money to pay his traveling expenses he therefore hit upon a plan of traveling at the expense of the government out of brickdust he made up three little parcels on the first he wrote "For the king" on the second "For the king's son" on the third "For the king's brother" the landlord seeing these on the table where they had been purposely left sent word to the king's ministers they ordered a messenger to fetch the traitor when he reached Paris he was recognized he proved that he was no traitor and his trick was discovered,

EXAMPLE:—The celebrated Rabelais was once staying at a remote country inn. He wished to go to Paris, but had no money to pay his traveling expenses. He, therefore, hit upon a plan of traveling, etc.

Exercise 29.

Correct the punctuation.

A farmer had several sons. Who used to quarrel with one another. He tried to cure them of this bad habit. By pointing out how foolish and wicked it was. But he found. That he did no good. By talking to them. So one day he laid a bundle of sticks before them. And he bade them break it. The eldest put out all his strength. But in vain. The other sons tried in vain. But they all failed. Then the father. Untying the bundle. Gave his sons the separate sticks to break. And they broke them easily. "Remember," he said, "the lesson. Which this bundle teaches. While you help each other. None can harm you. When you quarrel. You are easily hurt."

THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

Every direct question is followed by a **Note of Interrogation**; as, "How do you

do?" "When did you see your father?" "I suppose, sir, you are a doctor?"

Sometimes a question forms part of a larger sentence, as,

They put this question to the committee, "Will you grant us a hearing?" in a manner that proved their earnestness.

Except in such cases, a note of interrogation is always followed by a capital letter.

Carefully observe the full stops and notes of interrogation in the following:

A Paris fortune-teller was arrested and brought before a magistrate. He said to her, "You know how to read the future?" "I do, sir." "Then you know what sentence I mean to pass on you?" "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because if you had meant to punish me you would not be cruel enough to mock me."

Exercise 30.

Insert full stops and notes of interrogation.

Is the gardener pruning the trees has the baker been here is the teacher liked were those roses cut to-day had the gentleman lost his hat was the thief caught is the water boiling have the girls learned their poetry has the window been broken was the ship wrecked has the crew been saved was Susan knitting will Mr. Robinson sing has Frank started

A boy was going away without his mother's leave she called after him "Where are you going, sir" "To the village" "What for" "To buy ten cents worth of nails" "And what do you want ten cents worth of nails for" "For a nickel"

THE COMMA.

The **Comma** is the most frequently used of all stops.

As a general rule, it may be stated that when, in reading, a slight pause is made, a comma should be inserted in writing; thus:—

The Spaniards were no match for the Roosevelt fighters, however, and, as had been the case at La Quasina, the Western cowboys and Eastern "dandies" hammered the enemy from their path. Straight ahead they advanced, until by noon they were well along toward San Juan, the capture of which was their immediate object. Fighting like demons, they held their ground tenaciously, now pressing for

ward a few feet, then falling back, under the enemy's fire, to the position they held a few moments before.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

When a Noun or Pronoun in Apposition is very closely connected with the preceding word, no comma is needed, as,

William the Conqueror.

My cousin Fred.

Cromwell the Protector.

When the connection is not so close, or when the words in apposition are qualified, the phrase should have commas before and after, as,

William, the Norman conqueror of England, lived a stormy life.

My cousin, the bold and gallant Fred, fell in battle.
Cromwell, the great Protector, died in 1658.

Exercise 31.

Insert the necessary commas.

Napoleon the fallen emperor was sent to St. Helena. I live in Washington the capital of the United States. The children love their uncle Mr. Holmes. That coat was made by Brown the village tailor. It was the lark the herald of the morn. Tom the piper's son stole a pig. Frank the jockey's leg is broken. Rome the city of the emperors became the city of the popes. He still feels ambition the last infirmity of noble minds. Julius Cæsar a great Roman general invaded Britain.

EXAMPLES:—Napoleon, the fallen emperor, was sent to St. Helena. I live in Washington, the capital, etc. The children love their uncle, Mr. Holmes, etc.

A Nominative of Address is marked off by commas, as,

Are you, sir, waiting for anyone?

Should the Nominative of Address have any qualifying words joined to it, the whole phrase is marked off by commas, as,

How now, my man of mettle, what is it you want?

Exercise 32.

Insert the necessary commas.

O Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo? In truth fair Montague I am too fond. O grave where is thy

victory? I pray you sire to let me have the honor. Exult ye proud patricians. Put on thy strength O Zion. My name dear saint is hateful to myself. I am sorry friend that my vessel is already chosen. O night and darkness ye are wondrous strong. Good morrow sweet Hal. Now my good sweet honey lord ride with us to-morrow. Come my masters let us share. For mine own part my lord I could be well content to be there.

EXAMPLES:—O Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo? In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond. I pray you, sire, to let me have the honor, etc.

An Adverbial phrase or clause let into a sentence should be marked off by commas, as,

His story was, in several ways, improbable.

The letter was written, strange to say, on club paper.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

They sat, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west.

Exercise 33.

Supply commas where necessary.

You will hear in the course of the meeting a full account of the business. The story is however true. The wounded man is according to the latest news doing well. He arrived in spite of difficulties at his journey's end. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. In France indeed such things are done. I will when I see you tell you a secret. I had till you told me heard nothing of the matter. There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose the village preacher's modest mansion rose. You may if you call again see him. You cannot unless you try harder hope to succeed.

EXAMPLES:—You will hear, in the course of the meeting, a full account, etc. The story is, however, true. You cannot, unless you try harder, hope to succeed, etc.

Words, phrases, or clauses of the same kind, coming after one another, must be separated by commas, except when joined by Conjunctions, as,

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand still or walk . . .
Let him eat, drink, ask questions or dispute.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With diff'rent colored rags, black, red, white, yellow.

On I walked, my face flushed, my feet sore, my clothes dusty and my stomach as empty as my purse.

Exercise 34.

Supply commas where necessary.

I met Fred Will and George. Faith hope and charity are the Christian graces. The grocer sold four pounds of cheese two pounds of bacon and seven pounds of sugar. Little drops of water little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. We could have tea coffee cocoa lemonade or ginger beer. The beggar asked for a piece of bread a glass of milk or a few pence. The prize will be won by Smith Brown or Jones. The first second third and fourth boys in the class will be promoted.

EXAMPLES:—I met Fred, Will and George. Faith, hope and charity are, etc. The first, second, third and fourth boys, etc.

A participial phrase is generally marked off by commas; as,

The general, seeing his soldiers turn, galloped up to them.

The baby lying asleep, the children were very quiet.

Exercise 35.

Insert commas where necessary.

James leaving the country William was made king. The storm having abated the ships ventured to sail. Henry returning victorious the people went forth to meet him. My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman has beautified the inside of his church. The woman being in great trouble was weeping. Fearing the storm we returned.

EXAMPLES:—James leaving the country, William was made king. Fearing the storm, we returned, etc.

Exercise 36.

Insert commas where necessary in the following sentences:—

On their bridal trip they took a palace car went down the Cumberland Valley stopped awhile at a watering place and wondered at the divorce cases recorded in the newspapers.

In those distant days as in all other times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing and men are inhaling the stimulus of new ideas folly often mistook itself for wisdom ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge and selfishness turning its eyes upward called itself religion.—*George Eliot.*

When I was running about this town a very poor

fellow I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor.—*Johnson.*

Sail on Three Bells forever
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on Three Bells of rescue
Above the wave and gale!

As thine in night and tempest
I hear the Master's cry
And tossing through the darkness
The lights of God draw nigh.

Whittier.

THE SEMI-COLON.

It may be generally stated that a Semi-colon is used in a complex sentence when a comma would not be a sufficient division.

Co-ordinate clauses or sentences, especially if not joined by Conjunctions, are generally separated by semi-colons.

Examples of the use of semi-colons.

The first in loftiness of mind surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.—*Dryden.*

Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil universal good.—*Pope.*

Exercise 37.

Supply semi-colons where necessary.

Of the great men by whom Milton had been distinguished at his entrance into life some had been taken away from the evil to come some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression some were pining in dungeons and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

Then palaces shall rise the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
—*Pope.*

EXAMPLES:—Of the great men by whom Milton had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable

of oppression ; some were pining in dungeons, and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield ;
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

—Pope.

THE NOTE OF ADMIRATION OR EXCLAMATION.

The Note of Admiration or Exclamation is used

1. After Interjections ; as,
Alas ! he is already dead.
2. After a phrase in the nature of an address or exclamation ; as,
Vital spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !—Pope.
3. As a mark of surprise ; as,
Two and two are five !
Prepare the way, a god, a god appears !
“ A god ! a god ! ” the vocal hills reply.

Exercise 38.

Insert notes of exclamation where necessary.

Alas he is already dead. Alas poor Yorick. Tush never tell me that. Well-a-day it is but too true. Tut, tut that is all nonsense. Hey come here. O for a falconer's voice. Hurrah our side has won. Bravo that was well done. Hush the baby is asleep. Ah the cowards. Oh what beautiful flowers. Heighbo I am tired of waiting.

Hush hush mee-ow mee-ow
We smell a rat close by.

Hurrah, hurrah a single field hath turned the chance of war

Hurrah, hurrah for Ivry and Henry of Navarre

Ho maidens of Vienna ho matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep for those who never will return.

EXAMPLES:—Alas ! poor Yorick. Tut, tut ! that is all nonsense. Bravo ! that was well done, etc.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna, ho ! matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep ! for those who never will return.

QUOTATION MARKS.

A Quotation is said to be **direct** when the exact words are given ; it is said to be **indirect** when the substance is given, but not the exact words ; thus :—

Direct quotations.

1. Mr. Brown said, “ I am going for a walk.”
2. Mrs. Evans writes, “ I hope to see you soon.”
3. He asked me, “ What is your name ? ”

Indirect quotations.

1. Mr. Brown said he was going for a walk.
2. Mrs. Evans writes that she hopes to see us soon
3. He asked me what my name was.

Exercise 39.

Turn the direct quotations into indirect.

Johnson said, “ I am a very fair judge.” “ I doubt the story,” observed Mrs. Beckett. “ That was not quite what I had in my mind,” answered the widow. “ I am very tired,” added Mr. Brown. “ That is false,” we all shouted. “ You must be a born fool,” shouted the old man to me. “ Our host is an inferior person,” he remarked. “ Are you better ? ” inquired she. Some one asked, “ Do you mean to stay till to-morrow ? ” “ Little kitten,” I say, “ just an hour you may stay.” “ I'll have that mouse,” said the bigger cat. Bun replied, “ You are doubtless very big.”

EXAMPLES:—Johnson said he was a very fair judge. Mrs. Beckett observed that she doubted the story. Some one asked if you mean to stay, etc. Bun replied that he was doubtless very big, etc.

A direct quotation always begins with a capital letter, and is placed within inverted commas, thus :—

But his little daughter whispered,
As she shook his icy hand,
“ Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land ? ”

The man said, “ Where are you going ? ”

The titles of books are generally placed within inverted commas, thus :—

Defoe wrote “ Robinson Crusoe.”

Thackeray is the author of “ Vanity Fair,” “ Penden-
ennis,” “ Esmond,” “ The Newcomes,” and other novels.

Exercise 40.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.

Oh Charley, this is too absurd ejaculated Mrs. Beckett. Why, Mr. Paton must be going mad exclaimed Mrs. Beckett. Oh dear ! dear ! I can indeed gasped the widow. The butler announced Major and Mrs. Wellington de Boots. You will give my

love to your mother when you write said Mary warmly. He smiled as though he were thinking I have it not to give. The elder replied I was, as usual, unfortunate. How naughty he is said his mother. Do you understand the language of flowers? inquired Uncle Ralph. Why, that is lightning exclaimed the knight. Juan replied Not while this arm is free. He thought The boy will be here soon. Tom broke in with You do not know whom I mean. He will soon be back continued Mr. Brooke. Remember the proverb Small strokes fell great oaks. Provoking scoundrel muttered the antiquary. Out with those boats and let us haste away cried one. Hearts of oak! our captains cried.

Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag she said.

Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on he said.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek
To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!

Out spake the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.

EXAMPLES:—"Oh! Charley, this is too absurd," ejaculated Mrs. Beckett. "Why, Mr. Paton must be going mad," exclaimed Mrs. Beckett. "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

The student should write out all of the above sentences and place the quotation marks where they belong. You have enough examples to guide you.

Sometimes, in the course of a quotation, words are inserted which form no part of the quotation; thus,

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."

In such cases every separate part of the quotation is marked off by inverted commas. A capital letter is placed only at the beginning of the quotation, or after a full stop.

Exercise 41.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.

I cannot tell you that replied the young man; it would not be fair to others. It was not answered the other; your house has always seemed like home. But, surely, argued the widow it must be a comfort to feel that. In the meantime said Edgar I will write to you. A common rose, said Uncle Ralph, like common sense and common honesty, is not so very common. Poor faithful old doggie! murmured Mrs. Currie, he thought Tacks was a burglar. Capital house dog! murmured the colonel; I shall never forget how he made poor Heavisides run. Cloudy, sir, said the colonel, cloudy; rain before morning, I think. I don't see the dog I began; I suppose you found him all right, the other evening. Oh, uncle, pleaded Lilian; don't talk like that.

Little kitten, I say,
Just an hour you may stay.

Agreed, said Ching, but let us try it soon.
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon.
They're there, said Chang, if I see anything
As clear as day-light.

May Heaven look down, the old man cries
Upon my son and on his ship.

Nay, Solomon replied,
The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak.
Oh king! she said; henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

EXAMPLES:—"I cannot tell you that," replied the young man; "it would not be fair to others." "It was not," answered the other; "your house has always seemed like home."

"Little kitten," I say,
"Just an hour you may stay."
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son and on his ship."

When double inverted commas are used for an ordinary quotation, a quotation within a quotation is marked by single inverted commas; thus,

Miriam sang, "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil.'"

Exercise 42.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.

Mr. Brocklehurst said When I asked him which he would rather have, a gingerbread nut to eat or a verse of a Psalm to learn he says Oh the verse of a Psalm: angels sing Psalms. He continued, On her return she exclaimed Oh, dear Papa, how quiet and plain all the girls at Lowood look. I shall remember said how you thrust me back though I cried out Have mercy! Have mercy, Aunt Reed. The father said Remember the proverb Keep not evil men company lest you increase the number. But said the lecturer you must note the words of Shakespeare

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

The teacher asked in what play do the words All the world's a stage occur? My sister writes in her last letter Will you please get me a copy of the song Tell me, my heart. In a poem on Dr. South preaching before Charles II. we read

The doctor stopped, began to call,
Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale.

EXAMPLES:—He continued, "On her return she exclaimed, 'Oh! dear Papa, how quiet and plain all girls at Lowood look.'" "But," said the lecturer, "you must note the words of Shakespeare,

'Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.'

A colon (:) is used to separate parts of a sentence that are complete in themselves and nearly independent, often taking the place of a conjunction, thus:—

Labor is the first great law: labor is good for man.

A period (.) brings the sentence to a full stop, thus:—

He rode down the valley, over the hill, and finally coming to a farmhouse, there he stopped.

Exercise 43.

You now come to a very important part of these exercises. You are to turn to practical account what you have learned concerning Punctuation. Write the lines that follow, and make good sense by dividing them into sentences and placing the punctuation marks where they belong. Take time for this and do it thoroughly.

The following Example will aid you in carrying out your instructions. The sen-

tences are first printed without punctuation. I then construct the sentences and give them punctuation marks:

The smoke from the Spanish fleet rose above the headlands of Santiago Harbor are they coming out I shouted to Fowler aye sir there they come he cried instantly we took in the situation and being ready for battle stood to our guns did you ask if it was a hot chase well our captains gunners and marines can answer that what thunder of guns our victory was complete the President cabled congratulations.

Divided into sentences and punctuated, you have the following: The smoke from the Spanish fleet rose above the headlands of Santiago Harbor. "Are they coming out?" I shouted to Fowler. "Aye, sir, there they come," he cried. Instantly we took in the situation, and, being ready for battle, stood to our guns. Did you ask if it was a hot chase? Well, our captains, gunners and marines can answer that. What thunder of guns! Our victory was complete; the President cabled congratulations.

Insert the necessary stops and capital letters.

Mr. Rich had much money and little politeness he thought it beneath him to be civil to ordinary people one wet day he was driving in his carriage along a turnpike road when he came to the toll gate he called out what's to pay five cents if you please sir said the keeper Mr. Rich instead of handing the money rudely flung a quarter on the muddy ground and cried there take your change out of that the keeper stooped for the quarter and picked it up then placing twenty cents exactly on the same spot he coolly walked back into his cottage.

The statement is beyond doubt true. They set out and in a few hours arrived at their father's. We live in an old beautiful and interesting town. Sir I believe you. He is guilty of the vice of cowards falsehood. The horse tired with the long gallop could go no further. Yes I am coming. Nay you are wrong. Philosophers assert that nature is unlimited in her operations that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve that knowledge will always be progressive and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries of which we have not the least idea. Is this the gray-haired wanderer mildly said the voice which we so lately overheard Hark 'tis the twanging horn. O what a fall was there my countrymen Oh why has worth so short a date Such inquiry according to him was out of their province. The conflict was terrible it was the combat of despair against grief and rage.

EXERCISES IN EASY NARRATIVES.

IN the preceding pages you have been advised to practice the writing of compositions by reading the productions of authors, and then writing from memory what you have read. This may not be easy at first. You will, however, find it less difficult as you proceed. You could not become an expert typewriter or pianist without faithful practice, yet we have expert typewriters and pianists.

It is so with learning to express your thoughts in writing. What is hard at first becomes "second nature" afterward. I have prepared some helpful rules and examples to aid you.

When writing a Story which you have read or heard, observe the following directions:—

1. Before beginning to write, think over the whole story, to make sure that you remember all the points, and the order in which they come.

Neglect of this direction may cause you to omit something or to put something in the wrong place.

2. Before beginning to write each sentence, arrange the whole of it in your mind.

If you neglect this direction you may find that the second part of a sentence goes badly with the first, or that you cannot finish at all a sentence such as you have begun. Here is an example:—

I am desired to inform the Board of Aldermen that Mr. Alderman Gill died last night *by order of Mrs. Gill.*

The words printed in italics could not have been in the mind of the writer when he began, or he would have placed them after *desired*, or (better still) he would have said, "I am desired by Mrs. Gill, etc."

3. Make short sentences.

Beware of using *and* and *so* too much. Avoid such a sentence as the following:

Once upon a time there was a fox and he went into a vineyard and there he saw many bunches of beau-

tiful ripe grapes hanging on high and he tried to reach them and he could not jump high enough and so he turned to go and said "It does not matter; the grapes are sour."

Such a sentence ought to be divided into several; thus:—

A fox once went into a vineyard. There he saw many bunches of beautiful ripe grapes hanging on high. He tried to reach them, but found that he could not jump high enough. As he turned to go he said, "It does not matter; the grapes are sour."

The following sentence has several faults besides its length:—

He [Swinton] did with a sort of eloquence that moved the whole House lay out all his own errors and the ill spirit he was in when he committed the things that were charged on him with so tender a sense that he seemed as one indifferent what they should do with him, and without so much as moving for mercy or even for a delay he did so effectually prevail on them that they recommended him to the king as a fit object of his mercy.—BURNET: *History of his Own Time.*

It is amended somewhat by division into shorter sentences, thus:—

With a sort of eloquence that moved the whole House, he did lay out all his own errors and the ill spirit that he was in when he committed the things that were charged on him. He spoke with so tender a sense that he seemed as one indifferent what they should do with him. Without so much as moving for mercy or even for a delay, he did so effectually prevail on them that they recommended him to the king as a fit object for mercy.

4. Use no word of which you do not know the exact meaning.

Neglect of this rule led some one to write:

At the dedication of the Gettysburg Monument, President Lincoln gave the *ovation*.

5. Do not use long words if you can find short ones.

The barber who advertised himself as "a first-class tonsorial artist and facial operator," meant only that he could cut hair and shave well.

6. Arrange the different parts of each sentence so that they convey the meaning which you intend.

The following sentence is badly arranged :—

He tells stories which Mountain would be shocked to hear after dinner.—THACKERAY: *The Virginians*.
Mountain would be shocked to hear them at any

time. To convey the author's meaning the sentence should be :—

After dinner he tells stories which Mountain would be shocked to hear.

7. When you have written your story, always read it over, and correct all the mistakes which you can find.

SHORT STORIES TO BE READ CAREFULLY, AND THEN WRITTEN FROM MEMORY.

The Fox and the Goat.

A fox that had fallen into a well tried in vain to get out again. By-and-by a goat came to the place to quench her thirst. Seeing the fox below she asked if the water was good. "Yes," answered the cunning creature, "it is so good that I cannot leave off drinking." Thereupon the goat, without a moment's thought, jumped in. The fox at once scrambled on her back and got out. Then, looking down at the poor fool, he said coolly, "If you had half as much brains as beard, you would look before you leap."

The Vain Jackdaw.

A vain jackdaw found some peacocks' feathers and stuck them amongst his own. Then he left his old companions and boldly went amongst the peacocks. They knew him at once, in spite of his disguise; so they stripped off his borrowed plumes, pecked him well, and sent him about his business. He went back to the daws as if nothing had happened, but they would not allow him to mix with them. If he was too good for them before, they were too good for him now. Thus the silly bird, by trying to appear better than he was, lost his old friends without making any new ones.

The Ant and the Grasshopper.

One frosty day a grasshopper, half dead with cold and hunger, knocked at the door of an ant, and begged for something to eat. "What were you doing in the summer?" asked the ant. "Oh, I was singing all the time." "Then," said the ant, "if you could sing all the summer you may dance all the winter."

The Wolf and the Lamb.

A wolf, coming to a brook to drink, saw a lamb standing in the stream, some distance down. He made up his mind to kill her, and at once set about finding an excuse. "Villain," he said, "how dare you dirty the water which I am drinking?" The

lamb answered meekly, "Sir, it is impossible for me to dirty the water which you are drinking, because the stream runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the wolf, "you called me bad names a year ago." "Sir," pleaded the lamb, "you are mistaken; a year ago I was not born." "Then," said the hungry beast, "if it was not you it was your father, and that is as bad. It is of no use trying to argue me out of my supper." Thereupon he fell upon the poor creature and ate her up.

What the Bear Said.

As two friends were traveling through a wood, a bear rushed out upon them. One of the men without a thought to his companion, climbed up into a tree, and hid among the branches. The other, knowing that alone he had no chance, threw himself on the ground, and pretended to be dead; for he had heard that bears will not touch a dead body. The creature came and sniffed him from head to foot, but, thinking him to be lifeless, went away without harming him. Then the man in the tree got down, and, hoping to pass his cowardice off with a joke, he said, "I noticed that the bear had his mouth very close to your ear; what did he whisper to you?" "Oh," answered the other, "he only told me never to keep company with those who in time of danger leave their friends in the lurch."

Bad Company.

A farmer who had just sown his fields placed a net to catch the cranes that came to steal his corn. After some time he went to look at the net, and in it he found several cranes and one stork. "Oh, sir, please spare me," said the stork; "I am not a crane, I am an innocent stork, kind to my parents, and ——" The farmer would hear no more. "All that may be very true," he said, "but it is no business of mine. I found you amongst thieves, and you must suffer with them."

Mercury and the Woodmen.

A woodman was working beside a deep river when his axe slipped, and fell into the water. As the axe was his living, he was very sorry to lose it, and sat on the bank to weep. Mercury, hearing his cries, appeared to him, and, finding what was the matter, dived, and brought up a golden axe. "Is this the one which you lost?" asked the god. "No," said the woodman. Then the god dived a second time, and brought up a silver axe, and asked if that was the one. The woodman again answered "No." So Mercury dived a third time, and then he brought up the axe which had been lost. "That is mine," cried the woodman joyfully. The god gave it to him, and presented him with the other two as a reward for his truth and honesty.

One of the woodman's neighbors, hearing what had happened, determined to see if he could not have the same good luck. He went to the bank of the river, began to fell a tree, purposely let his axe slip into the water, and then pretended to cry. Mercury appeared as before, dived, and brought up a golden axe. The man, in his eagerness to grasp the prize, forgot to act as his neighbor had done; so when the god asked, "Is that yours?" he answered "Yes." To punish him for his lying and dishonesty, the god would neither give him the golden axe nor find his own.

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.

Dr. Johnson always spoke scornfully of actors and actresses, but he treated the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, with great politeness. She called on him, and his servant could not readily find a chair for her. "You see, madam," said the doctor, "wherever you go no seats can be got."

Clever Children.

An ignorant Englishman once visited Paris. After his return he was talking to some of his friends about the wonders he had seen. "I was most surprised," he said, "with the cleverness of the children. Boys and girls of seven or eight spoke French quite as easily as the children in this country speak English."

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

A Cambridge student sent to another student to borrow a book. "I never lend my books out," was the answer, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my rooms he may use them there." A few days after the book owner sent to the other student to borrow a carpet sweeper. "I never lend my carpet sweeper," replied he, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my rooms he may use it there."

Learning Rewarded.

A rich farmer sent his son to a famous university. The young man was rather foolish, and brought home more folly than learning. One night, when there were two fowls for supper, he said, "I can prove these two fowls to be three." "Let us hear," answered the old man. "This," said the scholar, pointing to the first, "is one; this," pointing to the second, "is two; and two and one make three." "Since you have made it out so well," replied the father, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and you may keep the third for your great learning."

Daring a Dutchman.

A Dutch vessel and an English vessel were lying near each other. One of the Dutch sailors wished to show his activity, so he ran up the mast, and stood upon his head on the top of it. One of the English sailors (who did not like to be beaten by a Dutchman) also tried to stand upon his head on the top of the mast. He, however, fell. The rigging broke his fall and he alighted on the deck unhurt. "There, you lubber," he cried, "do that if you dare."

The Miserly Planter.

A very miserly planter formerly lived in the island of Jamaica. He often gave his poor slaves too little food. They complained, and he answered that he could not help himself, because the provision ships had been taken by pirates. This lying excuse satisfied them once, twice, thrice, and again, but in the end long fasting made them impatient. Then they went to their master and said to him, "Is it not strange that the pirates have so often taken the ships bringing food, but have never taken the ships bringing pickaxes and hoes?"

A Precious Turnip.

Before Louis the Eleventh became king he used to visit a peasant whose garden produced excellent fruit. After his accession, the peasant brought him as a present a very large turnip which had grown in his garden. The king, remembering the pleasant hours that he had spent under the old man's roof, gave him a thousand crowns. The lord of the village, hearing of this, thought that if one who gave a paltry turnip received so large a reward, one who gave a really valuable present would receive a still larger reward. He, therefore, offered a splendid horse. The king accepted it and, calling for the big turnip, said, "This cost me a thousand crowns; I give it to you in return for your horse."

The Dangers of a Bed.

A carpenter asked a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor answered, "My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather were all drowned at sea." "Then," said the carpenter, "are you not afraid of going to sea, lest you should be drowned too?" Instead of replying, the sailor asked, "Where did your father die?" "In his bed." "And your grandfather?" "In his bed." "And your great-grandfather?" "In his bed also." "Then," said the sailor, "why should I be more afraid of going to sea than you are of going to bed?"

How to treat Enemies.

A Scotch minister had in his parish a man who sometimes used to get drunk. One day the minister, reproving him for his bad habit, said, "You love whisky too much, Donald; you know very well that it is your worst enemy." "But," answered the man slyly, "have you not often told us that we ought to love our enemies?" "True, Donald, but I never told you that you ought to swallow them."

The Secret of Success.

During the long struggle between England and France, two ignorant old ladies were discussing the war as they went to church. One said, "Is it not wonderful that the English always beat the French?" "Not at all," answered the other; "don't you know that the English always say their prayers before going into battle?" "But," replied the first, "can't the French say their prayers as well?" "Tut, tut," said the second; "poor jabbering bodies, who can understand them?"

The Preacher for Prisoners.

When David Dewar was a member of the Prison Board the question of appointing a chaplain for the jail came up. The favorite candidate of the other members of the Board was an unsuccessful clergyman. David, when asked to vote for him, said, "I have no objection; I hear that he has already preached a church empty, and if he will only preach the jail empty too, he is just the man for our money."

The Squire and his Servant.

A Scotch squire was one day riding out with his man. Opposite a hole in a steep bank the master stopped and said, "John, I saw a badger go in there?" "Did you?" said John; "will you hold my horse, sir?" "Certainly," answered the squire, and away rushed John for a spade. He got one and dug furiously for half an hour, the squire looking on with an amused look. At last John exclaimed, "I

can't find him, sir." "I should be surprised if you could," said the squire, "for it is ten years since I saw him go in."

Proper Payment.

A boy went into a baker's shop and bought a five-cent loaf. It seemed to him rather small, so he said that he did not believe it to be of full weight. "Never mind," answered the baker, "you will have the less to carry." "True," replied the lad, and throwing four cents on the counter he left the shop. The baker called after him, "Hi! this is not enough money." "Never mind," said the boy, "you will have the less to count."

The Corporal's Watch.

A corporal in the life-guards of Frederick the Great was a brave but rather vain fellow. He could not afford a watch, but managed to buy a chain, and this he wore with a bullet at the end. The king, hearing of this, thought he would have a little fun at the soldier's expense, so he said to him, "It is six o'clock by my watch; what time is it by yours?" The man drew the bullet from his pocket and answered, "My watch does not mark the hour, but it tells me every moment that it is my duty to face death for your Majesty." "Here, my friend," said Frederick, offering him his own costly watch, "take this, that you may be able to tell the hour also."

Three Toasts.

When the Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland he was once at a banquet with the French and Austrian ambassadors. The Frenchman proposed the health of his master, calling him, "The Sun." The Austrian then proposed the health of his mistress, calling her "The Moon." The Earl of Stair was equal to the occasion, for when his turn came he proposed the health of his sovereign as "Joshua, who made the sun and moon to stand still."

Going to Sleep in Church.

A Scotch clergyman had a youth in his congregation who was underwitted, and was commonly spoken of as being half daft. One Sunday the clergyman observed that all his hearers were asleep except this youth. After the service the minister congratulated him upon being awake, when he naively replied, "Maybe if I hadn't been half daft I would have been asleep too."

Striking Back.

A little girl complained to her brother that a boy had struck her. "Why did you not strike back?" he asked. "O," said the innocent creature, "I did that before he hit me."

OUTLINES TO BE TURNED INTO NARRATIVES.

THE following is an outline of one of Æsop's fables:—

1. Donkey carrying salt—passing through stream—falls—loses load.
2. Next day loaded with salt—lies down in stream.
3. Master resolves to teach lesson—third journey load of sponge.
4. Donkey lies down—load heavier.

This outline may be filled in thus:—

A donkey laden with salt happened to fall while passing through a stream. *The water melted the salt*, and the donkey *on getting up was delighted* to find himself with nothing to carry. Next day he had to pass again, laden with salt, through the same stream. *Remembering how the water had yesterday rid him of his burden*, he lay down purposely, and was again rid of it. *But clever as he was his master was cleverer*, and resolved to teach him a lesson. On the third journey he therefore placed on the creature's back several bags filled with sponges. The donkey lay down as before, but on getting up he found that his load, instead of being much lighter, was much heavier.

In the fable, as thus told, there are several points (printed in italics) which are not in the outline. Such little details help to make the story more real.

The Snake's Ingratitude.

1. Cold winter's day—snake half dead.
2. Peasant pities it—places in bosom—takes home—lays before fire.
3. Snake revives—attacks children—peasant kills it.

This outline may be filled in as follows:—

On a cold winter's day a peasant discovered a snake that was half dead. He pitied the half-frozen creature, placed it in his bosom, and upon taking it home, laid it before the fire. The snake soon revived, and, true to its nature, attacked the children of the household, when it was promptly killed by the peasant.

The Lion and the Mouse.

1. Lion sleeping—mouse happens to wake him.
2. Lion going to kill mouse—mouse begs for mercy—mercy granted.

3. Lion caught in a net—roars—mouse hears him—nibbles net.

The Frog and the Ox.

1. Ox feeding in marshy meadow—treads among young frogs—kills many.
2. One that escapes tells mother—"Such a big beast!"
3. Vain mother asks, "So big?"—"Much bigger."
4. Mother puffs out—"So big?"—"Much bigger."
5. This several times—at last mother bursts.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

1. Hare jeers at tortoise for slowness.
2. Tortoise proposes race—hare accepts.
3. Tortoise starts—hare says, "Will take a nap first."
4. When hare wakes tortoise has passed post.
5. "Slow and steady wins the race"

Dividing the Spoils.

1. Lion, donkey and fox hunting—much spoil.
2. Lion asks donkey to divide—divides into three equal parts.
3. Lion angry—kills donkey—asks fox to divide.
4. Fox makes very great heap for lion and very little one for himself.
5. "Who taught you to divide so well?"—"The dead donkey."

The Wind and the Sun.

1. Wind and sun dispute which is stronger.
2. Agree to try on passing traveler—which can soonest make him take off cloak.
3. Wind begins—blows furiously—traveler holds cloak the tighter.
4. Sun shines—traveler too warm—throws off cloak.
5. Kindness better than force.

The Bundle of Sticks.

1. Quarrelsome brothers—father speaks in vain.
2. Asks sons to break bundle of sticks—each tries and fails.
3. Asks them to undo bundle and break separate sticks—easy.
4. Brothers united, like bundle—quarrelsome, like separate sticks.
5. "Union is strength."

The Goose with the Golden Eggs.

1. Man has goose—lays golden egg daily.
2. Man greedy—thinks inside must be full of gold—kills goose—finds her like all other geese.

The Frogs asking for a King.

1. Frogs ask Jupiter for a king—he laughs at their folly—throws them a log.
2. The splash frightens them—finding log still they venture to look at it—at last jump on it and despise it.
3. Ask for another king—Jupiter annoyed—sends them a stork.
4. Stork eats many—the rest ask Jupiter to take stork away—he says “No.” “Let well alone.”

The Battle of the Birds and Beasts.

1. Bat is a beast, but flies like a bird.
2. Battle between birds and beasts—bat keeps aloof.
3. Beasts appear to be winning—bat joins them.
4. Birds rally and win—bat found among victors.
5. Peace made—birds and beasts condemn bat—bat never since dared show face in daylight.

The Hart and the Vine.

1. Hart fleeing from hunters—hides among leaves of vine—hunters pass without seeing him.
2. He begins to eat leaves—a hunter hears noise—shoots hart.
3. Hart lies wounded—reproaches itself for committing so great a folly.

4. “Vine protected me; I injured it; deserved my fate.”

The Lion and the Bulls.

1. Three bulls feeding together in a meadow.
2. Lion wished to eat them—afraid of the three.
3. Lion tells each that the others have been slandering.
4. Bulls quarrel—lion kills each separately.

Saved by the Life-boat.

1. Vessel goes to sea—overtaken by storm.
2. Storm increases—ship driven on the rocks.
3. Officers and crew in distress—clinging to the rigging—making signals.
4. Seen by the Life Guard on shore.
5. Boat hurries to the rescue—heroic seamen.
6. Men on board brought ashore—benumbed—famishing.
7. Revived—grateful to rescuers.

Story of a Tramp.

1. Early home—restless youth—runs away.
2. Goes to seek his fortune—falls in with vicious companions.
3. Roams from place to place—becomes an idle beggar.
4. Young man in a police court charged with burglary—sentenced to state prison.
5. First mistake was leaving home—next, companionship—then, theft.
6. Value of home attachments—industry—honesty
7. Beware of the first wrong step—not easy to remedy our mistakes.

STORIES IN VERSE TO BE TURNED INTO PROSE.

The following poem, by Charles Kingsley, tells a touching little story:—

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him
 the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town.
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and
 brown!

But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their
 hands

For those who will never come home to the town.
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Here is the same story, told in prose:—


One afternoon in a western port, three fishermen might be seen walking slowly down towards the beach. Heavy masses of clouds were moving rapidly overhead; the setting sun had tinged the sky an angry crimson, and the waves broke with a moaning noise over the bar at the mouth of the harbor. The fishermen knew that a storm was threatening, but still they were going to sea, for their families were large and their earnings had of late been small. Yet they were sad at heart, and as they sailed away they thought of the dear wives left behind, and of the dear children watching them out of the town.

The women were so anxious that they could not rest at home, so they went up to the lighthouse to trim the lamps and peer out into the darkness. The storm came on even sooner than was expected. A huge billow caught the fishermen's boat and sank it, and the tide carried their dead bodies to the shore.

By morning the storm had passed, and the rising sun shone on the wet sand and on three poor women wringing their hands over the corpses of their husbands.

Note that in this prose rendering there is no attempt to preserve the poetry. Attention has been paid to the story only, and that has been told in the simplest manner. I here append a cluster of poems to be turned into prose.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

 MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;

The blinding mist came up and hid the land,
And never home came she.


Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes of Dee!


They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

—Charles Kingsley.

THE WAY TO WIN.

 HERE'S always a river to cross.
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

PRESS ON.

 PRESS on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!


Press on! if once, and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While on *their* breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.

The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs:—*Press on! PRESS ON!*
—Park Benjamin.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

 WOUNDED chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
This gift to my lady bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore

Into the foaming river,
Which, ah, too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas! ill-fated,
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding-sheet.
—*Thomas Moore.*

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done,
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry.
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

THE CAT'S BATH.

AS pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good
chat;
And after some talk about matters of
state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,

I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say—
Perhaps you'll be angry; but no, you're too good—
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?

"Now I every day rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue;
I admire the grace with which it is done—
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself
clean?"

The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise
At this, could no longer her fury contain,
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat
vain;
So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both his ears.
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his
face,
And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with
disgrace.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless
chat;

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast:

Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
Which told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.—*Aiken.*

THE SHOWER-BATH.

QUOTH Dermot (a lodger at Mrs. O'Flynn's),
"How queerly my shower-bath feels!
It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels."

Quoth Murphy, "Then mend it, and I'll tell you how:
It's all your own fault, my good fellow:
I used to be bothered as you are, but now
I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."—*James Smith.*

QUEEN MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

AFTER a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;
Knelt on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended,
Shivered the breeze around the throng,
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the lady and the queen;
The woes of one so fair and young
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotions, broils, and war.


In one short year, her hopes all crossed—
A parent, husband, kingdom, lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honors o'er her royal head.
For such a queen, the Stuart's heir,—
A queen so courteous, young, and fair,—
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand—who would not die?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broomwood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung,
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again!—*Hogg.*


THE EAGLE AND SERPENT.

IN the air do I behold indeed
An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight,
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before th' aerial rock on which I stood,
The eagle hovering wheeled to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.
A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein,
Feather and scale inextricably blended:
The serpent's mailed and many-colored skin
Shone through the plumes, its coils were twined
within,
With many a swoln and knotted fold; and high
And far the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustained a crested head, which warily
Shifted, and glanced before the eagle's steadfast eye.
Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream the eagle sailed
Incessantly; sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed,
Drooped through the air, and still it shrieked and
wailed,
And, casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittently assailed
The wreathed serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.
—*Shelley.*

ASK AND HAVE.


 H, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
 Sweet Mary," says I;
 "Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
 Beginning to cry:
 "For my mother says men are deceivers,
 And never, I know, will consent;
 She says girls in a hurry who marry,
 At leisure repent."
 "Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
 Sweet Mary," says I;
 "Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
 Beginning to cry:
 "For my father, he loves me so dearly,
 He'll never consent I should go—
 If you talk to my father," says Mary,
 "He'll surely say 'No.'"
 "Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
 Sweet Mary," says I;
 "If your father and mother's so cruel,
 Most surely I'll die!"
 "Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
 "A way now to save you I see;
 Since my parents are both so contrary—
 You'd better ask *me*."—*Lover*.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?


 E left a load of anthracite
 In front of a poor widow's door
 When the deep snow, frozen and white,
 Wrapped street and square, mountain
 and moor—
 That was his deed:
 He did it well;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot tell.
 Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
 In sitting down and rising up;
 When more he got he gave the more,
 Withholding not the crust and cup;
 He took the lead
 In each good task;
 "What was his creed?"
 I did not ask.
 His charity was like the snow,
 Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
 Not like the noisy winds that blow
 From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
 For flower and weed,
 Dropping below;
 "What was his creed?"
 The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
 For hungry people, young and old;
 And hope inspired, kind words he said,
 To those he sheltered from the cold,
 For he must feed
 As well as pray;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot say.

THE OLD REAPER.

 ID the brown-haired and the black-haired
 men,
 With ruddy faces aglow,
 The old man stood in the harvest field,
 With a head as white as snow.
 "Let me cut a sheaf, my boys," he said,
 "Before it is time to go."
 They put the sickle within his hand:
 He bowed to the windy wheat;
 Pleasantly fell the golden ears,
 With the corn flowers at his feet
 He lifted a handful, thoughtfully;
 It was ripe and full and sweet.
 "Many and many a sheaf," he said,
 "I have cut in the years gone past;
 And many and many a sheaf these arms
 On the harvest wains have cast.
 But, children dear, I am weary now,
 And I think this is—the last.
 "Let me rest awhile beneath the tree;
 For I like to watch you go,
 With sickles bright, through the ripe, full wheat,
 And to feel the fresh wind blow."
 And they spread their working coats for him
 'Mong the grasses sweet and low.
 When the sun grew high they came again,
 For a drink and their bread and meat;
 And in the shadow he sleeping lay,
 With sunshine on his feet.
 Like a child at night, outspent with play,
 He lay in slumber sweet.

THE GALLANT SAIL-BOAT.

 HE boat, impatient of delay,
 With spreading, white wings flew away,
 Pushed its bold venture more and more,
 Left far behind the fading shore,
 And glided on, swan-like and free,
 A thing of life, sylph of the sea.
 The speed grew swift, each eager sail
 Swelled as it caught the gentle gale,

And so, with canvas all unfurled,
Around the prow the waters curled,
And wreaths of spray, formed one by one,
Made rainbows in the shining sun.

The lively breeze then stiffer grew,
The sail-boat leaped and darted through
Each billow as it struck her breast,
Or, mounting upward, skimmed the crest,
Plunged down into the hollow graves,
Made by the fast advancing waves,
Then rose again with graceful bound,
Wet with the white-caps splashing round,
And in her frolicsome advance,
Moved like a maiden in the dance.
Careening low upon her side,
No bird that cuts the air could glide
More deftly than she gaily flew,
Light-hearted, o'er the waters blue.

And just as gay were those on board,
Their youthful spirits in accord.
As well-tuned strings wake with a thrill,
Touched by the harpist's facile skill,
So these young hearts were in attune,
And carolled like the birds of June.
The pleasure-seekers, side by side,
Rode with the wind, rode with the tide,
While sparkling jest and blithesome song,
And bursts of laughter loud and long,
Spontaneous mirth and shouts of glee,
Went floating o'er the ruffled sea.

—*Davenport.*

WOOING.

A LITTLE bird once met another bird,
And whistled to her, "Will you be my
mate?"
With fluttering wings she twittered,
"How absurd!
Oh, what a silly pate!"

And off into a distant tree she flew,
To find concealment in the shady cover;
And passed the hours in slyly peeping through
At her rejected lover.

The jilted bird, with drooping heart and wing,
Poured forth his grief all day in plaintiff songs;
Telling in sadness to the ear of spring
The story of his wrongs.

But little thought he, while each nook and dell
With the wild music of his plaint was thrilling,
That scornful breast with sighs began to swell—
Half-pitying and half-willing.

Next month I walked the same sequestered way,
When close together on a twig I spied them;
And in a nest half-hid with leaves there lay
Four little birds beside them.

Coy maid, this moral in your ear I drop:
When lover's hopes within their hearts you prison,
Fly out of sight and hearing; do not stop
To look behind and listen. —*Soule.*

MISS LAUGH AND MISS FRET.

TRIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose,
And blisters my toes,
And wherever I go, I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet smelling hay."

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round him wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.


And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its wavering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange-boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?
—*Hoffman.*


A WOMAN'S WATCH.

 H, I am a woman's watch, am I,
But I would that I were not;
For if you knew, you would not deny
That mine is a sorry lot.
She will let me rest for a great long while,
Then all of a sudden seek
To twist me up so tight that I'll
Keep going for a week.

She leaves me open when she will,
Till I'm sick of dirt and things;
Of pins and hair I have got my fill,
And of buttons, hooks and strings.
There's a four-leaf clover in me, too,
And a piece of a photograph;
I'm stuffed completely through and through
With toothpicks, cloves and chaff.

My hands are twisted to and fro,
I'm thumped and jarred, alack!
And then, if I fail to straightway go,
I'm pounded front and back.
With her hat-pin all my wheels she'll pry
Till she breaks them every one,
And then she'll say: "I don't see why
This mean old thing won't run!"

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

 GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed,
"There's the meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said,


"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half-blushingly fell:
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—" 'twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

 BOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ESSAYS TO BE WRITTEN FROM OUTLINES.

IT is considered best by most experienced writers to prepare a plan of the composition, of whatever character it may be. In this way you are able to properly arrange your thoughts, and are less likely to omit something which ought to be treated.

There are authors who map out in their minds a general plan without committing it formally to paper. The disadvantage of this method is that something is liable to be forgotten, or inserted in the wrong place. Many authors compose a whole book with nothing more in mind than the general outline: others draw out what lawyers would call a "brief," from which they build up their production step by step.

To aid you in learning how to write compositions, I have inserted here the outlines of essays from which the complete productions are to be written. Many of these subjects will compel you to consult books in order that you may obtain the information you require, yet this will only be a benefit to you, and will amply repay all the time and labor you expend.

You do not need to confine yourself to the thoughts suggested in these outlines. Think for yourself; do not always go on crutches. Introduce new matter and express whatever is suggested to your mind, that will make your production complete and interesting.

The following is an outline of a brief and simple essay on "The Cat."

1. Where found.
2. Why kept.
- 3 Fitted to be a beast of prey:—(a) Teeth; (b) Claws; (c) Pads.
4. Fitted for night prowling:—(a) Fur; (b) Eyes.
5. Fitted to be a pet.
6. Habits.

The outline may be filled in thus:—

A cat is found in nearly every house. Sometimes it is kept as a pet only, and sometimes it is kept only

to catch mice, but most people keep one for both purposes. The cat is fitted by nature to be a beast of prey; hence its claws and teeth are sharp and long, and under its feet are pads, which enable it to walk without making a noise. The cat is also fitted for prowling at night. Its thick fur keeps it from feeling cold, and its wonderful eyes enable it to see almost in the dark. Cats make good pets because they are pretty, clean and gentle. They like to lie on something soft and warm. When stroked they purr. Kittens are very playful.

Dog.

1. Found nearly all over world; friend to man.
2. Uses:—Hunting, guarding, minding sheep, etc.
3. Description: Teeth for tearing, legs for running, coat for warmth; differences between cat and dog.
4. Habits.

Kinds of Dogs.

1. Name various kinds.
2. Showing how structure of each kind fits it for its work; as
 - (a) Greyhound—shape, legs, chest for swiftness.
 - (b) Bloodhound—broad head, large nose for smell.
 - (c) Bulldog—size of head, strength of jaw and of body.
 - (d) Newfoundland—thick, oily coat, webbed feet, etc., etc.

Hay.

1. Grass allowed to grow from early spring.
2. Ripe in June or July.
3. Cut with a scythe or machine.
4. Spread out to dry in sun—turned over—raked into "cocks"—carted.

Grain.

1. Different kinds:—wheat, barley, oats.
2. Sown in spring (wheat sometimes late in autumn).
3. Ground prepared by ploughing, harrowing.
4. Sowing (describe).
5. Weeding.
6. Harvesting:—cut with sickle, scythe or machine—bound—carted.

Flour.

1. Wheat threshed to get grain and chaff from ear.
2. Winnowed to separate chaff from grain.
3. Ground in mill (wind, steam).
4. Skin (bran) separated from flour.

Bread.

1. Generally made from flour.
2. Flour mixed with water, a little salt and yeast, into sponge—yeast to make it "rise."
3. Made into loaves.
4. Baked in oven.

Butter.

1. Made from cream.
2. Milk placed in shallow pans—cream rises—skimmed.
3. Cream begins to turn sour—churned.
4. Describe churn.
5. Churning divides cream into butter and butter-milk.
6. Butter run off—butter washed.
7. Beaten, often salted, moulded.

Lion.

1. Cat kind—teeth, claws, sheath pad.
2. About four feet high, tawny yellow, tufted tail, mane of male.
3. Lion like cat steals up to prey.
4. Brave.
5. Cubs playful.

Tiger.

1. Compare tiger and lion:—
 - (a) Lion in Africa and Asia, tiger in Asia.
 - (b) Tiger as strong, more fierce and cunning.
 - (c) Tiger golden fur with black stripes, no mane, tail not tufted.
 - (d) Tiger, like lion, lies in wait.
2. Man-eating tigers.
3. Hunted, often on elephants.

Elephant.

1. Largest land animal, eight to ten feet high.
2. Very heavy body, thick skin, little hair, legs thick.
3. Head large, tusks sixty to seventy pounds each.
4. Short neck; why?
5. Trunk; why needed?—describe.
6. Clever, obedient, faithful.

Stories of Elephants.

Tell a story showing cleverness of elephant.

Owl.

1. Night bird; therefore eyes large, hearing sharp, feathers thick.
2. Downy feathers make flight silent.
3. Beak and claws.
4. Food.
5. Haunts.

Swallow.

1. Made for speed; feathers firm and close, wings large, tail long and pointed, legs short.
2. Lives on insects; large, wide mouth.
3. Bird of passage; comes in spring, leaves in autumn.
4. Kind:—
 - (a) Chimney martin or swallow—builds often under eaves.
 - (b) Sand martin: smallest, builds in sandy banks or cliffs.

Cuckoo.

1. Named from cry.
2. Bird of passage—
 - In April
 - Come he will;
 - In July
 - He prepares to fly
 - In August
 - Go he must.

3. Description:—size of magpie or small pigeon; color:—blue gray above; white, with slaty bars below; wings black, with white at tips.
4. Lays eggs in nest of other birds—often a hedge-sparrow.

Tea.

1. From China, Assam, Ceylon.
2. Evergreen shrub, glossy leaves, white flower.
3. Three crops a year, first and best in spring.
4. Leaves gathered, placed in shallow baskets, dried first in sun, then over charcoal; rolled between hands.
5. Two kinds, green and black.

Coffee.

1. Arabia, Brazil, East and West Indies, Ceylon.
2. Evergreen tree, eight to twelve feet high.
3. Tree bears a dark red berry, size of cherry, and containing two hard seeds (the coffee "bean") each in a skin.
4. Berries gathered, dried, passed under rollers to remove skin.
5. Roasted in a closed iron vessel over slow fire.
6. Ground.

Coal.

1. How formed:—Places where forests, woods, etc., growing, sank—covered with water bringing soil—rose again—vegetable remains hardened into coal.
2. Hence found in layers.
3. Mining:—shaft, galleries.
4. Dangers:—fall of roof; flooding; explosions of "fire-damp;" afterwards "choke-damp."
5. Safety lamp.

Iron.

1. Iron ore found in many places, worked on coal fields; why?
2. To drive away sulphur roasted in kiln, or with layers of coal on ground.
3. Mixed with coal and lime and placed in blast furnace.
4. Earthy matters unite with lime to form "slag."
5. Melted iron falls to bottom—run off "cast iron."
3. Carbon added to iron to make steel.

Spring.

1. What months?
2. Welcome season after short, cold days of winter.
3. Trees and flowers—blossom.
4. Sowing.
5. Pleasant walks in the country.

Christmas.

1. When?
2. Most general holiday.
3. Why kept—"peace and goodwill."
4. How kept:—business stopped; cards; presents; meetings of friends; Christmas fare; trees.

Your School.

1. Name.
2. Situation.
3. History.
4. Subjects taught.
5. Games.
6. How you may do credit to it.

Any Town.

1. Name.
2. Situation.
3. Population.
4. Chief industry.
5. Chief buildings.
6. History.

Linen.

1. Made from flax-plant about four feet high, blue flower.
2. Ripe flax pulled up, dried.
3. Seed (linseed) removed by pulling stalks through a kind of comb.
4. Stalks consist of two parts, woody and fibrous.
5. Steeped in water to make separation of two easier.
6. Beaten to break woody part.
7. Combed to remove it.
8. Spun, bleached, woven.
9. Uses.

Blind Man's Buff.

1. One of the players has handkerchief tied over eyes.
2. Tries to catch any of the others.
3. If he catches any one he must say who it is.
4. If he succeeds, player caught takes his place.
5. The fun of the game.

Base Ball.

1. Describe bases (number, positions, etc.).
2. Describe bat and ball.
3. How many players?
4. Pitcher, catcher, basemen, fielders.
5. How "runs" are made.
6. How a player is "out."
7. How one side is out.
8. Which "team" wins?

The Blacksmith's Shop.

1. Describe the blacksmith.
2. His work.
3. Fire, bellows.
4. Anvil, hammers, tongs, water-trough.
5. "The children coming home from school . . ."

The Carpenter's Shop.

1. Work.
2. Bench, planes, chisels, hammers, mallets, axe, adze, gimlets, saws, rule.
3. Compare blacksmith and carpenter.

Soldier.

1. Appearance.
2. Work.
3. Where he lives in peace and in war.
4. Recruits, drill, reviews, band.
5. Battle.
6. Qualities of a soldier.

A Farm Laborer.

1. Work varies with season.
2. In spring work connected with sowing.
3. Summer—weeding, haymaking.
4. Autumn—harvesting; sometimes ploughing.
5. Winter—looking after stock.

A Visit to Washington.

1. On what river situated?
2. Founded when? When captured by the British?
3. Streets and avenues.
4. Capitol building, dome, Senate chamber, Chamber of the House of Representatives.
5. White House.
6. Buildings of Government Departments.

7. Smithsonian Institute.
8. Washington's monument.

Cleanliness.

1. Of person.
 - (a) Describe pores. Waste of body passes through them like smoke up a chimney; therefore must be kept open.
 - (b) Diseases arise if waste cannot pass off.
 - (c) Dirty person disagreeable.
2. Of clothes.
 - Clean person impossible in dirty clothes.
3. Of houses.
 - (a) Dust passes into lungs.
 - (b) Dirty houses—bad smells.
 - (c) Plague (formerly common) due to dirt.

Lying.

1. What it is—willful attempt to deceive.
2. Words may be true and yet a lie because meant to deceive.
3. There may be lies without words.
4. Why wrong.
5. Consequence to liar—not believed even when speaking truth.
6. Fable of boy that cried "Wolf."

Cruelty to Animals.

1. Animals can feel.
2. How would you like cruel treatment?
3. "Do unto others . . ."
4. Animals grateful for kindness.
5. Any story to show this.

Thrift.

1. "Penny saved, penny earned."
2. Name some things on which children spend money needlessly.
3. Advantages of saving:—"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves;" savings can be turned to account; provision for a "rainy day."
4. Aids to thrift:—Savings banks, building societies, etc.

Make Hay while the Sun Shines.

1. Meaning of proverb. Hay is grass dried in the sun; if not "made" on first opportunity, it may be spoiled by rain.
2. Proverb teaches us to miss no opportunity.
3. Reasons:—Do not know what may happen by to-morrow; chance perhaps lost forever; "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past."
4. Story to show danger of putting off.

A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.

1. Meaning of the proverb—persevere.
2. Illustrations:—
 - (a) If you do not finish a study begun, *all* the time spent on it is wasted.
 - (b) Three removes are as bad as a fire.
 - (c) By staying in the same place you make friends and a position.

"Virtue is its Own Reward."

1. Virtue often gains for a man honor, wealth, friends.
2. But though it brought no such rewards it should be sought.
3. For the approval of one's own conscience is more important than the approval of any one else.

Easy Subjects for Compositions.

Rabbit. Fox. Pig. Mouse. Bear. Camel. Monkey. Sheep. Goat. Cow. Hen. Duck. Robin. Lark. Canary. Ostrich. Eagle. Pigeon. Gull. Sparrow. Whale. Seal. Bee. Spider. Fly. Butterfly. Shark. Herring. Mackerel. Crab. Cod. Frog. Crocodile. Turtle. Adder. Cocoa. Sugar. Sago. Cork. India rubber. Potato. Turnip. Salt. Lead. Tin. Copper. Gold. Knife. Glass. Paper. Soap. Pins. Needles. Candles. Cotton. Silk. Woollen cloth. Autumn. Winter. Any game with marbles. Making and flying kites. Boating. Swimming. Fishing. Football. Skating. Lawn tennis. Punctuality. Industry. Perseverance. Obedience. Bad language. Good manners. Good habits. Temperance. Honesty. The "Golden Rule." How to make yourself useful at home.

Describe:—(a) A house. (b) A street. (c) A church. (d) Any village. (e) Any town. (f) A farm. (g) A mill. (h) The sea-side. (i) Common spring flowers. (j) The most beautiful place you have seen. (k) A snow-storm. (l) A thunder-storm.

Describe the life and work of:—(a) A mason. (b) A gardener. (c) A teacher. (d) A doctor. (e) A sailor. (f) A policeman. (g) A postman. (h) A tailor. (i) A baker. (j) A shepherd. (k) A fisherman. (l) An errand-boy. (m) A painter.

Describe a visit to:—(a) The seaside. (b) Chicago or some other large town. (c) The Zoological Gardens or a menagerie. (d) A circus. (e) A school exhibition. (f) A department store. (g) A country dairy. (h) A picture gallery.

Tell a story about:—(a) A dog. (b) A cat. (c) A horse. (d) A monkey. (e) A parrot. (f) An elephant. (g) A hen.

Tell any stories you know illustrating the following sayings :—

- (a) "Look before you leap."
- (b) "Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth."
- (c) "People are judged by the company they keep."
- (d) "Penny wise and pound foolish."
- (e) "Count not your chickens before they are hatched."
- (f) "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

(g) "Union is strength."

Explain and illustrate the following proverbs :—

- (a) "A stitch in time saves nine."
- (b) "A prudent man foreseeth the evil; fools pass on and are punished."
- (c) "The more haste the less speed."
- (d) "Strike the iron while it is hot."
- (e) "Touch pitch and be defiled."
- (f) "Rome was not built in a day."
- (g) "No gains without pains."
- (h) "Nothing venture nothing win."



USE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN apt illustration is always a help to a writer or speaker. The mind of the reader or hearer is interested in tracing the comparison, and receives a stronger impression than it does when the thought is stated simply by itself.

Many of the most famous orators have been very gifted in employing similes to express their meaning. You should cultivate the habit of using illustrations. Although there is sometimes danger in employing them, yet where carefully and rightly used they not only ornament the composition, but render its thoughts and ideas more striking, more impressive and more easily remembered.

A Simile is a comparison explicitly stated; as,

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose upon him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a goodly apple rotten at the heart.

The course of a great statesman resembles that of navigable rivers, avoiding immovable obstacles with noble bends of concession, seeking the broad levels of opinion on which men soonest settle and longest dwell, following and marking the most imperceptible slopes of national tendency, yet always aiming at direct advances, always recruited from sources nearer

heaven, and sometimes bursting open paths of progress and fruitful human commerce through what seem the eternal barriers of both.

A Metaphor is a condensed Simile. The comparison is implied, but not expressed at length; thus :—

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

The simile implied here is, "The morning like to a person clad in russet mantle walks," etc.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness . . . above all taking the shield of faith wherewith ye may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Similes and Metaphors are employed

1. To aid the understanding.

We comprehend the unknown best by comparison with the known.

2. To intensify the feelings; as

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice.

What a piece of work is man; how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

3. To give point and force to what we wish to express.

Our conduct towards the Indians has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

Every one must admit the beauty and force of the great poet's comparison of kind hearts to coronets, and simple faith to Norman blood, implying that each object mentioned surpasses the one with which it is compared.

The following rules should be observed in the conduct of Metaphors :—

1. Do not use metaphors, except when needed to make a sentence clearer or stronger. Needless metaphors are a blemish instead of an ornament.

2. Do not pursue a simile or metaphor too far. The further it is pursued the less likely is the comparison to hold.

3. Metaphors should avoid mean or disagreeable details.

4. Metaphors should not be forced. Some metaphors are so far-fetched that (as Mr. Lowell says) one could wish their authors no worse fate than to be obliged to carry them back whence they came.

5. Do not mix literal and metaphorical language. In the sentence

I was walking on the barren hills of sin and sorrow
near Welshpool,

"the barren hills of sin and sorrow" is metaphorical, and "near Welshpool" is literal.

Examples of Apt Illustrations.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.—*Shakespeare.*

I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.—*Shakespeare.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.—*Shakespeare.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.—*Milton.*

Now morn, her rosy steps in eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

—*Milton.*

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap.—*Milton.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant
nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep,
and shaking her invincible locks.—*Milton.*

There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

—*Longfellow.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.—*Longfellow.*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.—*Tennyson.*

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
And Honor turns with frown defiant,
And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
Laughs louder than the laughing giant.—*Holmes.*

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every
one,

Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.

—*Lowell.*

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.—*Mulock.*

Men not only want a competency, but they want
a ten-story competency; then they want religion as
a lightning rod to ward off the bolts of divine judgment.—*Beecher.*

As the river is swollen by the melting snows of
spring and runs with greater force and volume, so,
when he is aroused, his thoughts and words pour
forth impetuously, and he exhibits the strength and
majesty of the most commanding eloquence.

Examples of Faulty Illustrations.

Peace has poured oil on the troubled waters, and
they blossom like the rose.

She has come down among us in her floating
robes, bearing the olive-branch in her beak.

The American eagle broods over his nest in the
rocky fastnesses, and his young shall lie down with
the lamb.

We have gone through the floods, and have turned
their hot ploughshares into pruning-hooks.

May we be as lucky in the future, preserving for-
ever our Goddess of Liberty one and inseparable.

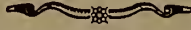
CORRECTIONS.—Peace may pour oil on troubled
waters, but waters never blossom.

Anything that wears floating robes is not furnished with a beak.

The young of eagles are not in the habit of lying down with lambs.

Floods do not have hot ploughshares.

Why should anyone wish to preserve the Goddess of Liberty inseparable, as it would be an unheard-of experience for a Goddess to be divided?



HOW TO COMPOSE AND WRITE LETTERS.

To be a good letter writer is an accomplishment as desirable as it is rare.

Few persons possess the faculty of writing an interesting letter, politely and gracefully expressed. Unless you are an exception to the general rule you become stiff and formal when you attempt to express your thoughts to a friend, or make known your wants to a man of business. The epistle is labored, unnatural and lacking in that ease which is the charm of conversation.

"I now take my pen in hand," etc. Do get rid of all old, set forms of expression. Imagine the person to whom you are writing as placed right before you, and talk to him with your pen as you would with your tongue.

There can be but one opinion concerning the general value of correspondence. How often people complain that they do not get letters from their friends. Neglect can be shown in no way more effectively than by failing to answer a letter when it ought to be written.

In writing a letter, care should be taken that the different parts are properly arranged.

First comes the **Address of the Writer.**

This is written at the top of the paper, towards the right side. If the address consists of several parts, each part is given a separate line; thus—

LIVONIA,
LIVINGSTON CO.,
NEW YORK.

After the address comes the **Date of Writing.**

Next comes the **Form of Address.**

This is always placed towards the left of the page,

and varies according to the relations between the sender and the receiver of the letter. Writing to an intimate friend, one may say, "My dear Tom," or (a little less familiarly) "My dear Brown." Writing to a friend who is also a superior in age or position, one would say, "My dear Mr. Brown." "Dear Sir" is formal, but claims some small degree of acquaintance or regard. "Sir" is purely formal. Similarly we may have, "My dear Annie," "My dear Mrs. Brown," "Dear Madam," and "Madam." In writing to Miss Jones, a stranger, you may not wish to say, "Dear Miss." It would be better in this instance to address her as "Miss Jones."

After the form of address comes the **Letter.**

A friendly letter should be easy and pleasant in style—it should be, in fact, a talk on paper. In a business letter, on the other hand, the style is brief and concise. The first aim of the writer is to make himself understood, the next to be brief.

After the letter comes the **Subscription,** as,

Sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER ARGYLE,

Or,

Respectfully yours,
NEW ENGLAND COAL CO.

Or in more formal style,

I am, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS LANCASTER.

The subscription is arranged like the address, but begins further to the left. The form of subscription varies with the form of address.

A business letter ends with the **Address of the Person to whom it is Sent.**

This is written in the left corner. A friendly letter generally ends with the subscription.

EXAMPLES OF LETTERS.

Application for a Situation.

345 Lancaster Street,
15th February,

SIR:

Seeing by your advertisement in this morning's "Standard" that you are in need of an office boy, I beg leave to apply for the position. I have been for six years a pupil in the Commercial School, Old Bridge Street. My teacher permits me to refer you to him for an account of my conduct and abilities. I have therefore only to add that if I am fortunate enough to enter your employ, it shall be my aim to serve you diligently and faithfully.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS WATSON.

J. W. CHAMBERS, ESQ.,

97 Dearborn Street.

Letters of Invitation.

NEWARK, September 11.

MY DEAR JOE:

Myself, and a half dozen other good fellows, are going to devote a few hours on Tuesday evening to the enjoyment of refreshments, chit-chat, and so on. I hope you will make one, as we have not enjoyed the "feast of reason and flow of soul" in each other's company for some time past.

Believe me, dear Joe,

Yours ever,

HARRY.

MADISON SQUARE, November 12.

DEAR MR. ROBINSON:

My old friend Richard Roy is coming to take a chop with me on Saturday, the 15th, and I hope you will come and join us at six o'clock. I know you are not partial to large parties, so trust you will think us two sufficient company.

Yours ever truly,

WASHINGTON, July 3.

HON. J. B. GRANGER,

MY DEAR SIR:

We are endeavoring to get up a small excursion to visit Mount Vernon on the 10th of this month. Will you do us the favor of making one of our number? Mrs. ——— and my family desire their compliments, and request me to mention that they have taken upon themselves the task of providing the "creature comforts" for that occasion, and trust that their ex-

ertions will meet with unanimous approval. Should you have no previous engagement for that day, and feel disposed to join our party, a carriage will be at your door by 10 o'clock on Thursday morning; and believe me to be,

My dear sir, yours most sincerely,

HON. J. B. GRANGER.

P. S.—The favor of an early answer will oblige

WASHINGTON, July 3.

MR. E. B. ALLEN,

MY DEAR SIR:

Replying to your kind invitation of this morning, I beg leave to say it would afford me great pleasure to join your excursion to Mount Vernon on the 10th inst. I will await your carriage at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. Thanking you for your welcome invitation,

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

J. B. GRANGER.

MR. E. B. ALLEN.

Notes of Invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. James's company, on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to join a social party. An immediate answer will much oblige.

Fifth Avenue, January 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. James will be most happy to avail themselves of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's kind invitation to join their social party as requested.

West Street, January 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. James greatly regret their inability to accept Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's kind invitation to join their social party. Nothing would have afforded them more pleasure than to be present but family affliction prevents them.

West Street, January 10th.

MY DEAR BERTHA,—A few friends will be here on Wednesday evening next, to take a social cup of tea, and chat about mankind in particular. Give us the pleasure of your company.

S. BUCKMAN.

Prince Street, Saturday morning.

MY DEAR SOPHIE,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you that I shall join your party on Wednesday evening next.

BERTHA MERWIN

Spring Street, Saturday afternoon.

Letters of Congratulation.

LOUISVILLE, KY., February 10.

MY DEAR HENRY:

The news of your good fortune gives me great satisfaction. No one can possess true friendship without rejoicing in the prosperity of a friend. To one who has always been manly, true and noble, and who has labored persistently toward a particular end, success must be extremely gratifying.

It will ever be my delight to hear that you are prospering in your undertakings, and if in any way I can serve you, you can rely upon my best endeavors. With every good wish for yourself and Mrs. Kerr,

Ever faithfully yours,

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 15,

DEAR OLD FRIEND:

The happy announcement that a son and heir has been born to you, gives me extreme satisfaction. I always thought you would distinguish yourself in some way, and would do something whereby your name might descend to posterity. And now, my worthy chum, it seems you have done it. Blessings on you!

Very sincerely yours,

Love Letters.

MY DEAREST HARRIET:

I cannot express the happiness I feel in finding that my letter to your respected parents has been crowned with success, and I flatter myself, notwithstanding your temporizing with my feelings, in thus reserving your avowal of a reciprocal attachment, that you, my dear girl, will not be unsusceptible to its value. But condescend to acknowledge an equal happiness with myself at its contents. In token of the confidence with which your dear letter has inspired me, I beg leave to present you with a trifle, the acceptance of which will be highly flattering to him whose image it portrays; and permit me the fond pleasure of indulging a belief that you will esteem the trifle, in affectionate remembrance of the original.

In obedience to your father's command, I shall wait upon him at the appointed time; till then, my beloved Harriet, adieu.

Ever your devoted admirer,

DEAR SIR:

I make no doubt of the truth of your assertions, relative to yourself, character, and connections; but

as I think I am too young to enter into such a serious engagement, I request I may hear no more of your passion for the present; in every other respect,

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

OUTLINES TO BE EXPANDED INTO LETTERS.

Inviting a Friend to Tea.

1. Can you come to tea—day—hour.
2. My birthday—several friends coming.
3. Tea in orchard—then cricket in field
4. Hope mother will let you come—be home by nine.

Accepting Invitation.

1. Thanks for invitation—happy to accept.
2. Glad to meet ———.
3. Look forward to pleasant evening.

Declining Invitation.

1. Thanks for invitation—should have been glad to come.
2. Sorry to lose chance of meeting ———.
3. Father some time ago arranged to take me and my brother to ———.
4. Hope you will have pleasant evening and many happy returns.

From a Town Child to a Country Child.

1. Town crowded—noisy—dirty—glad to get into country.
2. Shall never forget visit to the country last summer.
3. No streets—few houses—beautiful views—quiet—sweet air.
4. Fine weather—many enjoyable walks.
5. Returned to town almost envying a country life.

Answer from Country Child to Town Child.

1. You almost envying country life—I almost envying town life.
2. Country has the advantages you describe, but you saw it in summer.
3. Difficult to get about in bad weather—especially in winter when much bad weather.
4. Dull—no libraries, exhibitions, meetings, concerts, etc.
5. Town may have all the disadvantages named, but always plenty to see, opportunities for study, friendly intercourse, entertainments.
6. Traveling easy.

SPECIMENS OF ELEGANT COMPOSITION

FROM

WORLD-RENOWNED AUTHORS.

DO not consider yourself too ambitious when you make an earnest effort to express your thoughts so well that your productions will compare favorably with those of the best writers. You should have specimens of the best composition before you. The following pages contain such, and you will readily see how the most famous authors construct their sentences, what apt words they choose, and how easily, yet forcibly, they express their ideas.

Do not be disheartened if you fail to come up to the standard here placed before you. It is related of the great painter, Correggio, that he was once almost ready to fling away his brush, exclaiming, "I can never paint like Raphael." But he persevered, and at length the great painter whom he admired so much said, "If I were not Raphael, I would wish to be Correggio." You should take the best writers for your models and set your standard high. Be a severe critic of yourself, and do your very best.



GETTING THE RIGHT START.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

In clear expression of thought and use of plain, forcible English, the works of Doctor Holland are superior to those of most authors. He does not employ large, overgrown words, but such as are easily understood. This is one secret of the popularity of his writings. Dr. Holland was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819, and died October 12, 1881. He was associate editor of the "Springfield Republican," and in 1870 became editor of "Scribner's Magazine." Both as a writer of prose and poetry he is held in high esteem by all lovers of elevated thought and pure diction.

SOCIETY demands that a young man shall be somebody, not only, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust—at least, not for a long time, for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it proves him to be a man: then it will bow to him, and make room for him.

I know a young man who made a place for himself by writing an article for the *North American Review*: nobody read the article, so far as I know, but the fact that he wrote such an article, that it was very long, and that it was published, did the business for him. Everybody, however, cannot write

articles for the *North American Review*—at least I hope everybody will not, for it is a publication which makes me a quarterly visit; but everybody, who is somebody, can do something. There is a wide range of effort between holding a skein of silk for a lady and saving her from drowning—between collecting voters on election day and teaching a Sunday-school class.

A man must enter society of his own free will, as an active element or a valuable component, before he can receive the recognition that every true man longs for. I take it that this is right. A man who is willing to enter society as a beneficiary is mean, and does not deserve recognition.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and

cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men, I suppose, who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet.

The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn, and educate them. Or, perhaps, with an eye to the sacred profession, they desire to become the beneficiaries of some benevolent society, or some gentle circle of female devotees.

To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

Do not misunderstand me: I would not inculcate that pride of personal independence which repels in its sensitiveness the well-meant good offices and benefactions of friends, or that resorts to desperate shifts rather than incur an obligation. What I condemn in a young man is the love of dependence; the

willingness to be under obligation for that which his own efforts may win.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the success which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind which is requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence, that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it.

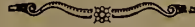
The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor, will prove itself, in the end, the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

Never allow yourself to be seduced from this course. You will hear of young men who have made fortunes in some wild speculations. Pity them; for they will almost certainly lose their easily won success. Do not be in a hurry for anything. Are you in love with some dear girl, whom you would make your wife? Give Angelina Matilda to understand that she must wait; and if Angelina Matilda is really the good girl you take her to be, she will be sensible enough to tell you to choose your time.

You cannot build well without first laying a good foundation; and for you to enter

upon a business which you have not patiently and thoroughly learned, and to marry before you have won a character, or even the reasonable prospect of a competence, is ultimately to bring your house down about the ears of Angelina Matilda, and such pretty

children as she may give you. If, at the age of thirty years, you find yourself established in a business which pays you with certainty a living income, you are to remember that God has blessed you beyond the majority of men.



DINAH THE METHODIST.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

The works of Marian Evans' Cross created unusual interest when first published in England. Her "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," immediately placed her in the highest rank of the writers of fiction. For some time her identity was concealed, yet there were critics who suspected that "George Eliot" was the assumed name of a female author. Her writings are characterized by a keen insight into character, intellectual vigor and sympathy with the advanced thought of the day. She was born in 1819, and died in 1880. The selection from "Adam Bede," here given, is an excellent specimen from one of her well-known works.

SEVERAL of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveler pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, toward the cart under the maple tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to the slimness of her figure, and the simple line of her black stuff dress.

The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise, not so much for the feminine delicacy of her appearance, as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanor. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step, and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with a smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious.

But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious

of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, "I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach;" no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, "But you must think of me as a saint."

She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her grey eyes on the people. There was no keenness in her eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects.

The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished.

It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance.

Joshua Rann gave a long cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his head; and Wiry Ben won-

dered how Seth had the pluck to think of courting her.

"A sweet woman," the stranger said to himself, "but surely Nature never meant her for a preacher."



GODFREY AND DUNSTAN.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

An excellent example of dialogue in fiction.

SOME one opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

"Dear, I'm so thankful you're come," she said, going towards him. "I began to get"—

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned towards her with a pale face and a strange, unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he

would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan—my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him,—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The stone pit has gone dry suddenly,—from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting whip, with my name on. He took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused! it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonor.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion

in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonor must be felt more keenly by her husband.

"There was money in the pit," he continued, "all the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they have taken the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you. There was no hindering it; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind,—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said:

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life; I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with an awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you,—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife; Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effects of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said Godfrey after a little while, with some tremor in his voice. She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child un-owned; I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her; I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that seemed so black to her, with her simple, severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice; only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?"

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

"And—oh, Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd been happier with me; I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be."

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

"But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you," said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. "You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd been."

"I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have

married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for; nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand; not even our marrying wasn't, you see." There was a faint, sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me ever?"

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey. You've made it up to me; you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life."

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone Pits."



RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

This charming author, who is a master of pure style, beautiful sentiment and pleasing humor, has been called the father of American literature. If this be not strictly true, it is a matter of record that no American authors before his time achieved any remarkable success. Mr. Irving was born in 1783, and died in 1859. He was particularly happy in portraying the quaint character and customs of the old Dutch settlers in our country. He published a number of volumes, including "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," etc. One of Irving's best known and most delightful short productions is "Rip Van Winkle," from which the following extract is taken. The easy-going, inoffensive character of Rip is delightfully pictured.

THE great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences.

The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do

such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that, though his paternal estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was

little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn, and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off trousers, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, nowever, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of house-

hold eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that by frequent use had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm, and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with his dog Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

THE PURITANS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Distinguished as a descriptive poet by his fine "Lays of Ancient Rome," and yet more distinguished as a master of English prose by his "Essays" and his noble "History of England," Thomas Babington Macaulay stands prominent as the most learned and eloquent of the essayists and critics of the nineteenth century. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, known as the warm friend and co-laborer of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, and died in 1859. In 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1822. Here he gave proof of his great intellectual powers, obtaining a scholarship, and twice gaining the Chancellor's medal for a poem called "Pompeii." To crown his triumphs, he secured a "Craven Scholarship,"—the highest distinction in classics which the university confers.

Lord Macaulay's glowing description of the Puritans has been pronounced the finest writing of its kind to be found in our language. It is the product of pre-eminent literary ability, and the highest genius.

WE would first speak of the Puritans of the sixteenth century, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced.

Those who roused the people to resistance—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years—who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the

finest army that Europe had ever seen—who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth—were no vulgar fanatics.

Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive; we regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring vail, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless inter-

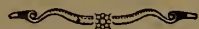
val which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed.

They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away.

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed; for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun

had been darkened, that the rocks had been | had shuddered at the sufferings of her expir-
 rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature | ing God!



ON BEING IN TIME.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

When we examine Mr. Spurgeon's writings we are able to discover one great secret of his power. As no preacher of modern times was more successful, in like manner no other had such a vigorous command of plain English in the pulpit. The great majority of his words are short and simple, reminding one of the terse writings of the old Puritan authors. Mr. Spurgeon was born in 1834 and died in 1893. No other writer has published so many sermons and volumes of miscellaneous writings, and no other author of similar works has been so widely read. He was the marvel of his generation.

HE who begins a little late in the morning will have to drive fast, will be constantly in a fever, and will scarcely overtake his business at night; whereas he who rises in proper time can enjoy the luxury of pursuing his calling with regularity, ending his work in fit season, and gaining a little portion of leisure.

Late in the morning may mean puffing and blowing all the day long, whereas an early hour will make the pace an easy one. This is worth a man's considering. Much evil comes of hurry, and hurry is the child of unpunctuality.

We once knew a brother whom we named "the late Mr. S——," because he never came in time. A certain tart gentleman, who had been irritated by this brother's unpunctuality, said that the sooner that name was literally true the better for the temper of those who had to wait for him. Many a man would much rather be fined than be kept waiting. If a man *must* injure me, let him rather plunder me of my cash than of my time.

To keep a busy man waiting is an act of impudent robbery, and is also a constructive insult. It may not be so intended, but certainly if a man has proper respect for his friend, he will know the value of his time, and will not cause him to waste it. There is a cool contempt in unpunctuality, for it as

good as says: "Let the fellow wait; who is he that I should keep my appointment with him?"

In this world, matters are so linked together that you cannot disarrange one without throwing others out of gear; if one business is put out of time, another is delayed by the same means. The other day we were traveling to the Riviera, and the train after leaving Paris was detained for an hour and a half. This was bad enough, but the result was worse, for when we reached Marseilles the connecting train had gone, and we were not only detained for a considerable time, but were forced to proceed by a slow train, and so reached our destination six hours later than we ought to have done. All the subsequent delay was caused through the first stoppage.

A merchant once said to us: "A. B. is a good fellow in many respects, but he is so frightfully slow that we cannot retain him in our office, because, as all the clerks work into each other's hands, his delays are multiplied enormously, and cause intolerable inconvenience. He is a hindrance to the whole system, and he had better go where he can work alone."

The worst of it is that we cannot send unpunctual people where they can work alone. To whom or whither should they go? We cannot rig out a hermitage for each one, or

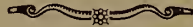
that would be a great deliverance. If they prepared their own dinners, it would not matter that they dropped in after every dish had become cold. If they preached sermons to themselves, and had no other audience, it would not signify that they began consistently seven minutes behind the published hour. If they were their own scholars, and taught themselves, it would be of no consequence if the pupil sat waiting for his teacher for twenty minutes.

As it is, we in this world cannot get away from the unpunctual, nor get them away from us, and therefore we are obliged to put up with them; but we should like them to know that they are a gross nuisance, and a frequent cause of sin, through irritating the tempers of those who cannot afford to squander time as they do.

If this should meet the eye of any gentleman who has almost forgotten the mean-

ing of the word "punctuality," we earnestly advise him to try and be henceforth five minutes *too soon* for every appointment, and then perhaps he will gradually subside into the little great virtue which we here recommend.

Could not some good genius get up a Punctuality Association, every member to wear a chronometer set to correct time, and to keep appointments by the minute-hand? Pledges should be issued, to be signed by all sluggish persons who can summon up sufficient resolution totally to abstain from being behind time in church or chapel, or on committee, or at dinner, or in coming home from the office in the evening. Ladies eligible as members upon signing a special pledge to keep nobody waiting while they run upstairs to pop on their bonnets. How much of sinful temper would be spared, and how much of time saved, we cannot venture to guess. Try it.



JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK ON HOME.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

The famous London minister wrote a book entitled, "John Ploughman's Talk." His object was to express plain and homely truths in a quaint, humorous way, and thus gain the attention of common people whose reading is confined mostly to murder and divorce cases in newspapers. The enjoyment of the public in reading Mr. Spurgeon's pithy sayings was evinced by the enormous sale of the book. The extract here given is a fair specimen of its unique style.

THAT word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor-house, home is home, be it ever so homely, and there's no place on earth like it. Green grow the houseleek on the roof forever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch.

Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and my rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owl thinks the old

ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cozy. When my master's nag knows that his head is towards home he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there's something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees.

Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbor's, and the

Money-suckle at my own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out, friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say, because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

"East and west,
Home is best."

Why, at home you are at home, and what more do you want? Nobody grudges you, whatever your appetite may be; and you don't get put into a damp bed. Safe in his own castle, like a king in his palace, a man feels himself somebody, and is not afraid of being thought proud for thinking so. Every cock may crow on his own dunghill; and a dog is a lion when he is at home. No need to guard every word because some enemy is on the watch, no keeping the heart under lock and key; but as soon as the door is shut it is liberty hall, and none to peep and pry.

It is a singular fact, and perhaps some of you will doubt it—but that is your unbelieving nature—our little ones are real beauties, always a pound or two plumper than others of their age; and yet it don't tire you half so much to nurse them as it does other people's babies. Why, bless you, my wife would be tired out in half the time, if her neighbor had asked her to see to a strange youngster, but her own children don't seem to tire her at all. Now my belief is that it all comes of their having been born at home.

Just so it is with everything else: our lane is the most beautiful for twenty miles round, because our home is in it; and my garden is a perfect paradise, for no other particular reason than this very good one, that it belongs to the old house at home.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with

holiness to the Lord over the door; but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure.

Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sour. Godliness and love can make a man, like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briars, and set others a-singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes!

It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more 's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not a Babel. The husband should be the house-band, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing everything like a millstone.

Nothing is improved by anger, unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure. People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer, it cannot do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.

When once we give way to temper, temper will get right of way, and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing, will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.

LITTLE PEARL AND HER MOTHER.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne is justly regarded as one of the masters of English prose, although the shadowed side of his life predominated and often gave a somewhat gloomy tinge to his writings. Yet through the morbid drapery by which he surrounds himself the light of his superb genius shines brilliantly. His style is a model of clearness, choice words and elevated sentiment. The extract given below is from "The Scarlet Letter," one of his best works of fiction, and, in fact, one of the best that enriches our American literature. He possessed great originality, a rare power of analyzing character, a delicate and exquisite humor and marvelous felicity in the use of language. Mr. Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and died in 1864.

SO the mother and little Pearl were admitted into the hall of entrance. With many variations, suggested by the nature of his building-materials, diversity of climate, and a different mode of social life, Governor Bellingham had planned his new habitation after the residences of gentlemen of fair estate in his native land.

Here, then, was a wide and reasonably lofty hall, extending through the whole depth of the house, and forming a medium of general communication, more or less directly, with all the other apartments. At one extremity, this spacious room was lighted by the windows of the two towers, which formed a small recess on either side of the portal. At the other end, though partly muffled by a curtain, it was more powerfully illuminated by one of those embowed hall-windows which we read of in old books, and which was provided with a deep and cushioned seat.

Here, on the cushion, lay a folio tome, probably of the Chronicles of England, or other such substantial literature; even as, in our own days, we scatter gilded volumes on the centre-table, to be turned over by the casual guest. The furniture of the hall consisted of some ponderous chairs, the backs of which were elaborately carved with wreaths of oaken flowers; and likewise a table in the same taste; the whole being of Elizabethan age, or perhaps earlier, and heirlooms, trans-

ferred hither from the governor's paternal home.

On the table—in token that the sentiment of old English hospitality had not been left behind—stood a large pewter tankard, at the bottom of which, had Hester or Pearl peeped into it, they might have seen the frothy remnant of a recent draught of ale.

On the wall hung a row of portraits, representing the forefathers of the Bellingham lineage, some with armor on their breasts, and others with stately ruffs and robes of peace. All were characterized by the sternness and severity which old portraits so invariably put on; as if they were the ghosts, rather than the pictures, of departed worthies, and were gazing with harsh and intolerant criticism at the pursuits and enjoyments of living men.

At about the center of the oaken panels that lined the hall was suspended a suit of mail, not, like the pictures, an ancestral relic, but of the most modern date; for it had been manufactured by a skillful armorer in London the same year in which Governor Bellingham came over to New England. There was a steel headpiece, a cuirass, a gorget and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword hanging beneath; all, and especially the helmet and breastplate, so highly burnished as to glow with white radiance and scatter an illumination everywhere about upon the floor.

This bright panoply was not meant for

mere idle show, but had been worn by the governor on many a solemn muster and training field, and had glittered, moreover, at the head of a regiment in the Pequod war. For, though bred a lawyer, and accustomed to speak of Bacon, Coke, Noye and Finch as his professional associates, the exigencies of this new country had transformed Governor Bellingham into a soldier, as well as a statesman and ruler.

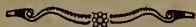
Little Pearl—who was as greatly pleased with the gleaming armor as she had been with the glittering frontispiece of the house—spent some time looking into the polished mirror of the breastplate.

“Mother,” cried she, “I see you here. Look! Look!”

Hester looked, by way of humoring the

child; and she saw that, owing to the peculiar effect of this convex mirror, the scarlet letter was represented in exaggerated and gigantic proportions, so as to be greatly the most prominent feature of her appearance. In truth, she seemed absolutely hidden behind it.

Pearl pointed upward, also, at a similar picture in the headpiece, smiling at her mother with the elfish intelligence that was so familiar an expression on her small physiognomy. That look of naughty merriment was likewise reflected in the mirror, with so much breadth and intensity of effect, that it made Hester Prynne feel as if it could not be the image of her own child, but of an imp who was seeking to mold itself into Pearl’s shape.



THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The following selection is an excellent example of sprightly and vivacious writing, a kind of composition that is always entertaining to the reader. Under the assumed name of Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott was for many years a well-known and popular contributor to various periodicals. She also published several volumes, including works of fiction and stories of travel. She wrote poems that possessed much merit, thus exhibiting a wide range of talent. Her fine thoughts were expressed in a style of great ease, simplicity and beauty. Mrs. Lippincott was born in Onondaga County, New York, in 1825, and died in 1898.

“ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!” cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stairway of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morning hue.

In an instant there is a stir and gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery,

and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister’s first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

“Well, I declare, if here isn’t mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-months-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!”

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude ladye* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic, and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood,—"simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus?'"

"And this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face,—these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land,—these ears, like dainty sea shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely? I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity—of painting her as *Madonna*."



CANDACE'S OPINIONS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Mrs. Stowe is particularly happy in portraying negro character. It requires for this a great appreciation of humor, and her writings abound in this, while her imagination and fine command of language make many of her writings brilliant and even poetical.

Mrs. Stowe is the most celebrated American authoress. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been more widely read than any other work of fiction ever published. While in this work her conspicuous genius appears to fine advantage, she has nevertheless written other works, some of them describing New England life and character, which are masterpieces. She was born at Litchfield, Conn., on the 14th of June, 1812, and died at Hartford July 1st, 1896.

"**I** INTEND," said Mr. Marvyn, "to make the same offer to your husband, when he returns from work to-night."

"Laus, Mass'r—why, Cato, he'll do jes' as I do—dere a'n't no kind o' need o' askin' him. Course he will."

A smile passed round the circle, because between Candace and her husband there existed one of those whimsical contrasts which one sometimes sees in married life. Cato was a small-built, thin, softly-spoken negro, addicted to a gentle chronic cough; and, though a faithful and skillful servant,

seemed, in relation to his better half, much like a hill of potatoes under a spreading apple-tree. Candace held to him with a vehement and patronizing fondness, so devoid of conjugal reverence as to excite the comments of her friends.

"You must remember, Candace," said a good deacon to her one day, when she was ordering him about at a catechizing, "you ought to give honor to your husband; the wife is the weaker vessel."

"*I* de weaker vessel?" said Candace, looking down from the tower of her ample corpulence on the small, quiet man whom

she had been fledging with the ample folds of a worsted comforter, out of which his little head and shining bead-eyes looked, much like a blackbird in a nest—"I de weaker vassel! Umph!"

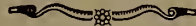
A whole woman's rights convention could not have expressed more in a day than was given in that single look and word. Candace considered a husband as a thing to be taken care of—a rather inconsequent and somewhat troublesome species of pet, to be humored, nursed, fed, clothed, and guided in the way that he was to go—an animal that was always losing off buttons, catching colds, wearing his best coat every day, and getting on his Sunday hat in a surreptitious manner for week-day occasions; but she often condescended to express it as her opinion that he was a blessing, and that she didn't know what she'd do if it wasn't for Cato.

She sometimes was heard expressing her-

self very energetically in disapprobation of the conduct of one of her sable friends, named Jinny Stiles, who, after being presented with her own freedom, worked several years to buy that of her husband, but became afterwards so disgusted with her acquisition, that she declared she would "neber buy anoder nigger."

"Now, Jinny don't know what she's talkin' about," she would say. "S'pose he does cough and keep her awake nights, and take a little too much sometimes, a'n't he better'n no husband at all? A body wouldn't seem to hab nuffin to lib for, ef dey hadn't an old man to look arter. Men is nate'lly foolish about some tings—but dey's good deal better'n nuffin."

And Candace, after this condescending remark, would lift with one hand a brass kettle in which poor Cato might have been drowned, and fly across the kitchen with it as if it were a feather.



MIDSUMMER IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

An example of beautiful description.

AN oppressive slumber hung about the forest-branches. In the dells and on the heights was the same dead heat. Here where the brook tinkled it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder in a space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were clear, defined to the shadows of their verges; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colors of day but slightly softened.

Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle-mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the

moon shone in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him; couched panting when he stopped an instant; rose weariedly when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

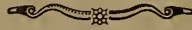
On a barren corner of the wooded highland looking inland stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass-blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights: hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He

sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow westward from the south. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then

heavy thunder-drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violent fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills to the bounding Rhine gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses; and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling him with awful rapture.



THE POWER OF NATURAL BEAUTY.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The Sage of Concord," as Mr. Emerson was called, expresses the estimate the American public placed upon his writings. His profound thought and originality are unquestioned. To these grand qualities he added a poetic imagination which diffused a fine glow over all his productions.

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston in 1803, graduated from Harvard College in 1821, and entered the ministry of the Unitarian Church, from which, however, he shortly resigned, and soon devoted himself to literary pursuits. His works have a high reputation among scholars and speculative thinkers. His style is singularly terse and at times almost abrupt, but his thoughts are masterly and striking. He died in 1882.

BEAUTY is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.

Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue;" said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven.

When a noble act is done—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonides and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelreid, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the

man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

The noonday darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods,

where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millennium; where, from year to year, the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapor with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveler, amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty—haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger.

All men are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility always. In the mountains they may believe in the adaptations of the eye.

Undoubtedly the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochoo: up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

TO aid you in writing compositions a lengthy list of subjects is here furnished. These, you will see, are adapted to persons of various ages and capacities. Many of them are comparatively simple and require no profound thought, while others are deep enough to tax all your powers of reason.

Do not choose a subject that is too abstruse and difficult. Plain narration and description should go before profound argument. Yet do not be satisfied with a simple theme if you are capable of writing upon one that demands more study and thought. When you have chosen your subject, you should be guided by the practical hints and directions contained in the first pages of this volume, which you should faithfully study.

Many of the subjects here presented will require a good deal of reading and research before you can write upon them intelligently. This is true especially of the historical and biographical subjects. If you find history to be a fascinating study, as it is to most persons, you will become so filled and enamored with your theme, that you can write upon it easily.

Never consider it too much trouble to prepare yourself thoroughly to write your compositions. If you would have nuggets of gold you must dig for them. Success is worth all it costs, however much that may be. Remember Bulwer Lytton's saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

The Landing of the Pilgrims.
Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.
The French and Indian War.
The Siege of Quebec.
King Philip's War.
Washington at Valley Forge.
The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis.
The Discovery of the Mississippi River.
Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia.
The Pequot War.
Witchcraft at Salem, Massachusetts.
The Old Charter Oak at Hartford.
Destruction of Tea in Boston Harbor.
The Battles of Lexington and Concord.
The Famous Ride of Paul Revere.
The Siege of Boston.
The Battle of Long Island.
The Battle of the Brandywine.
The Murder of Miss McCrea.
The Battle of Monmouth.
The Surrender of Burgoyne's Army.

The Siege of Savannah.
Washington Crossing the Delaware.
The Massacre of Wyoming.
The Treason of Benedict Arnold.
The Execution of Major André.
The Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.
The Battle of Monterey.
The Battle of Chapultepec.
The Siege of Vicksburg.
General Sherman's March to the Sea.
Jackson's Victories in Virginia.
The Death of "Stonewall Jackson."
The Story of Cuban Insurrections.
The Great Naval Battle at Manila.
The Great Naval Battle at Santiago.
The Exploits of the "Rough Riders" at San Juan.
The Execution of John Brown.
The Massacre at Fort Dearborn.
The Discovery of Gold in California.
The Opening of the Pacific Railroad.
The Discovery of Gold in Alaska.
The Massacre of General Custer.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

The Indian Wars in the Northwest.
The World's Fair at Chicago.
The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.
The Story of the Old Liberty Bell at Philadelphia.

The Great Flood at Johnstown, Pa.
The Destruction of the Battleship Maine.
The Invention of Printing.
Magna Charta, the Charter of Rights.
Constantinople Taken by the French.
The Moors Driven Out of Spain.
The Reformation in England.
The Invasion of Peru by Pizarro.
The Battle of Trafalgar.
The Spanish Armada.
The Battle of Balaklava.
The Gunpowder Plot (1605).
The Atrocities of the Paris Commune.
The Execution of Charles I.
The Bursting of the South Sea Bubble.
The Battle of Waterloo.
The Dismemberment of Poland.
The Great Mutiny in India.
The French Revolution.
The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc.
The Crusades.
The Siege of Troy.
The Great Plague in London.
The Battle of the Boyne.
The Imprisonment of James I. of Scotland.
The Story of Mary, Queen of Scots.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS.

Miles Standish.
Cotton Mather.
Benjamin Franklin.
John Jay.
Samuel Adams.
Fisher Ames.
George Washington.
William Penn.
Marquis de Lafayette.
Count Pulaski.
General Israel Putnam.

General Anthony Wayne.
General Ethan Allen.
Thomas Jefferson.
Andrew Jackson.
Martha Washington.
Commodore Perry.
Commodore Decatur.
Daniel Webster.
Henry Clay.
Patrick Henry.
John Hancock.
General Winfield Scott.
Zachary Taylor.
The Indian Chief Tecumseh.
William Henry Harrison.
John C. Fremont.
Abraham Lincoln.
Robert E. Lee.
Ulysses S. Grant.
James A. Garfield.
General William T. Sherman.
Mary Lyon.
Frances E. Willard.
Susan B. Anthony.
Clara Barton.
Henry W. Longfellow.
William Cullen Bryant.
The Cary Sisters.
Washington Irving.
James Fenimore Cooper.
Francis Scott Key.
John Howard Payne.
Daniel Boone.
David Crockett.
General Sam Houston.
Lord Nelson.
The Duke of Wellington.
Napoleon Bonaparte.
The Duke of Marlborough.
Robert Bruce.
Robert Burns.
John Bright.
William E. Gladstone.
Alfred Tennyson.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Daniel O'Connell.
 Robert Emmet.
 Florence Nightingale.
 John Knox.
 Julius Cæsar.
 Demosthenes.
 Cicero.
 Hannibal.
 Alexander the Great.
 Socrates.
 Xantippe.
 Queen Elizabeth.
 Oliver Cromwell.
 William Pitt.
 Frederick the Great.
 Captain Kidd.
 Ferdinand de Soto.
 Hernando Cortez.
 Sir John Franklin.
 Elisha Kent Kane.
 Cyrus W. Field.
 Professor Samuel B. F. Morse.
 Alexander T. Stewart.
 Peter Cooper.
 John Jacob Astor.
 William H. Vanderbilt.

SUBJECTS FOR NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION.

A New England Thanksgiving.
 The Puritan Sabbath.
 The Deserted Farm.
 The Dangers of Frontier Life.
 Natural Resources of the United States.
 Social Customs of the Last Century.
 A Spanish Bull Fight.
 The Falls of Niagara.
 The Hudson River.
 Mount Washington.
 A Western Prairie.
 The Cotton Fields of the South.
 The Orange Groves of Florida.
 "The Father of Waters."
 The Rapid Growth of Western Cities.

A Ranch in the South-West.
 The Cowboys of the Plains.
 The Great Trees of California.
 The Geysers of the Yellowstone Park.
 The Instinct in Animals.
 Some Recent Invention.
 Some Public Institutions.
 The Physical Characteristics of your State.
 A Country Farm.
 Your Home Enjoyments.
 Fresh Air and its Uses.
 Town and Country Schools.
 Some Out Door School Games.
 The Beauties of Summer.
 The Remarkable Instinct of Birds.
 An Arctic Expedition.
 A Railway Station.
 A Picture Gallery.
 Electric Lights.
 Winds and Clouds.
 The Pastime of Fishing.
 The Pastime of Skating.
 Agricultural Implements.
 Habits of Domestic Animals.
 A Flower Garden.
 Singing Birds.
 Migration of Birds.
 The American Eagle.
 The Uses of Cats and Dogs.
 The Game of Foot Ball.
 The Game of Base Ball.
 Your Favorite Book.
 The County in which your School is Situated.
 School Life : its Joys and Difficulties.
 Castles in the Air.
 The Pleasures of Christmas.
 Leaning Tower of Pisa.
 The Vatican at Rome.
 St. Paul's Cathedral in London.
 The Capitol at Washington.
 The White House at Washington.
 The Suspension Bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

Bunker Hill Monument.
Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.
Independence Hall in Philadelphia.
An Ocean Steamship.
An American Battleship.
Coal Mines of Pennsylvania.
A Seaside Watering Place.
A Country Picnic.
A Clam Bake by the Sea-shore.
A Sleigh Ride.
A Century Run on Bicycles.
Your Favorite Walk.
The Value of Sunshine.
A Thunder Storm.
A Summer Vacation.

POPULAR PROVERBS.

More Haste, Less Speed.
Necessity is the Mother of Invention.
What Can't be Cured must be Endured.
Well Begun is Half Done.
All that Glitters is not Gold.
Evil Communications Corrupt Good Man-
ners.

Honesty is the Best Policy.
A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.
Prevention is Better than Cure.
A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.
Make Hay while the Sun Shines.
Birds of a Feather Flock Together.
Knowledge is Power.
Take Care of the Pennies and the Dollars
will take Care of Themselves.
A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the
Bush.

The Longest Way Around is the Shortest
Way Home.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the
Eating.

If you would Shoot High you must Aim
High.

Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
People who Live in Glass Houses should
not Throw Stones

Be Sure you are Right, then Go Ahead.
It is an Ill Wind that Blows Good to no
One.

Every Crow Thinks her own Little Crows
the Blackest.

You Cannot Make a Silk Purse out of a
Sow's Ear.

The Least Said, the Soonest Mended.
Speech is Silver, Silence is Golden.
Manners Make the Man.

SUBJECTS TO BE EXPOUNDED

Benefits of Industry.
Evils of Idleness.
Summer Sports in the Country.
Winter Amusements in Cities.
Shop Windows at Christmas Time.
Habits of Economy.
Advantages of Travel.
Temptations of Riches.
Dangers of Trades Unions.
Benefits of Application.
Advantages of Muscular Exercise.
Physical and Moral Perils of Muscular Ex-
ercise.

Effects of Machinery upon Manual Labor.
Pleasures of Literature.
Sources of National Wealth.
Benefits of Self-Control.
Modern Methods of Benevolence.
Responsibilities of Scholars.
Causes of Commercial Decline.
Advantages of a National Bankrupt Law.
Peculiarities of the New England Poets.
The Character of Wilkins Micawber.
Claims of the Indians to Government Pro-
tection.

Evils of Immigration.
Characteristics of the English Novel.
Incentives to Literary Exertion.
Reforms Suggested in "Oliver Twist."
American Tendencies to Extravagance.
Uses of Gold.
Uses of Public Libraries.

- Infirmities of Genius.
- Excellencies of the Puritan Character.
- Miseries of Authorship.
- Blessings of Liberty.
- Pleasures in Contemplating Nature.
- Dangers that Threaten our Republic.
- Advantages of Method.
- Distinctions in Society.
- Rewards of Literary Labor.
- Struggles for Civil Freedom.
- Advantages of Competition.
- Uses of Adversity.
- Advantages of Self-Reliance.
- Evils of Prejudice.
- The Colonial Period of Our History.
- Uses of Art.
- Self-Made Men.
- Dickens' Caricatures of English Schools.
- Irving's Portraits of the Dutch Settlers.
- Injuries of Stimulants.
- Evils of Centralization.
- Advantages of Modern Inventions.
- Uses of Coal.
- Sources of Corruption in Civil Offices.
- Elements of Success in Life.
- Dangers of the French Republic.
- Changes of Fashion.
- Social Dangers from Anarchists.
- Longfellow's "Hiawatha."
- Longfellow's "Evangeline."
- Oliver Wendell Holmes's Humor.
- Character of Eugene Field's Poetry.
- Characteristics of American Humor.
- Hardships of the New England Settlers.
- Persecution of the Jews.
- Causes of Nihilism in Russia.
- English Ideas of America.
- Methods of Reform in the Civil Service.
- Benefits of Mechanical Exhibitions.
- Strikes and Arbitrations.
- Time: its Use and Abuse.
- Employers and Men: their Rights and Relations.
- The Study of Modern Languages.
- The Study of Ancient Languages.
- Industry and Energy.
- The Duty of Cleanliness.
- Punctuality.
- Courage.
- Fortitude.
- Cruelty to Animals.
- The Law of Supply and Demand.
- "Right before Might."
- The Telescope and Microscope.
- Manhood Suffrage.
- "The New Woman."
- Uses and Abuses of Money.
- The Cultivation of Music.
- Amusements for Young People.
- The Great Discoverers of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.
- Pleasures of the Imagination.
- Natural History as a Study.
- Your Favorite Female Character.
- The Cultivation of Memory.
- Mental Discipline from the Study of Mathematics.
- Knowledge the Best Kind of Wealth.
- The Position and Prospects of the United States.
- The Influence of Scenery on Character.
- Sketch of the Plot of Any One of Shakespeare's Plays.
- How to Best Help the Poor.
- Influence of Works of Fiction.
- Description of Any One of Sir Walter Scott's Poems and Novels.
- Changes Caused by the Invention of the Typewriter.
- The Saloon in Modern Politics.
- The Evils of Great Trusts.
- Utility of Shorthand.
- Great Poets of England.
- Dante's Inferno.
- The Alhambra.
- The Catacombs of Rome.
- The Style of John Bunyan.
- The Consolations of Age.

The Dangers Arising from Great Trusts.
 The Coast Guard Service.
 The Wrongs of Ireland.
 Plot of any one of Bret Harte's Novels.
 The Lives of the Poor in Large Cities.
 On Making Music a Profession.
 The Novel Entitled "Lorna Doone."
 The Duty of Cheerfulness.
 Cervantes, the Soldier and the Writer.
 Our American Humorists.
 Martin Luther's Moral Courage.
 Truth the Standard of Excellence.
 The Evils of Prejudice.
 The Power of Ridicule.
 The Power of Early Impressions.
 The Exiles of Siberia.
 Politics as a Profession.

SUBJECTS FOR ARGUMENT.

Should a Polygamist be Admitted to Congress?
 Should Eight Hours Constitute a Day's Labor?
 Should Political Spoils Belong to the Victors?
 Is a National Debt a Benefit?
 Is Poverty an Incentive to Crime?
 Should the United States Maintain a Large Standing Army?
 Should Office Holders be Assessed for Party Expenses?
 Is Drunkenness any Excuse for Murder?
 Would Harmony in Human Beliefs be Desirable?
 Should There be a Uniform Divorce Law in All Our States?
 Can a Country be Free Without Free Trade?
 Should Church Property be Exempt from Taxation?
 Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?
 Do Luxuries Become Necessities?
 Should a Man Vote Who Cannot Read?
 Was Thackeray a Cynic?

Should Public School Money be Given to Religious Sects?

Should Writers Adopt Phonetic Spelling?

Is a Man of Business Benefited by a Classical Education?

Is Literature Indicative of National Progress?

Is Electricity Destined to Become the Greatest Motive Power?

Should the Inventor Monopolize His Invention?

Should Cremation Supersede Burial?

Was the Execution of André Unjust?

Is Crime in Our Country on the Increase?

Does the Press in Our Country have too much Freedom?

SUBJECTS FOR COMPARISON.

Falsehood and Truth.
 Practice and Habit.
 Wit and Humor.
 Extravagance and Thrift.
 Confusion and Order.
 The Democrats and Whigs.
 Natural and Acquired Ability.
 The Comparative Value of Iron and Gold.
 Foreign and Domestic Commerce.
 The Cavalier and the Puritan.
 Waterloo and Sedan.
 The Stage Coach and the Locomotive.
 The Uses and Abuses of Fashion.
 Capital and Labor.
 Genius and Talent.
 Romance and Reality.
 "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."
 Notoriety and Reputation.
 Resolution and Action.
 Working and Dreaming.
 Leo X and Martin Luther.
 The Statesmanship of Hamilton and Jefferson.
 War and Arbitration.
 Helen and Andromache.

"When the Law Ends, Tyranny Begins."
 "Deep Versed in Books, and Shallow in
 Himself."

The Victories of Peace and of War.
 Hypocrisy and Sincerity.
 Solitude and Society.
 Affection and Naturalness.
 Brusque People and Fawning People.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Looking on the Bright Side.
 The Character of Busybodies.
 Benevolence and Greed.
 Character of the Pilgrims.
 Painting and Sculpture.
 The Head and the Heart.
 Party Spirit and Good Government.
 The Responsibility of Our Country to
 Mankind.

The Obligation of Treaties.
 Great Men the Glory of their Country.
 Ancient and Modern Eloquence.
 Conscience and the Will.
 The Heroism of the Indian.
 Religion and Pleasure.
 Spiritual Freedom.
 The Present Age.
 The Humorousness of Love Matches.
 The Influence of Woman.
 The Mission of Reformers.
 The True Aristocracy.

The Expansion of the Republic.
 The Bible and the Iliad.
 The Huguenots in Carolina.
 Puritan Intolerance.
 The Compensations of Calamity.
 Stateliness and Courtesy.
 Truth and Tenderness.
 Loungers in Corner Groceries.
 A Defense of Enthusiasm.
 The Ancient Mound Builders.
 The Power of Words.
 The Advantages of Playing Golf.
 College Athletics.
 The Physique of Americans.
 The Influence of Climate on Physical
 Characteristics.
 "Home is Where the Heart is."
 Coral Treasures of the Sea.
 Sublimity of the Ocean.
 The Beauty of Sea Waves.
 The Power of Maternal Love.
 The Beauty of Heroic Deeds.
 The Ravages of War.
 Children and Flowers.
 Earning Capital.
 The Sacredness of Work.
 "The Boy is the Father of the Man."
 The Last Hours of Socrates.
 The Discoveries of Astronomy.
 Luck and Labor.
 The Achievements of Earnestness.
 The Ideal Citizen.

SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS.

WE use words to express ideas and thoughts. The best words are those which best express the thought or idea. All writers are frequently at a loss for the exact word or phrase that will express their meaning the most forcibly, and are compelled to ransack and search their vocabulary in order to get out of the difficulty.

The number of words used by the majority of persons is very small, and they are therefore in constant danger of the fault of repetition. We do not like to hear a speaker use the same word too frequently. To do so detracts seriously from the force and beauty of his address. While there are instances in which a repetition of a word is called for, and to make use of another would weaken the sentence and fail to fully give the meaning of the writer or speaker, it is nevertheless true that constant repetitions are not only a blemish, but a fault that should be corrected.

For the purpose of avoiding too much repetition in writing and speaking it is necessary to have a Dictionary of words of similar meaning. A Synonym is one of two or more words of similar significance which may often be used interchangeably. An Antonym is a word of opposite meaning. In the following list the Synonyms are first given; then follow, in parenthesis, the Antonyms, or words of opposite meaning.

All persons who would acquire an elegant style in literary composition, correspondence or ordinary conversation, will find this comprehensive Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms of great value. Jewels of thought should be set in appropriate language.

In this table the letter *a* means adjective; *v* means verb; *n* means noun or substantive.

ABANDON—forsake, desert, renounce, relinquish. (Keep, cherish.)

ABANDONED—deserted, forsaken, profligate, wicked, reprobate, dissolute, flagitious, corrupt, depraved, vicious. (Respected, esteemed, cherished, virtuous.)

ABASEMENT—degradation, fall, degeneracy, humiliation, abjectness, debasement, servility. (Elevation, promotion, honor.)

ABASH—disconcert, discompose, confound, confuse, shame, bewilder. (Embolden.)

ABBREVIATE—shorten, curtail, contract, abridge, condense, reduce, compress. (Lengthen, extend, enlarge, expand.)

ABDICATE—renounce, resign, relinquish. (Usurp.)

ABET—incite, stimulate, whet, encourage, back up, second, countenance, assist. (Dampen, discourage, dispirit, depress, repress, oppose.)

ABETTOR—instigator, prompter, assistant, coadjutor, accomplice, accessory, *particeps criminis*. (Extinguisher.)

ABHOR—loathe, abominate, (Love, admire.)

ABILITY—power, skill, gumption, efficiency, mastery, qualification, faculty, expertness. (Incompetence, inefficiency, inability.)

ABJECT—despised, despicable, vile, grovelling, mean, base, worthless, servile. (Supreme, august, commanding, noble.)

ABJURE—forswear, disclaim, unsay, recant, revoke, deny, disown. (Attest, affirm.)

ABLE—competent, qualified, skilled, efficient, capable, clever, adroit, adept, strong, telling, masterly. (Incompetent, weak, unskilful, unqualified.)

ABODE—dwelling, residence, domicile, home, quarters, habitation, lodging, settlement. (Transition, shifting, wandering, pilgrimage, peregrination.)

ABOLISH—efface, extinguish, annihilate, nullify, destroy, undo, quash, annul, cancel, abrogate, quench, suppress, vitiate, revoke. (Introduce, establish, enforce, restore.)

ABOMINABLE—detestable, hateful, odious, execrable. (Choice, excellent, attractive, select.)

ABORTIVE—ineffectual, futile, inoperative, defective, inadequate. (Efficient, productive, complete.)

ABOUT—around, near to, nearly, approximately, contiguous. (Remote from, distant.)

ABSCOND—take oneself off, “vamoose,” disappear, decamp, run away. (Thrust oneself into notice.)

ABSENT—not present, wanting, absentminded, abstracted, inattentive, listless, dreamy, visionary. (Present, collected, composed, vigilant, observant.)

ABSOLUTE—certain, unconditioned, unconditional, unlimited, unrestricted, transcendent, authoritative, paramount, imperative, arbitrary, despotic. (Conditional, limited, hampered, fettered.)

ABSORB—suck up, imbibe, engross, drain away, consume. (Reserve, save, spare, husband, economize, hoard up.)

ABSURD—unreasonable, nonsensical, foolish, vain, impracticable. (Reasonable, prudent, veracious.)

- ABUSE, v.**—pervert, deprave, traduce, debase, disparage, slander, calumniate, rail at, reproach, depreciate. (Improve, develop, cultivate, promote, bcss, magnify, appreciate.)
- ABUSE, n.**—perversion, ill-usage, depravation, debasement, slander, reproach. (Cultivation, use, promotion, development, appreciation, raise.)
- ACCEDE**—join, assent, acquiesce in, comply, agree, concur, coincide, approve. (Dissent, object, decline, refuse.)
- ACCELERATE**—hasten, hurry, speed, expedite, quicken, precipitate, facilitate. (Retard, delay, procrastinate, arrest, stop, impede, suspend.)
- ACCEPT**—take, receive, assume, acknowledge, endorse. (Refuse, repudiate, protest, disown.)
- ACCEPTABLE**—pleasant, grateful, welcome. (Repugnant, displeasing.)
- ACCIDENT**—casualty, contingency, hap, mishap, chance, mischance, misadventure. (Law, order.)
- ACCOMMODATE**—adjust, adapt, fit, conform, reconcile, suit, oblige, furnish, convenience. (Cross, thwart, counteract, plot against, checkmate, defeat, inconvenience.)
- ACCOMPLICE**—confederate, ally, associate, accessory, *particeps criminis*. (Adversary, rival, spy, opponent, enemy.)
- ACCOMPLISH**—complete, perform, finish, fulfil, execute, perfect, consummate, achieve, effect, carry out. (Fail, miscarry, undo, wreck, frustrate.)
- ACCOMPLISHMENT**—success, fulfilment, completion, performance, execution, achievement, consummation, attainment. (Failure, miscarriage, wreck, ruin.)
- ACCORD**—harmonize, agree, allow, grant, concede. (Jar, clash with, deny, disallow.)
- ACOST**—address, confront, speak to, greet, salute. (Evade, fight shy of.)
- ACCOUNT, v.**—compute, estimate, reckon up, take stock of. (Leave unexplained, unsolved.)
- ACCOUNT, n.**—reckoning, relation, charge, bill. (Riddle, mystery, puzzle, unknown quantity.)
- ACCOUNTABLE**—answerable, responsible, amenable. (Exempt, free, irresponsible.)
- ACCUMULATE**—heap up, save, collect. (Scatter, dissipate, diffuse, spend, squander.)
- ACCUMULATION**—heap, amount, glut, (Dissemination, dissemination, distribution, diminution.)
- ACCURATE**—definite, precise, correct, exact. (Inaccurate, wrong, erroneous, blundering, careless.)
- ACHIEVE**—complete, gain, win.
- ACHIEVEMENT**—feat, exploit, distinguished performance, acquirement. (Abortion, frustration, failure, shortcoming, defect.)
- ACKNOWLEDGE**—avow, confess, own, recognize, admit, grant, concede. (Repudiate, disclaim, disallow, disown, deny.)
- ACQUAINT**—make known, apprise, inform, communicate, intimate, notify. (Leave ignorant, keep secret, conceal.)
- ACQUAINTANCE**—knowledge, familiarity, fellowship, companionship. (Ignorance, stranger.)
- ACQUIESCE**—yield, concur, agree, assent. (Protest, object, dissent, secede, oppose.)
- ACQUIT**—set free, release, discharge, clear, absolve, exculpate, exonerate, liberate, deliver. (Accuse, impeach, charge, blame, convict.)
- ACT, v.**—do, perform, commit, operate, work, practice, behave, personate, play, enact. (Neglect, cease, desist, rest, wait, lie idle, refrain.)
- ACTION**—working, agency, operation, business, gesture, engagement, fight, deed, battle, feat. (Inaction, repose, rest, idleness, ease, indolence, inertia, passiveness, quiescence, dormancy.)
- ACTIVE**—energetic, busy, stirring, alive, brisk, operative, lively, agile, nimble, diligent, sprightly, alert, quick, supple, prompt, industrious. (Passive, inert, dead, extinct, dull, torpid, sluggish, indolent, lazy, dormant, quiescent, asleep.)
- ACTUAL**—real, positive, existing, certain. (False, imaginary, theoretical, illusive, fictitious.)
- ACUTE**—sharp, pointed, penetrating, piercing, keen, poignant, pungent, intense, violent, shrill, sensitive, sharp-witted, shrewd, discriminating, clever, cunning. (Obtuse, blunt, bluff, dull, flat, callous, stupid, apathetic.)
- ADAPT**—fit, suit, adjust, conform, regulate. (Misfit, discommode, dislocate.)
- ADDICTED**—committed to, devoted, prone, given up to, inclined, habituated. (Uncommitted, free, uncompromised, neutral.)
- ADDITION**—annexation, accession, supplement, adjunct, affix, appendage, accessory, increment, increase, complement, *plus*, more. (Abtraction, deduction, retrenchment, curtailment, deprivation, *minus*, less, loss, impoverishment.)
- ADDRESS**—speech, salutation, accost, appeal; also skill, dexterity, adroitness; also direction, name; also residence. (Response, answer, reply, rejoinder; also awkwardness, maladroitness, clumsiness, slovenliness.)
- ADHESION**—sticking, adherence, adoption, attachment, espousal. (Repulsion, revulsion, antipathy, aversion, hostility, incompatibility, dislike.)
- ADJACENT**—next, near, nigh, at hand, alongside, close by, adjoining, contiguous, bordering, neighboring, proximate. (Remote, foreign, distant, aloof, far, apart, asunder.)
- ADJOURN**—put off, postpone, defer, delay, keep in abeyance, prorogue, suspend, procrastinate, retard, waive, remand, reserve. (Conclude, clinch, accelerate, precipitate.)
- ADJUNCT**—appendage, affix, annex, annexation, appendix, adhesion, appurtenance. (Curtailment, retrenchment, lop, mutilation, reduction, clipping, docking, filching.)
- ADJUST**—make exact, set right, fit, adapt, dovetail, arrange, harmonize, settle, regulate. (Confound, confuse, muddle, disorder, perplex, embarrass, entangle, clash, jar, jumble, disarrange, unsettle.)
- ADMIRABLE**—wonderful, excellent, choice, noble, grand, estimable, lovely, ideal, surpassing, extraordinary, eminent. (Detestable, vile, mean, contemptible, despicable, worthless, wretched, villainous, pitiful.)
- ADMIT**—allow, permit, suffer, receive, usher, grant, acknowledge, confess, concede, accept. (Deny, refuse, shut out, forbid, disown, disclaim.)

ADVANTAGEOUS—profitable, serviceable, useful, beneficial, helpful, of value. (Disadvantageous, detrimental, prejudicial, injurious, hurtful, harmful, deleterious, obnoxious, pernicious.)

AFFECTION—bent, inclination, partiality, attraction, impulse, love, desire, passion, fascination; also suffering, disease, morbidness. (Repulsion, revulsion, antipathy, dislike, recoil, aversion, estrangement, indifference, coldness, alienation; also wholeness, soundness, healthiness.)

AFFECTIONATE—loving, kind, fond, doting, tender, amiable, cordial, hearty, good-hearted. (Cold, unloving, unkind, heartless, selfish, crabbed, sour, malign, malicious, malevolent, misanthropic, cynical, ill-natured, cruel, hating.)

AGREEABLE—pleasant, acceptable, grateful, refreshing, genial, pleasing, palatable, sweet, charming, delectable. (Disagreeable, displeasing, unpleasant, ungrateful, harsh, repellent, painful, noxious, plaguy, irritating, annoying, mortifying.)

ALTERNATING—reciprocal, correlative, interchangeable, by turns, *vice versa*. (Monotonous, unchanging, continual.)

AMBASSADOR—messenger, envoy, emissary, legate, nuncio, diplomatist, diplomat, representative, vicegerent, plenipotentiary, minister, agent. (Principal, government, sovereign, power.)

AMEND—improve, correct, better, meliorate, rectify, prune, repair, revise, remedy, reform. (Injure, impair, damage, harm, hurt, mar, mangle, blemish, deteriorate, ruin, spoil.)

ANGER—resentment, animosity, wrath, indignation, pique, umbrage, huff, displeasure, dungeon, irritation, irascibility, cholera, ire, hate. (Kindness, benignity, *bonhomie*, good nature.)

APPROPRIATE—assimilate, assume, possess oneself of, take, grab, clutch, collar, snap up, capture, steal. (Relinquish, give up, surrender, yield, resign, forego, renounce, abandon, discard, dismiss.)

ARGUE—reason, discuss, debate, dispute, contend. (Obscure, darken, mystify, mislead, misrepresent, evade, sophisticate.)

ARISE—rise, ascend, mount, climb, soar, spring, emanate, proceed, issue. (Descend, fall, gravitate, drop, slide, settle, decline, sink, dismount, alight.)

ARTFUL—cunning, crafty, skilful, wily, designing, politic, astute, knowing, tricky. (Artless, naïve, natural, simple, plain, ingenuous, frank, sincere, open, candid, guileless, straightforward, direct.)

ARTIFICE—contrivance, stratagem, trick, design, plot, machination, chicanery, knavery, jugglery, guile, jobbery. (Artlessness, candor, openness, simplicity, innocence, ingenuousness.)

ASSOCIATION—partnership, fellowship, solidarity, league, alliance, combination, coalition, federation, junto, cabal. (Opposition, antagonism, conflict, counteraction, resistance, hinderance, counterplot, detachment, individualism.)

ATTACK—assault, charge, onset, onslaught, incursion, inroad, bombardment, cannonade. (Defence, protection, guard, ward, resistance, stand, repulse, rebuff, retreat.)

AUDACITY—boldness, defiance, prowess, intrepidity, mettle, game, pluck, fortitude, rashness, temerity, presumption, foolhardiness, courage,

hardihood. (Cowardice, pusillanimity, timidity, meekness, poltroonery, fear, caution, calculation, discretion, prudence.)

AUSTERE—severe, harsh, rigid, stern, rigorous, uncompromising, inflexible, obdurate, exacting, straight-laced, unrelenting. (Lax, loose, slack, remiss, weak, pliant, lenient, mild, indulgent, easy-going, forbearing, forgiving.)

AVARICIOUS—tight-fisted, griping, churlish, parsimonious, stingy, penurious, miserly, niggardly, close, illiberal, ungenerous, covetous, greedy, rapacious. (Prodigal, thriftless, improvident, extravagant, lavish, dissipated, freehanded.)

AVERSION—antipathy, revulsion, repulsion, dislike, recoil, estrangement, alienation, repugnance, disgust, nausea. (Predilection, fancy, fascination, allurements, attraction, magnet.)

AWE—dread, fear, reverence, prostration, admiration, bewilderment. (Familiarity, indifference, heedlessness, unconcern, contempt, mockery.)

AXIOM—maxim, aphorism, apophthegm, adage, motto, *dictum*, theorem, truism, proverb, saw. (Absurdity, paradox.)

BABBLE—splash, gurgle, bubble, purl, ripple, prattle, clack, gabble, clash, jabber, twaddle, prate, chatter, blab. (Silence, hush.)

BAD—depraved, defiled, distorted, corrupt, evil, wicked, wrong, sinful, morbid, foul, peccant, noxious, pernicious, diseased, imperfect, tainted, touched. (Good, whole, sound, healthy, beneficial, salutary, prime, perfect, entire, untouched, unblemished, intact, choice, worthy.)

BAFFLE—thwart, checkmate, defeat, disconcert, confound, block, outwit, traverse, contravene, frustrate, balk, foil. (Aid, assist, succor, further, forward, expedite, sustain, second, reinforce.)

BASE—crude, undeveloped, low, villainous, mean, deteriorated, misbegotten, ill-contrived, ill-constituted. (Noble, exalted, lofty, sublime, excellent, elect, choice, aristocratic, exquisite, capital.)

BEAR—carry, hold, sustain, support, suffer, endure, beget, generate, produce, breed, hatch. (Lean, depend, hang, yield, sterile, unproductive.)

BEASTLY—bestial, animal, brutal, sensual, gross, carnal, lewd. (Human, humane, virtuous, moral, ethical, intellectual, thoughtful, spiritual.)

BEAT—strike, smite, thrash, thwack, thump, pummel, drub, leather, baste, belabor, birch, scourge, defeat, surpass, rout, overthrow. (Protect, defend, soothe.)

BEAUTIFUL—fair, complete, symmetrical, handsome. (Ugly, repulsive, foul.)

BECOMING—suited, accordant, fit, seemly. (Discrepant, improper, in bad form.)

BEG—beseech, crave, entreat. (Offer, proffer.)

BEHAVIOR—carriage, deportment, conduct.

BENEFICENT—bountiful, generous, liberal. (Sordid, mercenary.)

BENEFIT—good, advantage, service. (Loss, detriment, injury.)

BENEVOLENCE—well-wishing, charity (malevolence, malice, hate.)

BLAME—censure, reproach. (Approve, honor.)

- BLEMISH**—flaw, stain, spot, imperfection, defect. (Ornament, decoration, embellishment, adornment, finery, gilding.)
- BLIND**—dusighted, ignorant, uninformed. (Sharp-sighted, enlightened.)
- BLOT**—efface, cancel, expunge, erase. (Record.)
- BOLD**—brave, daring, fearless, intrepid, courageous. (Cowardly, timid, shy, chicken-hearted.)
- BORDER**—margin, boundary, frontier, confine, fringe, hem, selvedge, valance. (Inclosure, interior, inside.)
- BOUND**—circumscribe, limit, restrict, confine, enclose; *also* leap, jump, hop, spring, vault, skip. (Enlarge, clear, deliver; *also* plunge, dip, sink.)
- BRAVE**—dare, defy. (Cave in, show the white feather.)
- BREAK**—bruise, crush, pound, squeeze, crack, snap, splinter. (Bind, hold together, knit, rivet.)
- BREEZE**—blow, zephyr. (Stillness, hush, calm.)
- BRIGHT**—shining, lustrous, radiant. (Dull, dim.)
- BRITTLE**—frangible, fragile, frail. (Tough.)
- BURIAL**—interment, sepulture, obsequies. (Exhumation, disinterment.)
- BUSINESS**—occupation, employment, pursuit, vocation, calling, profession, craft, trade. (Leisure, vacation, play.)
- BUSTLE**—stir, fuss, ado, flurry. (Quiet, stillness.)
- CALAMITY**—misfortune, disaster, catastrophe. (Good luck, prosperity.)
- CALM**—still, motionless, placid, serene, composed. (Stormy, unsettled, restless, agitated, distracted.)
- CAPABLE**—competent, able, efficient. (Unqualified.)
- CAPTIOUS**—censorious, cantankerous. (Conciliatory, bland.)
- CARE**—solicitude, concern. (Negligence, carelessness, *nonchalance*.)
- CARESS**—fondle, love, pet. (Spurn, disdain.)
- CARNAGE**—butchery, gore, massacre, slaughter.
- CAUSE**—origin, source, ground, reason, motive.
- CENSURE**—reprehend, chide. (Approve.)
- CERTAIN**—sure, infallible. (Doubtful, dubious.)
- CESSATION**—discontinuance, stoppage, rest, halt. (Perseverance, persistence, continuance.)
- CHANCE**—accident, luck. (Intention, purpose.)
- CHANGE**—exchange, *bourse*, mart, emporium.
- CHANGEABLE**—mutable, variable, fickle. (Steadfast, firm.)
- CHARACTER**—constitution, nature, disposition.
- CHARM**—fascination, enchantment, witchery, attraction. (Nuisance, mortification, bore, plague.)
- CHASTITY**—purity, virtue. (Concupiscence.)
- CHEAP**—inexpensive, worthless. (Dear, costly.)
- CHEERFUL**—blithe, lightsome, brisk, sprightly. (Melancholy, sombre, morose, gloomy, sad.)
- CHIEF**—sachem, head, ruler. (Vassal, henchman.)
- CIRCUMSTANCE**—situation, predicament.
- CLASS**—division, category, department, order, kind, sort, genus, species, variety
- CLEVER**—adroit, dexterous, expert, deft, ready smart. (Awkward, dull, shiftless, clumsy.)
- CLOTHED**—dressed, arrayed, apparelled. (Disrobed, stripped.)
- COARSE**—crude, unrefined. (Refined, cultivated.)
- COAX**—cajole, wheedle, fawn, lure, induce, entice. (Dissuade, indispose, warn, admonish.)
- COLD**—frigid, chill, inclement. (Hot, glowing.)
- COLOR**—hue, tint, tinge, tincture, dye, shade, stain. (Pallor, paleness, wanness, blankness, achromatism, discoloration.)
- COMBINATION**—coalescence, fusion, faction, coalition, league. (Dissolution, rupture, schism.)
- COMMAND**—empire, rule. (Anarchy, license.)
- COMMODITY**—goods, effects, merchandise, stock.
- COMMON**—general, ordinary, mean, base. (Rare, exceptional, unique.)
- COMPASSION**—pity, commiseration, sympathy. (Cruelty, severity.)
- COMPEL**—force, coerce, oblige, necessitate, make, constrain. (Let alone, tolerate.)
- COMPENSATION**—amends, atonement, requital. (Withholding.)
- COMPENDIUM**—abstract, epitome, digest. (Amplification, expausion.)
- COMPLAIN**—lament, murmur, regret, repine, deplore. (Rejoice, exult, boast, brag, chuckle.)
- COMPLY**—consent, yield, acquiesce. (Refuse, deny, decline.)
- COMPOUND, a.**—composite, complex, blended. (Simple, elementary.)
- COMPREHEND**—comprise, contain, embrace, include, enclose, grasp. (Exclude, reject, mistake, eliminate, loss.)
- CONCEAL**—hide, secrete, cover, screen, shroud, veil, disguise. (Publish, report, divulge.)
- CONCEIVE**—grasp, apprehend, devise, invent. (Ignorant of.)
- CONCLUSION**—result, finding. (Undetermined.)
- CONDEMN**—convict, find guilty, sentence, doom. (Acquit.)
- CONDUCT, v.**—direct, manage, govern. (Follow, obey, submit.)
- CONFIRM**—corroborate, ratify, endorse, support, uphold. (Weaken, enfeeble, reduce.)
- CONFLICT**—contend, contest, wrestle, tussle, clash, wrangle. (Harmonize, agree, fraternize, concure.)
- CONFUTE**—refute, disprove. (Demonstrate.)
- CONQUER**—defeat, vanquish, overcome. (Fail, be beaten, lose.)
- CONSEQUENCE**—effect, derivation, result, event, issue. (Cause, origin, source, antecedent.)
- CONSIDER**—reflect, deliberate. (Forget, ignore.)
- CONSISTENT**—accordant, concordant, compatible, consonant, congruous, reconcilable, harmonious. (Discordant, discrepant.)
- CONSOLE**—relieve, soothe, comfort. (Embitter.)
- CONSTANCY**—continuance, tenacity, stability. (Irresolution, fickleness.)
- CONTAMINATE**—Pollute, stain, taint, tarnish, blur, smudge, defile. (Cleanse, purify, purge.)

CONTEMN—despise, disdain, scorn. (Esteem, appreciate, admire.)

CONTEMPLATE—survey, scan, observe, intend. (Disregard.)

CONTEMPTIBLE—despicable, paltry, shabby, beggarly, worthless, vile, cheap, trashy. (Estimable.)

CONTEND—fight, wrangle, vie. (Be at peace.)

CONTINUAL—perpetual, endless, ceaseless. (Momentary, transient.)

CONTINUE—remain, persist, endure. (Desist, stay.)

CONTRADICT—deny, gainsay, oppose. (Affirm, assert, declare.)

CORRECT—mend, rectify. (Impair, muddle.)

COST—expense, charge, price, value.

COVETOUSNESS—avarice, cupidity, extortion. (Generosity, liberality.)

COWARDICE—poltroonery, faint-heartedness. (Courage, boldness, intrepidity.)

CRIME—offence, trespass, misdemeanor, felony, transgression. (Innocence, guiltlessness.)

CRIMINAL—culprit, felon, convict. (Paragon.)

CROOKED—twisted, distorted, bent, awry, wry, askew, deformed. (Straight, upright.)

CRUEL—brutal, ferocious, barbarous, blood-thirsty, fiendish. (Kind, benignant, benevolent.)

CULTIVATION—tillage, culture. (Waste.)

CURSORY—fugitive, hurried, perfunctory. (Permanent, thorough.)

CUSTOM—habit, wont, usage, fashion, practice.

DANGER—peril, hazard, jeopardy. (Safety.)

DARK—obscure, sombrous, opaque, unintelligible. (Light, luminous, shining, clear, lucid.)

DEADLY—mortal, fatal, destructive, lethal.

DEAR—costly, precious, high-priced, beloved, darling, pet, favorite. (Cheap, disliked, despised.)

DEATH—decease, demise, dissolution. (Birth, life.)

DECAY, *n.*—decline, consumption, atrophy. (Development, growth.)

DECEIVE—cheat, defraud, cozen, overreach, gull, dupe, swindle, victimize. (Truthfulness.)

DECEIT, *n.*—imposition, fraud, deception. (Veracity, honesty.)

DECIDE—determine, resolve, conclude, settle, adjudicate, arbitrate, terminate. (Hesitate, dilly-dally, shuffle.)

DECIPHER—interpret, explain, construe, unravel. (Mistake, confound.)

DECISION—determination, conclusion, firmness. (Wavering, hesitancy.)

DECLAMATION—harangue, oration, recitation, tirade, speech.

DECLARATION—affirmation, assertion. (Denial.)

DECREASE—diminish, lessen, reduce, wane, decline. (Increase, grow, enlarge.)

DEDICATE—consecrate, devote, offer, apportion.

DEED—act, transaction, exploit, document.

DEEM—judge, estimate, consider, esteem, suppose.

DEEP—profound, abstruse, hidden, extraordinarily wise. (Shallow, superficial.)

DEFACE—mar, spoil, injure, disfigure. (Beautify.)

DEFAULT—shortcoming, deficiency, defect, imperfection. (Sufficiency, satisfaction.)

DEFENCE—fortification, bulwark, vindication, justification, apology.

DEFEND—shield, vindicate. (Assault, accuse.)

DEFICIENT—incomplete, lacking. (Entire, perfect, whole.)

DEFILE—soil, smutch, besmear, begrime.

DEFINE—limit, bound. (Enlarge, expand.)

DEFRAY—pay, settle, liquidate, satisfy, clear.

DEGREE—grade, extent, measure, ratio, standard.

DELIBERATE, *a.*—circumspect, wary, cautious. (Heedless, thoughtless.)

DELICACY—nicety, dainty, tit-bit, taste, refinement, modesty. (Grossness, coarseness, vulgarity, indecorum.)

DELICATE—dainty, refined. (Coarse, beastly.)

DELICIOUS—savory, palatable, luscious, charming, delightful. (Offensive, nasty, odious, shocking, nauseous.)

DELIGHT—gratification, felicity. (Mortification, vexation.)

DELIVER—transfer, consign, utter, liberate, declare. (Keep, retain, restrain, check, bridle.)

DEMONSTRATE—prove, show, manifest. (Mystify, obscure.)

DEPART—quit, vacate, retire, withdraw, remove.

DEPRIVE—strip, bereave, despoil. (Invest, equip.)

DEPUTE—commission, delegate, accredit, entrust.

DERISION—ridicule, scoffing, mockery, raillery, chaff, *badinage*. (Awe, dread, reverence.)

DERIVATION—origin, source, spring, emanation, etymology.

DESCRIBE—delineate, portray, style, specify, characterize.

DESECRATE—profane, blaspheme, revile. (Consecrate, sanctify.)

DESERVE—merit, be entitled to, earn, justify.

DESIGN, *n.*—delineation, illustration, sketch, plan, drawing, portraiture, draught, projection, scheme, proposal, outline.

DESIRABLE—eligible, suitable, acceptable. (Unfit, objectionable.)

DESIRE, *n.*—wish, longing, hankering, appetite.

DESOLATE, *a.*—lonely, solitary, bereaved, forlorn, forsaken, deserted, bleak, dreary. (Befriended, social, festive.)

DESPERATE—frenzied, frantic, furious. (Calm, composed, moderate.)

DESTINY—fatality, doom, predestination, decree, fate. (Casualty, accident, contingency, chance.)

DESTRUCTIVE—mischievous, disastrous, deleterious. (Creative, beneficial.)

DESUETUDE—disuse, discontinuance. (Use, habit, practice.)

DESULTORY—immethodical, disconnected, rambling, discontinuous, interrupted, fitful, intermittent. (Continuous, consecutive, constant.)

DETAIL, *n.*—particular, item, count, specialty, individuality.

- DETAIL**, *v.*—particularize, enumerate, specify. (Generalize.)
- DETER**—discourage, dissuade. (Encourage, incite.)
- DETRIMENT**—damage, loss. (Benefit, improvement, betterment.)
- DEVELOP**—unfold, expand, increase. (Extirpate.)
- DEVOID**—wanting, destitute, bereft, denuded, bare, emptied, void. (Provided, supplied, furnished.)
- DEVOTED**—destined, consecrated, sworn to.
- DICTATE**—enjoin, order, prescribe, mark out.
- DICTATORIAL**—authoritative, imperative, overbearing, imperious, arbitrary, domineering.
- DIE**—expire, perish, depart this life, cease.
- DIET**—food, victuals, nourishment, aliment, board, sustenance, fare, viands, meal, repast, *menu*.
- DIFFER**—vary, diverge, disagree, bicker, nag, split. (Accord, harmonize.)
- DIFFERENT**—various, diverse, unlike. (Identical.)
- DIFFICULT**—hard, tough, laborious, arduous, formidable. (Easy, facile, manageable, pliant.)
- DIFFUSE**—discurive, digressive, diluted. (Condensed, concise, terse.)
- DIGNIFY**—elevate, exalt, ennoble, honor, advance, promote. (Degrade, disgrace, demean, vulgarize.)
- DILATE**—widen, extend, enlarge, expand, descant, expatiate. (Contract, narrow, compress, reduce.)
- DILATORY**—slow, tardy, slow-paced, procrastinating, lagging, dawdling. (Prompt, peremptory, quick, instant.)
- DILIGENCE**—zeal, ardor, assiduity. (Indolence.)
- DIMINISH**—lessen, reduce, curtail, retrench, abate, shorten, contract. (Increase, augment, aggrandize, enlarge.)
- DISABILITY**—incapacity, unfitness. (Power.)
- DISCERN**—descry, perceive, distinguish, espy, scan, recognize, understand, discriminate. (Ignore.)
- DISCIPLINE**—order, training, drill, schooling. (Laxity, disorder, confusion, anarchy.)
- DISCOVER**—detect, find, unveil, reveal, open, expose, publish, disclose. (Cover, conceal, hide.)
- DISCREDITABLE**—disreputable, reprehensible, blameworthy, shameful, scandalous, flagrant. (Exemplary, laudable, commendable.)
- DISCREET**—prudent, politic, cautious, wary, guarded, judicious. (Reckless, heedless, rash, unadvised, foolhardy, precipitate.)
- DISCREPANCY**—disagreement, discordance, incongruity, disparity, unfitness, clash, jar. (Concord, unison, harmony, congruity.)
- DISCRIMINATION**—distinction, differentiation, discernment, appreciation, acuteness, judgment, tact, nicety. (Confusion.)
- DISEASE**—illness, sickness, ailment, indisposition, complaint, malady, disorder. (Health, sanity, soundness, robustness.)
- DISGRACE**, *n.*—stigma, reproach, brand, dishonor, shame, scandal, odium, infamy. (Honor.)
- DISGUST**—distate, loathing, nausea, aversion, revulsion, abhorrence. (Predilection, partiality, inclination, bias.)
- DISHONEST**—fraudulent, unfair, tricky, unjust (Straightforward, open, sincere, honest, fair, right, just impartial.)
- DISMAY**, *v.*—alarm, startle, scare, frighten, affright, terrify, astound, appal, daunt. (Assure, cheer.)
- DISMAY**, *n.*—terror, dread, fear, fright. (Courage.)
- DISMISS**—send off, discharge, disband. (Insta: retain, keep.)
- DISPEL**—scatter, disperse, dissipate, drive off chase. (Collect, rally, summon, gather.)
- DISPLAY**, *v.*—exhibit, show, parade. (Conceal.)
- DISPOSE**—arrange, place, order, marshal, rank, group, assort, distribute, co-ordinate, collocate (Derange, embroil, jumble, muddle, huddle.)
- DISPUTE**, *v.*—discuss, debate, wrangle, controvert, contend. (Homologate, acquiesce in, assent to.)
- DISPUTE**, *n.*—argument, controversy, contention, polemic. (Homologation, acquiescence.)
- DISTINCT**—separate, detached. (Joined, involved.)
- DISTINGUISH**—perceive, separate. (Confound.)
- DISTINGUISHED**—famous, noted, marked, eminent, celebrated, illustrious. (Obscure, mean.)
- DISTRACT**—divert, disconcert, perplex, bewilder, fluster, dazzle. (Observe, study, note, mark.)
- DISTRIBUTE**—disperse, disseminate, dispense, retail, apportion, consign, dole out. (Accumulate.)
- DISTURB**—derange, displace, unsettle, trouble, vex, worry, annoy. (Compose, pacify, quiet, soothe.)
- DIVIDE**—disjoin, part, separate, sunder, sever, cleave, split, rend, partition, distribute. (Constitute, unite.)
- DIVINE**, *a.*—God-like, holy, heavenly. (Devilish.)
- DIVINE**, *n.*—clergyman, churchman, priest, pastor, shepherd, parson, minister. (Layman.)
- DO**—effect, make, accomplish, transact, act.
- DOCILE**—teachable, willing. (Refractory, stubborn, obstinate.)
- DOCTRINE**—teaching, lore, tenet, dogma, articles of faith, creed. (Ignorance, superstition.)
- DOLEFUL**—woeful, dismal. (Joyous, merry.)
- DOOM**, *n.*—sentence, fate, lot, destiny, decree.
- DOUBT**—uncertainty, skepticism, hesitation. (Certainty, faith.)
- DRAW**—pull, attract, inhale, sketch, delineate.
- DREAD**, *n.*—fear, horror, alarm, terror, dismay, apprehension. (Confidence, fearlessness.)
- DREADFUL**—fearful, alarming, formidable, portentous, direful, terrible, horrid, awful. (Mild, winsome, gentle.)
- DRESS**, *n.*—clothing, raiment, attire, apparel, clothes, *trousseau*. (Nudity, nakedness.)
- DRIFT**—tendency, direction, course, bearing, tenor
- DROLL**—funny, laughable, grotesque, farcical, odd (Dull, serious, solemn, grave.)
- DRY**, *a.*—arid, parched, bald, flat, dull. (Aqueous green, fresh, juicy, interesting.)
- DUE**—owing, indebted, just, fair, proper.
- DULL**—heavy, sad, commonplace, gloomy, stupid (Bright, gay, brilliant.)

DUNCE—blockhead, ignoramus, simpleton, donkey, ninny, dolt, booby, goose, dullard, numskull, dunderpate, clodhopper. (Sage, genius, man of talent, wit.)

DURABLE—abiding, lasting. (*Evanescent.*)

DWELL—stay, abide, sojourn, remain, tarry, stop. (Shift, wander, remove, tramp.)

DWINDLE—pine, waste, shrink, shrivel, diminish.

EAGER—keen, desirous, craving, ardent, impatient, intent, impetuous. (*Loth, reluctant.*)

EARN—gain, win, acquire. (*Lose, miss, forfeit.*)

EARNEST, *a.*—serious, resolved. (*Trifling, giddy, irresolute, fickle.*)

EARNEST, *n.*—pledge, gage, deposit, caution.

EASE, *n.*—content, rest, satisfaction, comfort, repose. (*Worry, bother, friction, agitation, turmoil.*)

EASE, *v.*—calm, console, appease, assuage, allay, mitigate. (*Worry, fret, alarm, gall, harass.*)

EASY—light, comfortable, unconstrained. (*Hard, difficult, embarrassed, constrained.*)

ECCENTRIC—wandering, irregular, peculiar, odd, unwonted, extraordinary, queer, nondescript. (*Orderly, customary.*)

ECONOMICAL—frugal, thrifty, provident. (*Squandering, wasteful.*)

EDGE—verge, brink, brim, rim, skirt, hem.

EFFECT, *v.*—produce, bring about, execute.

EFFECTIVE—efficient, operative, powerful, efficacious, competent. (*Impotent, incapable, incompetent, inefficient.*)

EFFICACY—efficiency, virtue, competence, agency, instrumentality.

ELIMINATE—expel, weed, thin, decimate, exclude, bar, reject, repudiate, winnow, eject, cast out. (*Include, comprehend, incorporate, embrace.*)

ELOQUENCE—oratory, rhetoric, declamation, facundity, grandiloquence, fluency. (*Mumbling, stammering.*)

ELUCIDATE—clear up, unfold, simplify, explain, decipher, unravel, disentangle. (*Darken, obscure.*)

ELUDE—escape, a void, shun, slip, disappear, shirk.

EMBARRASS—perplex, entangle, involve, impede. (*Relieve, unravel.*)

EMBELLISH—adorn, decorate, beautify. (*Tarnish, disfigure.*)

EMBOLDEN—animate, encourage, cheer, instigate, impel, urge, stimulate. (*Discourage, dispirit, dampen, depress.*)

EMINENT—exalted, lofty, prominent, renowned, distinguished, famous, glorious, illustrious. (*Base, obscure, low, unknown.*)

EMIT—send out, despatch, spirt, publish, promulgate, edit. (*Reserve, conceal, h' e.*)

EMOTION—feeling, sensation, passion, nerve, ardor, agitation, excitement. (*Apathy, frigidity, phlegm, nonchalance.*)

EMPLOY—occupy, engage, utilize, exercise, turn to account, exploit, make use of.

ENCOMPASS—encircle, surround, gird, beset.

ENCOUNTER, *v.*—meet, run against, clash.

ENCOUNTER, *n.*—attack, conflict, assault, onset, engagement.

END, *n.*—object, aim, result, purpose, conclusion, upshot, termination. (*Beginning, motive.*)

ENDEAVOR, *v.*—attempt, try, essay, strive.

ENDURANCE—stay, stability, stamina, fortitude.

ENDURE—sustain, bear, brook, undergo.

ENEMY—foe, antagonist, adversary, opponent. (*Friend, ally.*)

ENERGETIC—active, vigorous, sinewy, nervous, forcible. (*Lazy, languid, inert, flabby, flaccid, slack, effete.*)

ENGAGE—occupy, busy, entice, captivate.

ENGROSS—monopolize, absorb, take up.

ENGULF—swallow up, drown, submerge, bury.

ENJOIN—order, command, decree, ordain, direct, appoint, prescribe, bind, impose, stipulate.

ENJOYMENT—pleasure, relish, zest. (*Privation, grief, misery.*)

ENLARGE—expand, widen, augment, broaden, increase, extend. (*Diminish, narrow, straighten.*)

ENLIGHTEN—illumine, instruct. (*Darken, befog, mystify.*)

ENLIVEN—cheer, animate, exhilarate, brighten, incite, inspire. (*Sadden, deaden, mortify.*)

ENMITY—hostility, hatred, antipathy, aversion, detestation. (*Love, fondness, predilection.*)

ENORMOUS—huge, immense, vast, stupendous, monstrous, gigantic, colossal, elephantine. (*Tiny little, minute, puny, petty, diminutive, infinitesimal, dwarfish.*)

ENOUGH—sufficient, adequate. (*Short, scrimp, insufficient.*)

ENRAGED—infuriated, wrathful, wroth, rabid, mad, raging. (*Pacified, calmed, lulled, assuaged.*)

ENRAPTURE—captivate, fascinate, enchant, bewitch, ravish, transport, entrance. (*Irritate, gall, shock, repel.*)

ENROLL—enlist, register, enter, record.

ENTERPRISE—undertaking, endeavor, adventure, pursuit.

ENTHUSIASM—ardor, zeal, glow, unction, fervor. (*Coolness, indifference, apathy, nonchalance.*)

ENTHUSIAST—visionary, fanatic, devotee, zealot.

EQUAL—even, level, co-ordinate, balanced, alike, equable, equitable. (*Unequal, disproportionate.*)

ERADICATE—root out, extirpate. (*Cherish.*)

ERRONEOUS—fallacious, inaccurate, incorrect, untrue, false, inexact. (*Accurate, just, right.*)

ERROR—mistake, blunder, slip, delusion, fallacy, deception. (*Truth, fact, verity, gospel, veracity.*)

ESPECIALLY—chiefly, particularly, peculiarly.

ESSAY—endeavor, experiment, trial, attempt, venture, dissertation, treatise, disquisition, tract.

ESTABLISH—settle, fix, set, plant, pitch, lay down, confirm, authenticate, substantiate, verify.

ESTEEM, *n.*—value, appreciation, honor, regard. (*Contempt, depreciation, disparagement.*)

ESTIMATE, *v.*—value, assess, rate, appraise, gauge.

ETERNAL—everlasting, perpetual, endless, immortal, infinite. (*Finite, transitory, temporary.*)

- EVADE—avoid, shun, elude, dodge, parry.
 RVEN—plain, flat, level, smooth. (Uneven, rough, indented, protuberant.)
 EVENT—occurrence, incident, affair, transaction, contingency.
 EVIL—ill, harm, mischief, disaster, bane, calamity, catastrophe. (Good, benefit, advantage, boon.)
 EXACT, *a.*—precise, literal, particular, correct.
 EXAMINATION—investigation, inquiry, search, research, scrutiny, exploration, test, sitting, trial.
 EXCEED—excel, outdo, transcend, surpass.
 EXCEPTIONAL—uncommon, unusual, rare, extraordinary. (General, ordinary, regular, normal.)
 EXCITE—urge, rouse, stir, awaken. (Assuage, calm, still, tranquilize.)
 EXCURSION—tour, trip, expedition, ramble.
 EXEMPT—free, absolved, cleared, discharged. (Implicated, included, bound, obliged.)
 EXERCISE, *n.*—operation, practice, office, action, performance. (Stagnation, rest, stoppage.)
 EXHAUSTIVE—complete, thorough, out-and-out.
 EXIGENCY—predicament, emergency, crisis, push, pass, turning point, conjecture.
 EXPRESS, *v.*—utter, tell, declare, signify.
 EXTRAVAGANT—excessive, prodigal, profuse, wasteful, lavish, thriftless. (Penurious, stingy.)
 FABLE—parable, tale, myth, romance. (Truth, fact, history, event, deed.)
 FACE—aspect, visage, countenance.
 FACETIOUS—pleasant, jocular. (Serious.)
 FACTOR—manager, agent, officer.
 FAIL—fall short, be deficient. (Accomplish.)
 FAINT—feeble, languid. (Forcible.)
 FAIR—clear. (Stormy.)
 FAIR—equitable, honest, reasonable. (Unfair.)
 FAITH—creed. (Unbelief, infidelity.)
 FAITHFUL—true, loyal, constant. (Faithless.)
 FAITHLESS—perfidious, treacherous. (Faithful.)
 FALL—drop, droop, sink, tumble. (Rise.)
 FAME—renown, reputation.
 FAMOUS—celebrated, renowned. (Obscure.)
 FANCIFUL—capricious, fantastical, whimsical.
 FANCY—imagination.
 FAST—rapid, quick, fleet, expeditious. (Slow.)
 FATIGUE—weariness, lassitude. (Vigor.)
 FEAR—timidity, timorousness. (Bravery.)
 FEELING—sensation, sense.
 FEELING—sensibility. (Insensibility.)
 FEROCIOUS—fierce, savage, wild. (Mild.)
 FERTILE—fruitful, prolific, plentiful. (Sterile.)
 FICTION—falsehood, fabrication. (Fact.)
 FIGURE—allegory, emblem, metaphor, symbol, picture, type.
 FIND—descry, discover, espy. (Lose, overlook.)
 FINE, *a.*—delicate, nice. (Coarse.)
 FINE, *n.*—forfeit, forfeiture, mulct, penalty.
 FIRE—glow, heat, warmth.
 FIRM—constant, solid, steadfast, fixed. (Weak.)
 FIRST—foremost, chief, earliest. (Last.)
 FIT—accommodate, adapt, adjust, suit.
 FIX—determine, establish, settle, limit.
 FLAME—blaze, flare, flash, glare.
 FLAT—level, even.
 FLEXIBLE—pliant, pliable, ductile. (Inflexible.)
 FLOURISH—prosper, thrive. (Decay.)
 FLUCTUATING—waver, hesitate, oscillate, vacillate, change. (Firm, steadfast, decided.)
 FLUENT—flowing, glib, voluble, unembarrassed, ready. (Hesitating.)
 FOLKS—persons, people, individuals.
 FOLLOW—succeed, ensue, imitate, copy, pursue.
 FOLLOWER—partisan, disciple, adherent, retainer, pursuer, successor.
 FOLLY—silliness, foolishness, imbecility, weakness. (Wisdom.)
 FOND—enamored, attached, affectionate. (Distant.)
 FONDNESS—affection, attachment, kindness, love. (Aversion.)
 FOOLHARDY—venturesome, incautious, hasty, adventurous, rash. (Cautious.)
 FOOLISH—simple, silly, irrational, brainless, imbecile, crazy, absurd, preposterous, ridiculous, nonsensical. (Wise, discreet.)
 FOP—dandy, dude, beau, coxcomb, puppy, jackanapes. (Gentlemen.)
 FORBEAR—abstain, refrain, withhold.
 FORCE, *n.*—strength, vigor, dint, might, energy, power, violence, army, host.
 FORCE, *v.*—compel. (Persuade.)
 FORECAST—forethought, foresight, premeditation, prognostication.
 FOREGO—quit, relinquish, let go, waive.
 FOREGOING—antecedent, anterior, preceding, previous, prior, former.
 FORERUNNER—herald, harbinger, precursor.
 FORESIGHT—forethought, forecast, premeditation.
 FORGE—coin, invent, frame, feign, fabricate.
 FORGIVE—pardon, remit, absolve, acquit, excuse.
 FORLORN—forsaken, abandoned, deserted, desolate, lone, lonesome.
 FORM, *n.*—ceremony, solemnity, observance, rite, figure, shape, conformation, fashion, appearance, representation, semblance.
 FORM, *v.*—make, create, produce, constitute, arrange, fashion, mould, shape.
 FORMAL—ceremonious, precise, exact, stiff, methodical, affected. (Informal, natural.)
 FORMER—antecedent, anterior, previous, prior, preceding, foregoing.
 FORSAKEN—abandoned, forlorn, deserted, desolate, lone, lonesome.
 FORTHWITH—immediately, directly, instantly, instantaneously. (Anon.)
 FORTITUDE—endurance, resolution, fearlessness, dauntlessness. (Weakness.)
 FORTUNATE—lucky, happy, auspicious, successful, prosperous. (Unfortunate.)

FORTUNE—chance, fate, luck, doom, possession, destiny, property, riches.

FOSTER—cherish, nurse, tend, harbor. (Neglect.)

FOUL—impure, nasty, filthy, dirty, unclean, defiled. (Pure, clean.)

FRACTIOUS—cross, captious, petulant, splenetic, touchy, testy, peevish, fretful. (Tractable.)

FRAGILE—brittle, frail, delicate, feeble. (Strong.)

FRAGMENTS—pieces, scraps, leavings, remnants, chips, remains.

FRAILTY—weakness, failing, foible, imperfection, fault, blemish. (Strength.)

FRAME, *v.*—construct, invent, coin, fabricate, feign, forge, mold, make, compose.

FRANCHISE—right, exemption, immunity, privilege, freedom, suffrage.

FRANK—artless, candid, sincere, free, easy, open, familiar, ingenious, plain. (Tricky, insincere.)

FRANTIC—distracted, furious, raving, frenzied, mad. (Quiet, subdued.)

FRAUD—deceit, deception, duplicity, guile, cheat, imposition. (Honesty.)

FREAK—fancy, humor, vagary, whim, caprice, crochet. (Purpose, resolution.)

FREE, *a.*—liberal, generous, bountiful, bounteous, munificent, frank, artless, candid, familiar, open, independent, unconfined, unreserved, unrestricted, exempt, clear, loose, easy, careless. (Slavish, stingy, artful, costly.)

FREE, *v.*—release, set free, deliver, rescue, liberate, enfranchise, affranchise, emancipate, exempt. (Enslave, bind.)

FREEDOM—liberty, independence, unrestraint, familiarity, franchise, exemption. (Slavery.)

FREQUENT—often, common, general. (Rare.)

FRET—gall, chafe, agitate, irritate, vex.

FRIENDLY—amicable, social, sociable. (Distant, reserved, cool.)

FRIGHTFUL—fearful, dreadful, dire, direful, awful, terrific, horrible, horrid.

FRIVOLOUS—trifling, trivial, petty. (Serious.)

FRUGAL—provident, economical, saving. (Wasteful, extravagant.)

FRUITFUL—fertile, prolific, productive, abundant, plentiful, plenteous. (Barren, sterile.)

FRUITLESS—vain, useless, idle, bootless, unavailing, without avail.

FRUSTRATE—defeat, foil, balk, disappoint.

FULFILL—accomplish, effect, complete.

FULLY—completely, abundantly, perfectly.

FULSOME—coarse, gross, sickening, offensive, rank. (Moderate.)

FURIOUS—violent, boisterous, vehement, dashing, sweeping, rolling, impetuous, frantic, distracted, stormy, angry, raging, fierce. (Calm.)

FUTILE—trifling, trivial, frivolous. (Effective.)

GAIN, *n.*—profit, emolument, advantage, benefit, winnings, earnings. (Loss.)

GAIN, *v.*—get, acquire, obtain, attain, procure, earn, win, achieve, reap, realize, reach. (Lose.)

GALLANT—brave, bold, courageous, gay, showy, fine, intrepid, fearless, heroic.

GALLING—chafing, irritating. (Soothing.)

GAME—play, pastime, diversion, amusement.

GANG—band, hordc, company, troop, crew.

GAP—breach, chasm, hollow, cavity, cleft, clevece, rift, chink.

GARNISH—embellish, adorn, beautify, decorate.

GATHER—pick, cull, assemble, muster, infer, collect. (Scatter.)

GAUDY—showy, flasny, tawdry, gay, glittering, bespangled. (Sombre.)

GAUNT—emaciated, scraggy, skinny, meagre, lank, attenuated, spare, lean, thin. (Well-fed.)

GAY—cheerful, merry, lively, jolly, sprightly, blithe. (Solemn.)

GENERATE—form, make, beget, produce.

GENERATION—formation, race, breed, stock, kind, age, era.

GENEROUS—beneficent, noble, honorable, bountiful, liberal, free. (Niggardly.)

GENIAL—cordial, hearty, festive. (Distant, cold.)

GENIUS—intellect, invention, talent, taste, nature, character, adept.

GENTLE—refined, polished, fashionable, polite, well-bred. (Boorish.)

GENTLE—placid, mild, bland, meek, tame, docile. (Rough, uncouth.)

GENUINE—real, true, unaffected. (False.)

GESTURE—attitude, action, posture.

GET—obtain, earn, gain, attain, procure, achieve.

GHASTLY—pallid, wan, hideous, grim, shocking.

GHOST—spectre, sprite, apparition, phantom.

GIBE—scoff, sneer, flout, jeer, mock, taunt, deride.

GIDDY—unsteady, thoughtless. (Steady.)

GIFT—donation, benefaction, grant, alms, gratuity, boon, present, faculty, talent. (Purchase.)

GIGANTIC—colossal, huge, enormous, prodigious, vast, immense. (Diminutive.)

GIVE—grant, bestow, confer, yield, impart.

GLAD—pleased, cheerful, joyful, gladsome, cheering, gratified. (Sad.)

GLEAM—glimmer, glance, glitter, shine, flash.

GLEE—gayety, merriment, mirth, joviality, joy, hilarity. (Sorrow.)

GLIDE—slip, slide, run, roll on.

GLIMMER, *v.*—gleam, flicker, glitter.

GLIMPSE—glance, look, glint.

GLITTER—gleam, shine, glisten, glister, radiate.

GLOOM—cloud, darkness, dimness, blackness, dullness, sadness. (Light, brightness, joy.)

GLOOMY—lowering, lurid, dim, dusky, sad, glum. (Bright, clear.)

GLORIFY—magnify, celebrate, adore, exalt.

GLORIOUS—famous, renowned, distinguished, exalted, noble. (Infamous.)

GLORY—honor, fame, renown, splendor, grandeur. (Infamy.)

GLUT—gorge, stuff, cram, cloy, satiate, block up.

- GO—depart, proceed, move, budge, stir.
- GOD—Creator, Lord, Almighty, Jehovah, Omnipotence, Providence.
- GODLY—righteous, devout, holy, pious, religious.
- GOOD—benefit, weal, advantage, profit. (Evil.)
- GOOD, *a.*—virtuous, righteous, upright, just, true. (Wicked, bad.)
- GORGE, glut, fill, cram, stuff, satiate.
- GORGEOUS—superb, grand, magnificent, splendid. (Plain, simple.)
- GOVERN—rule, direct, manage, command.
- GOVERNMENT—rule, state, control, sway.
- GRACEFUL—becoming, comely, elegant, beautiful. (Awkward.)
- GRACIOUS—merciful, kindly, beneficent.
- GRADUAL—slow, progressive. (Sudden.)
- GRAND—majestic, stately, dignified, lofty, elevated, exalted, splendid, gorgeous, superb, magnificent, sublime, pompous. (Shabby.)
- GRANT—bestow, impart, give, yield, cede, allow, confer, invest.
- GRANT—gift, boon, donation.
- GRAPHIC—forcible, telling, picturesque, pictorial.
- GRASP—catch, seize, gripe, clasp, grapple.
- GRATEFUL—agreeable, pleasing, welcome, thankful. (Harsh.)
- GRATIFICATION—enjoyment, pleasure, delight, reward. (Disappointment.)
- GRAVE, *a.*—serious, sedate, solemn, sober, pressing, heavy. (Giddy.)
- GRAVE, *n.*—tomb, sepulchre, vault.
- GREAT—big, huge, large, majestic, vast, grand, noble, august. (Small.)
- GREEDINESS—avidity, eagerness. (Generosity.)
- GRIEF—affliction, sorrow, trial, tribulation. (Joy.)
- GRIEVE—mourn, lament, sorrow, pain, wound, hurt, bewail. (Rejoice.)
- GRIEVOUS—painful, afflicting, heavy, unhappy.
- GRIND—crush, oppress, grate, harass, afflict.
- GRISLY—terrible, hideous, grim, ghastly, dreadful. (Pleasing.)
- GROSS—coarse, outrageous, unseemly, shameful, indelicate. (Delicate.)
- GROUP—assembly, cluster, collection, clump, order.
- GROVEL—crawl, cringe, fawn, sneak.
- GROW—increase, vegetate, expand, advance. (Decay, diminution.)
- GROWL—grumble, snarl, murmur, complain.
- GRUDGE—malice, rancor, spite, pique, hatred.
- GRUFF—rough, rugged, blunt, rude, harsh, surly, bearish. (Pleasant.)
- GUILE—deceit, fraud. (Candor.)
- GUILTLLESS—harmless, innocent.
- GUILTY—culpable, sinful, criminal.
- HABIT—custom, practice.
- HAIL—acost, address, greet, salute, welcome.
- HAPPINESS—beatitude, blessedness, bliss, felicity. (Unhappiness.)
- HARBOR—haven, port.
- HARD—firm, solid. (Soft.)
- HARD—arduous, difficult. (Easy.)
- HARM—injury, hurt, wrong, infliction. (Benefit.)
- HARMLESS—safe, innocuous, innocent. (Hurtful.)
- HARSH—rough, rigorous, severe, gruff. (Gentle.)
- HASTEN—accelerate, dispatch, expedite. (Delay.)
- HASTY—hurried, ill-advised. (Deliberate.)
- HATEFUL—odious, detestable. (Lovable.)
- HATRED—enmity, ill-will, rancor. (Friendship.)
- HAUGHTINESS—arrogance, pride. (Modesty.)
- HAUGHTY—arrogant, disdainful, supercilious.
- HAZARD—risk, venture.
- HEALTHY—salubrious, salutary. (Unhealthy.)
- HEAP—accumulate, amass, pile.
- HEARTY—cordial, sincere, warm. (Insincere.)
- HEAVY—burdensome, ponderous. (Light.)
- HEED—care, attention.
- HEIGHTEN—enhance, exalt, elevate, raise.
- HEINOUS—atrocious, flagrant. (Venial.)
- HELP—aid, assist, relieve, succor. (Hinder.)
- HERETIC—sectary, sectarian, schismatic, dissenter, non-conformist.
- HESITATE—falter, stammer, stutter.
- HIDEOUS—grim, ghastly, grisly. (Beautiful.)
- HIGH—lofty, tall, elevated. (Deep.)
- HINDER—impede, obstruct, prevent. (Help.)
- HINT—allude, refer, suggest, intimate, insinuate.
- HOLD—detain, keep, retain.
- HOLINESS—sanctity, piety, sacredness.
- HOLY—devout, pious, religious.
- HOMELY—plain, ugly, coarse. (Beautiful.)
- HONESTY—integrity, probity, uprightness. (Dishonesty.)
- HONOR, *v.*—respect, reverence. (Dishonor.)
- HOPE—confidence, expectation, trust.
- HOPELESS—desperate.
- HOT—ardent, burning, fiery. (Cold.)
- HOWEVER—nevertheless, notwithstanding, yet.
- HUMBLE—modest, submissive, plain, unostentatious, simple. (Haughty.)
- HUMBLE—degrade, humiliate, mortify. (Exalt.)
- HUMOR—mood, temper.
- HUNT—seek, chase.
- HURTFUL—noxious, pernicious. (Beneficial.)
- HUSBANDRY—cultivation, tillage.
- HYPOCRITE—dissembler, imposter, canter.
- HYPOTHESIS—theory, supposition.
- IDEA—thought, imagination.
- IDEAL—imaginary, fancied. (Actual.)
- IDLE—indolent, lazy. (Industrious.)
- IGNOMINIOUS—shameful, scandalous, infamous. (Honorable.)
- IGNOMINY—shame, disgrace, obloquy, reproach.
- IGNORANT—unlearned, illiterate, uninformed, uneducated. (Knowing.)

ILL, *n.*—evil, wickedness, misfortune, mischief, harm. (Good.)

ILL, *a.*—sick, indisposed, diseased. (Well.)

ILL-TEMPERED—crabbed, sour, acrimonious, surly. (Good-natured.)

ILL-WILL—enmity, antipathy. (Good-will.)

ILLEGAL—unlawful, illicit, contraband, illegitimate. (Legal.)

ILLIMITABLE—boundless, immeasurable, infinite.

ILLITERATE—unlettered, unlearned, untaught, uninstructed. (Learned, educated.)

ILLUSION—fallacy, deception, phantasm.

ILLUSORY—imaginary, chimerical. (Real.)

ILLUSTRATE—explain, elucidate, clear.

ILLUSTRIOUS—celebrated, noble, eminent, famous, renowned. (Obscure.)

IMAGE—likeness, picture, representation, effigy.

IMAGINARY—ideal, fanciful, illusory. (Real.)

IMAGINE—conceive, fancy, apprehend, think.

IMBECILITY—silliness, senility, dotage.

IMITATE—copy, ape, mimic, mock, counterfeit.

IMMACULATE—unspotted, spotless, unsullied, stainless. (Soiled.)

IMMEDIATE—pressing, instant, next, proximate.

IMMEDIATELY—instantly, forthwith, directly.

IMMENSE—vast, enormous, huge, prodigious.

IMMUNITY—privilege, prerogative, exemption.

IMPAIR—injure, diminish, decrease.

IMPART—reveal, divulge, disclose, discover, afford.

IMPARTIAL—just, equitable, unbiased. (Partial.)

IMPASSIONED—glowing, burning, fiery, intense.

IMPEACH—accuse, charge, arraign, censure.

IMPEDE—hinder, retard, obstruct. (Help.)

IMPEDIMENT—obstruction, hindrance, obstacle, barrier. (Aid.)

IMPEL—animate, induce, incite, instigate, embolden. (Retard.)

IMPENDING—imminent, threatening.

IMPERATIVE—commanding, authoritative.

IMPERFECTION—fault, blemish, defect, vice.

IMPERIL—endanger, hazard, jeopardize.

IMPERIOUS—commanding, dictatorial, imperative, authoritative, lordly, overbearing, domineering.

IMPERTINENT—intrusive, meddling, officious, rude, saucy, impudent, insolent.

IMPETUOUS—violent, boisterous, furious, vehement. (Calm.)

IMPIOUS—profane, irreligious. (Reverent.)

IMPLICATE—involve, entangle, embarrass.

IMPLY—involve, comprise, infold, import, denote.

IMPORTANCE—signification, significance, avail, consequence, weight, gravity, moment.

IMPOSING—impressive, striking, majestic, august, noble, grand. (Insignificant.)

IMPOTENCE—weakness, incapacity, infirmity, frailty, feebleness. (Power.)

IMPOTENT—weak, feeble, helpless, enfeebled, nerveless, infirm. (Strong.)

IMPRESSIVE—stirring, forcible, exciting, moving.

IMPRISON—incarcerated, shut up, immure, confine. (Liberate.)

IMPRISONMENT—captivity, duration.

IMPROVE—amend, better, mend, reform, rectify, ameliorate, apply, use, employ. (Deteriorate.)

IMPROVIDENT—careless, incautious, imprudent, prodigal, wasteful, reckless, rash. (Thrifty.)

IMPUDENCE—assurance, impertinence, confidence, insolence, rudeness.

IMPUDENT—saucy, brazen, bold, impertinent, forward, rude, insolent, immodest, shameless.

IMPULSE—incentive, incitement, instigation.

IMPULSIVE—rash, hasty, forcible. (Deliberate.)

IMPUTATION—blame, censure, reproach, charge.

INADVERTENCY—error, oversight, blunder, inattention, carelessness, negligence.

INCENTIVE—motive, inducement, impulse.

INCITE—instigate, excite, provoke, stimulate, urge, encourage, impel.

INCLINATION—leaning, slope, disposition, bent, tendency, bias, affection, attachment, wish, liking, desire. (Aversion.)

INCLINE, *v.*—slope, lean, slant, tend, bend, turn, bias, dispose.

INCLOSE—surround, shut in, fence in, cover, wrap.

INCLUDE—comprehend, comprise, contain, take in, embrace.

INCOMMODE—annoy, plague, molest, disturb inconvenience, trouble. (Accommodate.)

INCOMPETENT—incapable, unable, inadequate.

INCREASE, *v.*—extend, enlarge, augment, dilate, expand, amplify, raise, enhance, aggravate, magnify, grow. (Diminish.)

INCREASE, *n.*—augmentation, accession, addition, enlargement, extension. (Decrease.)

INCUMBENT—obligatory.

INDEFINITE—vague, uncertain, unsettled, loose, lax. (Definite.)

INDICATE—point out, show, mark.

INDIFFERENCE—apathy, carelessness, listlessness, insensibility. (Application, assiduity.)

INDIGENCE—want, neediness, penury, poverty, destitution, privation. (Affluence.)

INDIGNATION—anger, wrath, ire, resentment.

INDIGNITY—insult, affront, outrage, opprobrium, obloquy, reproach, ignominy. (Honor.)

INDISCRIMINATE—promiscuous, chance, indistinct, confused. (Select, chosen.)

INDISPENSABLE—essential, necessary, requisite, expedient. (Unnecessary, supernumerary.)

INDISPUTABLE—undeniable, undoubted, incontestable, indubitable, unquestionable, infallible.

INDORSE—ratify, confirm, superscribe.

INDULGE—foster, cherish, fondle. (Deny.)

INEFFECTUAL—vain, useless, unavailing, fruitless, abortive, inoperative. (Effective.)

INEQUALITY—disparity, disproportion, dissimilarity, unevenness. (Equality.)

INEVITABLE—unavoidable, not to be avoided.

- INFAMOUS—scandalous, shameful, ignominious, opprobrious, disgraceful. (Honorable.)
- INFERENCE—deduction, corollary, conclusion.
- INFERNAL—diabolical, fiendish, devilish, hellish.
- INFEST—annoy, plague, harass, disturb.
- INFIRM—weak, feeble, enfeebled. (Robust.)
- INFLAME—anger, irritate, enrage, chafe, incense, nettle, aggravate, embitter, exasperate. (Allay.)
- INFLUENCE, *v.*—bias, sway, prejudice, prepossess.
- INFLUENCE, *n.*—credit, favor, reputation, weight, character, authority, sway, ascendancy.
- INFRINGE—invalidate, intrude, contravene, break, transgress, violate.
- INGENUOUS—artless, candid, generous, sincere, open, frank, plain. (Crafty.)
- INHUMAN—cruel, brutal, savage, barbarous, ruthless, merciless, ferocious. (Humane.)
- INIQUITY—injustice, wrong, grievance.
- INJURE—damage, hurt, deteriorate, wrong, spoil, aggrieve, harm, mar, sully. (Benefit.)
- INJURIOUS—hurtful, baneful, pernicious, deleterious, noxious, prejudicial, wrongful. (Beneficial.)
- INJUSTICE—wrong, iniquity, grievance. (Right.)
- INNOCENT—guiltless, sinless, harmless, inoffensive, innoxious. (Guilty.)
- INNOCUOUS—harmless, safe, innocent. (Hurtful.)
- INORDINATE—intemperate, irregular, disorderly, excessive, immoderate. (Moderate.)
- INQUIRY—investigation, examination, research, scrutiny, disquisition, question, interrogation.
- INQUISITIVE—prying, peeping, curious, peering.
- INSANE—deranged, delirious, demented. (Sane.)
- INSANITY—madness, mental aberration, lunacy, delirium. (Sanity.)
- INSINUATE—hint, intimate, suggest, infuse, introduce, ingratiate.
- INSIPID—dull, flat, mawkish, tasteless, inanimate, vapid, lifeless. (Bright, sparkling.)
- INSOLENT—rude, saucy, impertinent, abusive, pert, scurrilous, opprobrious, insulting, offensive.
- INSPIRE—animate, exhilarate, enliven, breathe, cheer, inhale.
- INSTABILITY—mutability, fickleness, mutableness, wavering. (Stability, firmness.)
- INSTIGATE—stir up, persuade, animate, stimulate, incite, urge, encourage.
- INSTIL—implant, inculcate, infuse, insinuate.
- INSTRUCT—inform, teach, educate, enlighten.
- INSTRUMENTAL—conductive, assistant, helping.
- INSUFFICIENCY—incompetency, incapability, inadequacy, deficiency, lack.
- INSULT—affront, outrage, indignity. (Honor.)
- INSULTING—insolent, impertinent, abusive, rude.
- INTEGRITY—uprightness, honesty, completeness, probity, entirety, entireness, purity. (Dishonesty.)
- INTELLECT—understanding, sense, brains, mind, intelligence, ability, talent, genius. (Body.)
- INTELLECTUAL—mental, metaphysical. (Brutal.)
- INTELLIGIBLE—clear, obvious, plain. (Abstruse.)
- INTEMPERATE—immoderate, excessive, drunken, nimious, inordinate. (Temperate.)
- INTENSE—ardent, earnest, glowing, fervid, burning, vehement.
- INTENT—design, purpose, intention, drift, view, aim, purport, meaning.
- INTERCOURSE—commerce, connection, intimacy.
- INTERDICT—forbid, prohibit, inhibit, proscribe, debar, restrain from. (Allow.)
- INTERFERE—meddle, intermeddle, interpose.
- INTERMINABLE—endless, interminate, infinite, unlimited, illimitable, boundless. (Brief.)
- INTERPOSE—intercede, arbitrate, mediate, interfere, meddle.
- INTERPRET—explain, expound, elucidate, unfold.
- INTIMATE—hint, suggest, insinuate, express, tell, signify, impart.
- INTIMIDATE—dishearten, alarm, frighten, scare, appal, daunt, cow, browbeat. (Encourage.)
- INTOLERABLE—insufferable, unbearable, insupportable, unendurable.
- INTREPID—bold, brave, daring, fearless, dauntless, undaunted, courageous, valorous, valiant, heroic, gallant, chivalrous, doughty. (Cowardly, faint-hearted.)
- INTRIGUE—plot, cabal, conspiracy, combination, artifice, ruse, *amour*.
- INTRINSIC—real, true, genuine, sterling, native, natural. (Extrinsic.)
- INVALIDATE—quash, cancel, overthrow, vacate, nullify, annul.
- INVASION—incursion, irruption, inroad, aggression, raid, fray.
- INVECTIVE—abuse, reproach, railing, censure, sarcasm, satire.
- INVENT—devise, contrive, frame, find out, discover.
- INVESTIGATION—examination, search, inquiry, research, scrutiny.
- INVETERATE—confirmed, chronic, malignant. (Inchoate.)
- INVIDIOUS—envious, hateful, odious, malignant.
- INVIGORATE—brace, harden, nerve, strengthen, fortify. (Enervate.)
- INVINCIBLE—unconquerable, impregnable, insurmountable.
- INVISIBLE—unseen, imperceptible, impalpable.
- INVITE—ask, call, bid, request, allure, attract.
- INVOKE—iuvocate, call upon, appeal, refer, implore, beseech.
- INVOLVE—implicate, entangle, compromise.
- IRKSOME—wearisome, tiresome, tedious, annoying. (Pleasant.)
- IRONY—sarcasm, satire, ridicule, raillery.
- IRRATIONAL—foolish, silly, imbecile, brutish, absurd, ridiculous. (Rational.)
- IRREGULAR—eccentric, anomalous, inordinate, intemperate. (Regular.)
- IRRELIGIOUS—profane, godless, impious, sacrilegious, desecrating.
- IRREPROACHABLE—blameless, spotless.
- IRRESISTIBLE—resistless, irrepressible.

IRRESOLUTE—wavering, undetermined, undecided, vacillating. (Determined.)
 IRRITABLE—excitable, irascible, susceptible, sensitive. (Calm.)
 IRRITATE—aggravate, worry, embitter, madden.
 ISSUE, *v.*—emerge, rise, proceed, flow, spring.
 ISSUE, *n.*—end, upshot, effect, result, offspring.
 JADE—harass, weary, tire, worry.
 JANGLE—wrangle, conflict, disagree.
 JARRING—conflicting, discordant, inconsonant.
 JAUNT—ramble, excursion, trip.
 JEALOUSY—suspicion, envy.
 JEOPARD—hazard, peril, endanger.
 JEST—joke, sport, divert, make game of.
 JOURNEY—travel, tour, passage.
 JOY—gladness, mirth, delight. (Grief.)
 JUDGE—justice, referee, arbitrator.
 JOYFUL—glad, rejoicing, exultant. (Mournful.)
 JUDGMENT—discernment, discrimination.
 JUSTICE—equity, right. Justice is right as established by law; equity according to the circumstances of each particular case. (Injustice.)
 JUSTNESS—accuracy, correctness, precision.
 KEEP—preserve, save. (Abandon.)
 KILL—assassinate, murder, slay.
 KINDRED—affinity, consanguinity, relationship.
 KNOWLEDGE—erudition, learning. (Ignorance.)
 LABOR—toil, work, effort, drudgery. (Idleness.)
 LACK—need, deficiency, scarcity, insufficiency. (Plenty.)
 LAMENT—mourn, grieve, weep. (Rejoice.)
 LANGUAGE—dialect, idiom, speech, tongue.
 LASCIVIOUS—loose, unchaste, lustful, lewd, lecherous. (Chaste.)
 LAST—final, latest, ultimate. (First.)
 LAUDABLE—commendable. (Blamable.)
 LAUGHABLE—conical, droll, ludicrous. (Serious.)
 LAWFUL—legal, legitimate, licit. (Illegal.)
 LEAD—conduct, guide. (Follow.)
 LEAN—meager. (Fat.)
 LEARNED—erudite, scholarly. (Ignorant.)
 LEAVE, *v.*—quit, relinquish.
 LEAVE, *n.*—liberty, permission. (Prohibition.)
 LIFE—existence, animation, spirit. (Death.)
 LIFELESS—dead, inanimate.
 LIFT—erect, elevate, exalt, raise. (Lower.)
 LIGHT—clear, bright. (Dark.)
 LIGHTNESS—flightiness, giddiness, levity, volatility. (Seriousness.)
 LIKENESS—resemblance, similarity. (Unlikeness.)
 LINGER—lag, loiter, tarry, saunter. (Hasten.)
 LITTLE—diminutive, small. (Great.)
 LIVELIHOOD—living, maintenance, subsistence.
 LIVELY—jocund, merry, sportive, sprightly, vivacious. (Slow, languid, sluggish.)
 LONG—extended, extensive. (Short.)

LOOK—appear, seem, aspect, glance, peep.
 LOSE—miss, forfeit. (Gain.)
 LOSS—detriment, damage, deprivation. (Gain.)
 LOUD—clamorous, high-sounding, noisy. (Low, quiet.)
 LOVE—affection. (Hatred.)
 LOW—abject, mean. (Noble.)
 LUNACY—derangement, insanity, mania, madness. (Sanity.)
 LUSTER—brightness, brilliancy, splendor.
 LUXURIANT—exuberant. (Sparse.)
 MACHINATION—plot, intrigue, cabal, conspiracy. (Artlessness.)
 MAD—crazy, delirious, insane, rabid, violent, frantic. (Sane, rational, quiet.)
 MADNESS—insanity, fury, rage, frenzy.
 MAGISTERIAL—august, dignified, majestic, pompous, stately.
 MAKE—form, create, produce. (Destroy.)
 MALEDICTION—anathema, curse, imprecation.
 MALEVOLENT—malicious, virulent, malignant. (Benevolent.)
 MALICE—spite, rancor, ill-feeling, grudge, animosity, ill-will. (Benignity.)
 MALICIOUS—see malevolent.
 MANACLE, *v.*—shackle, fetter, chain. (Free.)
 MANAGE—contrive, concert, direct.
 MANAGEMENT—direction, superintendence, care.
 MANGLE—tear, lacerate, mutilate, cripple, maim.
 MANIA—madness, insanity, lunacy.
 MANIFEST, *v.*—reveal, prove, evince, exhibit, display, show.
 MANIFEST, *a.*—clear, plain, evident, open, apparent, visible. (Hidden, occult.)
 MANIFOLD—several, sundry, various, divers.
 MANLY—masculine, vigorous, courageous, brave, heroic. (Effeminate.)
 MANNER—habit, custom, way, air, look.
 MANNERS—morals, habits, behavior, carriage.
 MAR—spoil, ruin, disfigure. (Improve.)
 MARCH—tramp, tread, walk, step, space.
 MARGIN—edge, rim, border, brink, verge.
 MARK, *n.*—sign, note, symptom, token, indication, trace, vestige, track, badge, brand.
 MARK, *v.*—impress, print, stamp, engrave, note.
 MARRIAGE—wedding, nuptials, matrimony.
 MARTIAL—military, warlike, soldierlike.
 MARVEL—wonderful, miracle, prodigy.
 MARVELOUS—wondrous, wonderful, miraculous.
 MASSIVE—bulky, heavy, weighty, ponderous, solid, substantial. (Flimsy.)
 MASTERY—dominion, rule, sway, ascendancy.
 MATCHLESS—unrivalled, unequaled, unparalleled, peerless, incomparable, inimitable, surpassing. (Common, ordinary.)
 MATERIAL, *a.*—corporeal, bodily, physical, temporal, momentous. (Spiritual, immaterial.)

- MAXIM**—adage, apothegm, proverb, saying, by-word, saw.
MEAGER—poor, lank, emaciated, barren, dry, uninteresting. (Rich.)
MEAN, *a.*—stingy, niggardly, low, abject, vile, ignoble, degraded, contemptible, vulgar, despicable. (Generous.)
MEAN, *v.*—design, purpose, intend, contemplate, signify, denote, indicate.
MEANING—signification, import, acceptance, sense, purport.
MEDIUM—organ, channel, instrument, means.
MEDLEY—mixture, variety, diversity, miscellany.
MEEK—unassuming, mild, gentle. (Proud.)
MELANCHOLY—low-spirited, dispirited, dreamy, sad. (Jolly, buoyant.)
MELLOW—ripe, mature, soft. (Immature.)
MELODIOUS—tuneful, musical, silver, dulcet, sweet. (Discordant.)
MEMORABLE—signal, distinguished, marked.
MEMORIAL—monument, memento.
MEMORY—remembrance, recollection.
MENACE, *n.*—threat.
MEND—repair, amend, correct, better, ameliorate, improve, rectify.
MENTION—tell, name, communicate, impart, divulge, reveal, disclose, inform, acquaint.
MERCIFUL—compassionate, lenient, clement, tender, gracious, kind. (Cruel.)
MERCILESS—hard-hearted, cruel, unmerciful, pitiless, remorseless, unrelenting. (Kind.)
MERRIMENT—mirth, joviality, jollity. (Sorrow.)
MERRY—cheerful, mirthful, joyous, gay, lively, sprightly, hilarious, blithe, blithesome, jovial, sportive, jolly. (Sad.)
METAPHORICAL—figurative, allegorical.
METHOD—way, manner, mode, process, order, rule, regularity, system.
MIEN—air, look, manner, aspect, appearance.
MIGRATORY—roving, strolling, wandering, vagrant. (Settled, sedate, permanent.)
MIMIC—imitate, ape, mock.
MINDFUL—observant, attentive. (Heedless.)
MISCELLANEOUS—promiscuous, indiscriminate.
MISCHIEF—injury, harm, damage, hurt. (Benefit.)
MISCREANT—cattiff, villain, ruffian.
MISERABLE—unhappy, wretched, distressed, afflicted. (Happy.)
MISERLY—stingy, niggardly, avaricious, griping.
MISERY—wretchedness, woe, destitution, penury, privation, beggary. (Happiness.)
MISFORTUNE—calamity, disaster, mishap, catastrophe. (Good luck.)
MISS—omit, lose, fall, miscarry.
MITIGATE—allviate, relieve, abate. (Aggravate.)
MODERATE—temperate, abstemious, sober, abstinent. (Immoderate.)
MODEST—chaste, virtuous, bashful. (Immodest.)
MOIST—wet, damp, dank, humid. (Dry.)
MONOTONOUS—unvaried, tiresome. (Varied.)
MONSTROUS—shocking, dreadful, horrible, huge.
MONUMENT—memorial, record, remembrancer.
MOOD—humor, disposition, vein, temper.
MORBID—sick, ailing, sickly, diseased, corrupted. (Normal, sound.)
MOROSE—gloomy, sullen, surly, fretful, crabbed crusty. (Joyous.)
MORTAL—deadly, fatal, human.
MOTION—proposition, proposal, movement.
MOTIONLESS—still, stationary, torpid, stagnant (Active, moving.)
MOUNT—arise, rise, ascend, soar, tower, climb.
MOURNFUL—sad, sorrowful, lugubrious, grievous, doleful, heavy. (Happy.)
MOVE—actuate, impel, induce, prompt, instigate, persuade, stir, agitate, propel, push.
MULTITUDE—crowd, throng, host, mob, swarm.
MURDER, *v.*—kill, assassinate, slay, massacre.
MUSE, *v.*—meditate, contemplate, think, reflect, cogitate, ponder.
MUSIC—harmony, melody, symphony.
MUSICAL—tuneful, melodious, harmonious, sweet.
MUSTY—stale, sour, fetid. (Fresh, sweet.)
MUTE—dumb, silent, speechless.
MUTILATE—maim, cripple, disable, disfigure.
MUTINOUS—insurgent, seditious, tumultuous, turbulent, riotous. (Obedient, orderly.)
MUTUAL—reciprocal, interchanged, correlative. (Sole, solitary.)
MYSTERIOUS—dark, obscure, hidden, secret, dim, mystic, enigmatical, unaccountable. (Open, clear.)
MYSTIFY—confuse, perplex. (Clear, explain.)
NAKED—nude, bare, uncovered, unclothed, rough, rude, simple. (Covered, clad.)
NAME, *v.*—denominate, entitle, style, designate, term, call, christen.
NAME, *n.*—appellation, designation, denomination, title, cognomen, reputation, character, fame, credit, repute.
NARRATE—tell, relate, detail, recount, describe, enumerate, rehearse, recite.
NASTY—filthy, foul, dirty, unclean, impure, gross, indecent, vile.
NATION—people, community, realm, state.
NATIVE—indigenous, inborn, vernacular.
NATURAL—original, regular, normal, bastard. (Unnatural, forced.)
NEAR—nigh, neighboring, close, adjacent, contiguous, intimate. (Distant.)
NECESSARY—needful, expedient, essential, indispensable, requisite. (Useless.)
NECESSITATE—compel, force, oblige.
NECESSITY—need, occasion, exigency, emergency, urgency, requisite.
NEED, *n.*—necessity, distress, poverty, indigence, want, penury.
NEED, *v.*—require, want, lack.
NEGLECT, *v.*—disregard, slight, omit, overlook.

NEGLECT, *n.*—omission, failure, default, slight, negligence, remissness, carelessness.

NEIGHBORHOOD—environs, vicinity, nearness, adjacency, proximity.

NERVOUS—timid, timorous, shaky.

NEW—fresh, recent, novel. (Old.)

NEWS—tidings, intelligence, information.

NICE—exact, accurate, good, particular, precise, fine, delicate. (Careless, coarse, unpleasant.)

NIMBLE—active, brisk, lively, alert, quick, agile, prompt. (Awkward.)

NOBILITY—aristocracy, greatness, grandeur.

NOBLE—exalted, elevated, illustrious, great, grand, lofty. (Low.)

NOISE—cry, outcry, clamor, row, din, uproar, tumult. (Silence.)

NONSENSICAL—irrational, absurd, silly, foolish. (Sensible.)

NOTABLE—plain, evident, remarkable, striking, signal, rare. (Obscure.)

NOTE, *n.*—token, symbol, mark, sign, indication, remark, comment.

NOTED—distinguished, remarkable, eminent, renowned. (Obscure.)

NOTICE, *n.*—advice, notification, intelligence.

NOTICE, *v.*—mark, note, observe, attend to, heed.

NOTIFY, *v.*—publish, acquaint, apprise, inform.

NOTION—conception, idea, belief, opinion.

NOTORIOUS—conspicuous, open, obvious, ill-famed. (Unknown.)

NOURISH—nurture, cherish, foster, supply. (Starve, famish.)

NOURISHMENT—food, diet, sustenance, nutrition.

NOVEL—modern, new, fresh, recent, unused, rare, strange. (Old.)

NOXIOUS—hurtful, deadly poisonous, deleterious, baneful. (Beneficial.)

NULLIFY—annul, vacate, invalidate, quash, cancel, repeal. (Affirm.)

NUTRITION—food, diet, nutriment, nourishment.

OBDURATE—hard, callous, hardened, unfeeling, insensible. (Yielding, tractable.)

OBEDIENT—compliant, submissive, dutiful, respectful. (Obstinate.)

OBES—corpulent, fat, adipose. (Attenuated.)

OBEDY, *v.*—conform, comply, submit. (Rebel.)

OBJECT, *n.*—aim, end, purpose, design, mark.

OBJECT, *v.*—oppose, except to, contravene, impeach, deprecate. (Assent.)

OBNOXIOUS—offensive. (Agreeable.)

OBSCURE—undistinguished, unknown. (Distinguished.)

OBSTINATE—contumacious, headstrong, stubborn, obdurate. (Yielding.)

OCCASION—opportunity.

OFFENCE—affront, misdeed, misdemeanor, transgression, trespass.

OFFENSIVE—insolent, abusive. (Inoffensive.)

OFFICE—charge, function, place.

OFFSPRING—issue, progeny, children, posterity.

OLD—aged, superannuated, ancient, antique, antiquated, obsolete, old-fashioned. (Young, new.)

OMEN—presage, prognostic.

OPAQUE—dark. (Bright, transparent.)

OPEN—candid, unreserved, clear, fair. (Hidden.)

OPINION—notion, view, judgment, sentiment.

OPINIONATED—conceited, egotistical. (Modest.)

OPPOSE—resist, withstand, thwart. (Give way.)

OPTION—choice.

ORDER—method, system, regularity. (Disorder.)

ORIGIN—cause, occasion, beginning. (End.)

OUTLIVE—survive.

OUTWARD—external, outside, exterior. (Inner.)

OVER—above. (Under.)

OVERBALANCE—outweigh, preponderate.

OVERBEAR—bear down, overwhelm, overpower.

OVERBEARING—haughty, arrogant. (Gentle.)

OVERFLOW—inundation, deluge.

OVERRULE—supersede, suppress.

OVERSPREAD—overrun, ravage.

OVERTURN—invert, overthrow, reverse, subvert. (Establish, fortify.)

OVERWHELM—crush, defeat, vanquish.

PAIN—suffering, qualm, pang, agony, anguish. (Pleasure.)

PALLID—pale, wan. (Florid.)

PART—division, portion, share, fraction. (Whole.)

PARTICULAR—exact, distinct, singular, strange, odd. (General.)

PATIENT—passive, submissive. (Obdurate.)

PEACE—calm, quiet, tranquility. (War, trouble, riot, turbulence.)

PEACEABLE—pacific, peaceful, quiet. (Troublesome, riotous.)

PENETRATE—bore, pierce, perforate.

PENETRATION—acuteness, sagacity. (Dullness.)

PEOPLE—nation, persons, folks.

PERCEIVE—note, observe, discern, distinguish.

PERCEPTION—conception, notion, idea.

PERIL—danger, pitfall, snare. (Safety.)

PERMIT—allow, tolerate. (Forbid.)

PERSUADE—allure, entice, prevail upon.

PHYSICAL—corporeal, bodily, material. (Mental.)

PICTURE—engraving, print, representation, illustration, image.

PITEOUS—doleful, woeful, rueful. (Joyful.)

PITILESS—see merciless.

PITY—compassion, sympathy. (Cruelty.)

PLACE, *n.*—spot, site, position, post, situation.

PLACE, *v.*—order, dispose.

PLAIN—open, manifest, evident. (Secret.)

PLAY—game, sport, amusement. (Work.)

PLEASE—gratify, pacify. (Displease.)

PLEASURE—charm, delight, joy. (Pain.)

PLENTIFUL—abundant, ample, copious, plentiful. (Scarce.)

- POISE—balance, equilibrium, evenness.
- POSITIVE—absolute, peremptory, decider, certain. (Negative, undecided.)
- POSSESSOR—owner, proprietor.
- POSSIBLE—practical, practicable. (Impossible.)
- POVERTY—penury, indigence, need. (Wealth.)
- POWER—authority, force, strength, dominion.
- POWERFUL—mighty, potent. (Weak.)
- PRAISE—commend, extol, laud. (Blame.)
- PRAYER—entreaty, petition, request, suit.
- PRETENCE, *n.*—pretext, subterfuge.
- PREVAILING—predominant, prevalent, general. (Isolated, sporadic.)
- PREVENT—obviate, preclude.
- PREVIOUS—antecedent, introductory, preparatory, preliminary. (Subsequent.)
- PRIDE—vanity, conceit. (Humility.)
- PRINCIPALLY—chiefly, essentially, mainly.
- PRINCIPLE—ground, reason, motive, impulse, maxim, rule, rectitude, integrity.
- PRIVILEGE—immunity, advantage, favor, claim, prerogative, exemption, right.
- PROBITY—rectitude, uprightness, honesty, integrity, sincerity, soundness. (Dishonesty.)
- PROBLEMATIC—uncertain, doubtful, dubious, questionable, disputable, suspicious. (Certain.)
- PRODIGIOUS—huge, enormous, vast, amazing, astonishing, astounding, surprising, remarkable, wonderful. (Insignificant.)
- PROFESSION—business, trade, occupation, office, vocation, employment, engagement, avowal.
- PROFFER—volunteer, offer, propose, tender.
- PROFLIGATE—abandoned, dissolute, depraved, vicious, degenerate, corrupt. (Virtuous.)
- PROFOUND—deep, fathomless, penetrating, recon-dite, solemn, abstruse. (Shallow.)
- PROFUSE—extravagant, prodigal, lavish, copious, improvident, excessive, plentiful. (Succinct.)
- PROLIFIC—productive, generative, fertile, fruitful, teeming. (Barren.)
- PROLIX—diffuse, long, prolonged, tedious, wordy, tiresome, verbose, prosaic. (Concise, brief.)
- PROMINENT—eminent, conspicuous, marked, important, leading. (Obscure.)
- PROMISCUOUS—mixed, unarranged, mingled, indiscriminate. (Select.)
- PROMPT—See punctual.
- PROP, *v.*—maintain, sustain, support, stay.
- PROPGATE—spread, circulate, diffuse, disseminate, extend, breed, increase. (Suppress.)
- PROPER—legitimate, right, just, fair, equitable, honest, suitable, fit, adapted, meet, becoming, befitting, decent, pertinent. (Wrong.)
- PROSPER—flourish, succeed, grow rich, thrive, advance. (Fail.)
- PROSPERITY—well-being, weal, welfare, happiness, good luck. (Poverty.)
- PROXY—agent, representative, substitute, deputy.
- PRUDENCE—carefulness, judgment, discretion, wisdom. (Indiscretion.)
- PRURIENT—itching, craving, hankering, longing.
- PUERILE—youthful, juvenile, boyish, childish, infantile, trifling, weak, silly. (Mature.)
- PUNCTILIOUS—nice, particular, formal, precise. (Negligent.)
- PUNCTUAL—exact, precise, nice, particular, prompt, timely. (Dilatory.)
- PUTREFY—rot, decompose, corrupt, decay.
- PUZZLE, *v.*—preplex, confound, embarrass, pose, bewilder, confuse, mystify. (Enlighten.)
- QUACK—imposter, pretender, charlatan, empiric, mountebank. (Savant.)
- QUAINT—artful, curious, far-fetched, fanciful, odd.
- QUALIFIED—competent, fitted. (Incompetent.)
- QUALITY—attribute, rank, distinction.
- QUERULOUS—doubting, complaining, fretting, repining. (Patient.)
- QUESTION—query, inquiry, interrogatory.
- QUIBBLE—cavil, evade, equivocate, shuffle.
- QUICK—lively, ready, prompt, alert, nimble, agile, active, brisk, expeditious, adroit, fleet, rapid, impetuous, swift, sweeping, dashing, clever. (Slow.)
- QUOTE—note, repeat, cite, adduce.
- RABID—mad, furious, raging, frantic. (Rational.)
- RACE—course, match, pursuit, career, family, clan, house, ancestry, lineage, pedigree.
- RACK—agonize, wring, torture, excruciate, harass, distress. (Soothe.)
- RACY—spicy, pungent, smart, spirited, vivacious, lively. (Dull, insipid.)
- RADIANCE—splendor, brightness, brilliance, brilliancy, lustre, glare. (Dullness.)
- RADICAL—organic, innate, fundamental, original, constitutional, inherent, complete, entire. (Superficial. In a political sense, uncompromising antonym, moderate.)
- RANCID—fetid, rank, stinking, sour, tainted, foul. (Fresh, sweet.)
- RANCOR—malignity, hatred, hostility, antipathy, animosity, enmity, ill-will, spite. (Forgiveness.)
- RANK—order, degree, dignity, consideration.
- RANSACK—rummage, pillage, overhaul, explore.
- RANSOM—emancipate, free, unfetter.
- RANT—bombast, fustian, cant.
- RAPACIOUS—ravenous, voracious, greedy, grasping. (Generous.)
- RAPT—ecstatic, transported, ravished, entranced, charmed. (Distracted.)
- RAPTURE—ecstasy, transport, bliss. (Dejection.)
- RARE—scarce, singular, uncommon, unique.
- RASCAL—scoundrel, rogue, knave, vagabond.
- RASH—hasty, precipitate, foolhardy, adventurous, heedless, reckless, careless. (Deliberate.)
- RATE—value, compute, appraise, estimate, abuse.
- RATIFY—confirm, establish, substantiate, sanction. (Protest, oppose.)
- RATIONAL—reasonable, sagacious, judicious, wise, sensible, sound. (Unreasonable.)
- RAVAGE—overrun, overspread, desolate, despoil.

RAVISH—capture, enchant, charm, delight.
 RAZE—demolish, destroy, overthrow, dismantle, ruin. (Build up.)
 REACH—touch, stretch, attain, gain, arrive at.
 READY—prepared, ripe, apt, prompt, adroit, handy. (Slow, dilatory.)
 REAL—actual, literal, practical, positive, certain, genuine, true. (Unreal.)
 REALIZE—accomplish, achieve, effect, gain, get, acquire, comprehend.
 REAP—gain, get, acquire, obtain.
 REASON, *n.*—motive, design, end, proof, cause, ground, purpose.
 REASON, *v.*—deduce, draw from, trace, conclude.
 REASONABLE—rational, wise, honest, fair, right, just. (Unreasonable.)
 REBELLION—insurrection, revolt.
 RECALL—recall, abjure, retract, revoke.
 RECEDE—retire, retreat, withdraw, ebb.
 RECEIVE—accept, take, admit, entertain.
 RECEPTION—receiving, levee, receipt, admission.
 RECESS—retreat, depth, niche, vacation.
 RECREATION—sport, pastime, play, amusement, game, fun.
 REDEEM—ransom, recover, rescue, deliver, save.
 REDRESS—remedy, repair, remission, abatement.
 REDUCE—abate, lessen, decrease, lower, shorten.
 REFINED—polite, courtly, polished, cultured, purified, genteel. (Boorish.)
 REFLECT—consider, cogitate, think, muse, censure.
 REFORM—amend, correct, better, restore, improve. (Corrupt.)
 REFORMATION—improvement, reform, amendment. (Corruption.)
 REFUGE—asylum, protection, harbor, shelter.
 REFUSE, *v.*—deny, reject, repudiate, decline, withhold. (Accept.)
 REFUSE, *n.*—dregs, dross, scum, rubbish, leavings.
 REFUTE—disprove, falsify, negative. (Affirm.)
 REGARD, *v.*—mind, heed, notice, behold, respect, view, consider.
 REGRET, *n.*—grief, sorrow, lamentation, remorse.
 REGULAR—orderly, uniform, customary, ordinary, stated. (Irregular.)
 REGULATE—methodize, arrange, adjust, organize, govern, rule. (Disorder.)
 REIMBURSE—refund, repay, satisfy, indemnify.
 RELEVANT—fit, proper, suitable, appropriate, apt, pertinent. (Irrelevant.)
 RELIANCE—trust, hope, dependence, confidence. (Suspicion.)
 RELIEF—succor, aid, help, redress, alleviation.
 RELINQUISH—give up, forsake, resign, surrender, quit, leave, forego. (Retain.)
 REMEDY—help, relief, redress, cure, specific.
 REMORSELESS—pitiless, relentless, cruel, ruthless, merciless, barbarous. (Merciful, humane.)
 REMOTE—distant, far, secluded, indirect. (Near.)
 REPRODUCE—propagate, imitate, represent, copy.

REPUDIATE—disown, discard, disavow, renounce, disclaim. (Acknowledge.)
 REPUGNANT—antagonistic, distasteful. (Agreeable.)
 REPULSIVE—forbidding, odious, ugly, disagreeable, revolting. (Attractive.)
 RESPITE—reprieve, interval, stop, pause.
 REVENGE—vengeance, retaliation, requital, retribution. (Forgiveness.)
 REVENUE—produce, income, fruits, proceeds.
 REVERENCE, *n.*—honor, respect, awe, veneration, deference, worship, homage. (Execration.)
 REVISE—review, reconsider.
 REVIVE—refresh, renew, renovate, animate, resuscitate, vivify, cheer, comfort.
 RICH—wealthy, affluent, opulent, copious, ample, abundant, exuberant, plentiful, fertile, gorgeous, superb, fruitful. (Poor.)
 RIVAL, *n.*—antagonist, opponent, competitor.
 ROAD—way, highway, route, course, path, pathway, anchorage.
 ROAM—ramble, rove, wander, stray, stroll.
 ROBUST—strong, lusty, vigorous, sinewy, stalwart, stout, sturdy, able-bodied. (Puny.)
 ROUT, *v.*—discomfit, beat, defeat, overthrow.
 ROUTE—road, course, march, way, journey, path.
 RUDE—rugged, rough, uncouth, unpolished, harsh, gruff, impertinent, saucy, flippant, impudent, ill-mannered, saucy, churlish. (Polite, polished.)
 RULE—sway, method, system, law, maxim, guide, precept, formula, regulation, government, test, standard.
 RUMOR—hearsay, talk, fame, report, bruit.
 RUTHLESS—cruel, savage, barbarous, inhuman, merciless, remorseless, relentless. (Considerate.)
 SACRED—holy, hallowed, divine, consecrated, dedicated, devoted. (Profane.)
 SAFE—secure, harmless, trustworthy. (Perilous.)
 SANCTION—confirm, countenance, encourage, support, ratify, authorize. (Disapprove.)
 SANE—sober, lucid, sound, rational. (Crazy.)
 SAUCY—impertinent, rude, impudent, insolent, flippant, forward. (Modest.)
 SCANDALIZE—shock, disgust, offend, calumniate, vilify, revile, malign, traduce, defame, slander.
 SCANTY—bare, pinched, insufficient, slender, meager. (Ample.)
 SCATTER—strew, spread, disseminate, disperse, dissipate, dispel. (Collect.)
 SECRET—clandestine, concealed, hidden, sly, underhand, latent, private. (Open.)
 SEDUCE—allure, attract, decoy, entice, abduct, inveigle, deprave.
 SENSE—discernment, appreciation, view, opinion, feeling, perception, sensibility, susceptibility, significance, thought, judgment, signification, meaning, import, purport, wisdom.
 SENSIBLE—wise, intelligent, reasonable, sober, sound, conscious, aware. (Foolish.)
 SETTLE—arrange, adjust, regulate, conclude.

- SEVERAL—sunary, divers, various, many.
- SEVERE—harsh, stern, stringent, unmitigated, unyielding, rough. (Lenient.)
- SHAKE—tremble, shudder, shiver, quake, quiver.
- SHALLOW—superficial, flimsy, slight. (Deep, thorough.)
- SHAME—disgrace, dishonor. (Honor.)
- SHAMEFUL—degrading, scandalous, disgraceful, outrageous. (Honorable.)
- SHAMELESS—immodest, impudent, indecent, indelicate, brazen.
- SHAPE—form, fashion, mold, model.
- SHARE—portion, lot, division, quantity, quota.
- SHARP—acute, keen. (Dull.)
- SHINE—glare, glitter, radiate, sparkle.
- SHORT—brief, concise, succinct, summary. (Long.)
- SHOW, *n.*—exhibition, sight, spectacle.
- SICK—diseased, sickly, unhealthy. (Healthy.)
- SICKNESS—illness, indisposition, disease, disorder. (Health.)
- SIGNIFICANT, *a.*—expressive, material, important. (Insignificant.)
- SIGNIFICATION—import, meaning, sense.
- SILENCE—speechlessness, dumbness. (Noise.)
- SILENT—dumb, mute, speechless. (Talkative.)
- SIMILE—comparison, similitude.
- SIMPLE—single, uncompounded, artless, plain. (Complex, compound.)
- SIMULATE—dissimulate, dissemble, pretend.
- SINCERE—candid, hearty, honest, pure, genuine, real. (Insincere.)
- SITUATION—condition, plight, predicament, state.
- SIZE—bulk, greatness, magnitude, dimension.
- SLAVERY—servitude, enthrallment, thralldom. (Freedom.)
- SLEEP—doze, drowse, nap, slumber.
- SLEEPY—somnolent. (Wakeful.)
- SLOW—dilatatory, tardy. (Fast.)
- SMELL—fragrance, odor, perfume, scent.
- SMOOTH—even, level, mild. (Rough.)
- SOAK—drench, imbrue, steep.
- SOCIAL—sociable, friendly, communicative. (Unsocial.)
- SOFT—gentle, meek, mild. (Hard.)
- SOLICIT—importune, urge.
- SOLITARY—sole, only, single.
- SORRY—grieved, poor, paltry, insignificant. (Glad, respectable.)
- SOUL—mind, spirit. (Soul is opposed to body, mind to matter.)
- SOUND, *a.*—healthy, sane. (Unsound)
- SOUND, *n.*—tone, noise, silence.
- SPACE—room.
- SPARSE—scanty, thin. (Luxuriant.)
- SPEAK—converse, talk, confer, say, tell.
- SPECIAL—particular, specific. (General.)
- SPEND—expend, exhaust, consume, waste, dissipate. (Save.)
- SPORADIC—isolated, rare. (General, prevalent.)
- SPREAD—disperse, diffuse, expand, disseminate.
- SPRING—fountain, source.
- STAFF—prop, support, stay.
- STAGGER—reel, totter.
- STAIN—soil, discolor, spot, sully, tarnish.
- STATE—commonwealth, realm.
- STERILE—barren, unfruitful. (Fertile.)
- STIFLE—choke, suffocate, smother.
- STORMY—rough, boisterous, tempestuous. (Calm.)
- STRAIGHT—direct, right. (Crooked.)
- STRAIT, *a.*—narrow, confined.
- STRANGER—alien, foreigner. (Friend.)
- STRENGTHEN—fortify, invigorate. (Weaken.)
- STRONG—robust, sturdy, powerful. (Weak.)
- STUPID—dull, foolish, obtuse, witless. (Clever.)
- SUBJECT—exposed to, liable, obnoxious. (Exempt.)
- SUBJECT—inferior, suborbinate. (Superior to, above.)
- SUBSEQUENT—succeeding, following. (Previous.)
- SUBSTANTIAL—solid, durable. (Unsubstantial.)
- SUIT—accord, agree. (Disagree.)
- SUPERFICIAL—flimsy, shallow, untrustworthy. (Thorough.)
- SUPERFLUOUS—unnecessary. (Necessary.)
- SURROUND—encircle, encompass, environ.
- SUSTAIN—maintain, support.
- SYMMETRY—proportion
- SYMPATHY—commiseration, compassion.
- SYSTEM—method, plan, order.
- SYSTEMATIC—orderly, regular, methodical (Chaotic.)
- TAKE—accept, receive. (Give.)
- TALKATIVE—garrulous, loquacious, communicative. (Silent.)
- TASTE—flavor, relish, savor. (Tastelessness.)
- TAX—custom, duty, impost, excise, toll.
- TAX—assessment, rate.
- TEASE—taunt, tantalize, torment, vex.
- TEMPORARY, *a.*—fleeting, transient, transitory (Permanent.)
- TENACIOUS—pertinacious, retentive.
- TENDENCY—aim, drift, scope.
- TENET—position, view, conviction, belief.
- TERM—boundary, limit, period, time.
- TERRITORY—dominion.
- THANKFUL—grateful, obliged. (Thankless.)
- THANKLESS—ungracious, profitless, ungrateful, unthankful.
- THAW—melt, dissolve, liquefy. (Freeze.)
- THEATRICAL—dramatic, showy, ceremonious.
- THEFT—robbery, depredation, spoliation.
- THEME—subject, topic, text, essay.
- THEORY—speculation, scheme, plea, hypothesis, conjecture.
- THEREFORE—accordingly, consequently, hence.

- THICK**—dense, close, compact, solid, coagulated, muddy, turbid, misty, vaporous. (Thin.)
- THIN**—slim, slender, slight, flimsy, lean, scraggy, attenuated.
- THINK**—cogitate, consider, reflect, ponder, muse, contemplate, meditate, conceive, fancy, imagine, apprehend, hold, esteem, reckon, consider, deem, regard, believe, opine.
- THOROUGH**—accurate, correct, trustworthy, complete, reliable. (Superficial.)
- THOUGHT**—idea, conception, imagination, fancy, conceit, notion, supposition, care, provision, consideration, opinion, view, sentiment, reflection, deliberation.
- THOUGHTFUL**—considerate, careful, cautious, heedful, contemplative, reflective, provident, pensive, dreamy. (Thoughtless.)
- THOUGHTLESS**—inconsiderate, rash, precipitate, improvident, heedless.
- TIE, v.**—bind, restrain, restrict, oblige, secure, join, unite. (Loose.)
- TIME**—duration, season, period, era, age, date, span, spell.
- TOLERATE**—allow, admit, receive, suffer, permit, let, endure, abide. (Oppose.)
- TOP**—summit, apex, head, crown, surface. (Base, bottom.)
- TORRID**—burning, hot, parching, scorching.
- TORTUOUS**—twisted, winding, crooked, indirect.
- TORTURE**—torment, anguish, agony.
- TOUCHING**—tender, affecting, moving, pathetic.
- TRACTABLE**—docile, manageable, amenable.
- TRADE**—traffic, commerce, dealing, occupation, employment, office.
- TRADITIONAL**—oral, uncertain, transmitted.
- TRAFFIC**—trade, exchange, commerce.
- TRAMMEL, n.**—fetter, shackle, clog, bond, impediment, chain, hindrance.
- TRANQUIL**—still, unruffled, peaceful, hushed, quiet. (Noisy, boisterous.)
- TRANSACTION**—negotiation, occurrence, proceeding, affair.
- TRAVEL**—trip, peregrination, excursion, journey, tour, voyage.
- TREACHEROUS**—traitorous, disloyal, treasonable, faithless, false-hearted. (Trustworthy, faithful.)
- TRITE**—stale, old, ordinary, commonplace, hackneyed. (Novel.)
- TRIUMPH**—achievement, ovation, victory, jubilation, conquest. (Failure, defeat.)
- TRIVIAL**—trifling, petty, small, frivolous, unimportant, insignificant. (Important.)
- TRUE**—genuine, actual, sincere, unaffected, true-hearted, honest, upright, veritable, real, veracious, authentic, exact, accurate, correct.
- TUMULTUOUS**—turbulent, riotous, disorderly, disturbed, confused, unruly. (Orderly.)
- TURBID**—foul, thick, muddy, impure, unsettled.
- TYPE**—emblem, symbol, figure, sign, kind, letter.
- TYRO**—novice, beginner, learner.
- UGLY**—unsightly, plain, homely, ill-favored, hideous. (Beautiful.)
- UMBRAGE**—offense, dissatisfaction, resentment.
- UMPIRE**—referee, arbitrator, judge, arbiter.
- UNANIMITY**—accord, agreement, unity, concord. (Discord.)
- UNBRIDLED**—wanton, licentious, dissolute, loose.
- UNCERTAIN**—doubtful, dubious, questionable, fitful, equivocal, ambiguous, indistinct, fluctuating.
- UNCIVIL**—rude, discourteous, disrespectful, disobliging. (Civil.)
- UNCLEAN**—dirty, foul, filthy, sullied. (Clean.)
- UNCOMMON**—rare, strange, scarce, singular, choice. (Common, ordinary.)
- UNCONCERNED**—careless, indifferent, apathetic. (Anxious.)
- UNCOUTH**—strange, odd, clumsy. (Graceful.)
- UNCOVER**—reveal, strip, expose, lay bare. (Hide.)
- UNDER**—below, underneath, beneath, subordinate, lower, inferior. (Above.)
- UNDERSTANDING**—knowledge, intellect, intelligence, faculty, comprehension, mind, reason.
- UNDO**—annul, frustrate, untie, unfasten, destroy.
- UNEASY**—restless, disturbed, unquiet, awkward, stiff. (Quiet.)
- UNEQUAL**—uneven, not alike, irregular. (Even.)
- UNEQUALED**—matchless, unique, novel, new.
- UNFIT, a.**—improper, unsuitable, inconsistent, untimely, incompetent. (Fit.)
- UNFIT, v.**—disable, incapacitate, disqualify. (Fit.)
- UNFORTUNATE**—calamitous, ill-fated, unlucky, wretched, unhappy, miserable. (Fortunate.)
- UNGAINLY**—clumsy, awkward, lumbering, uncouth. (Pretty.)
- UNHAPPY**—miserable, wretched, distressed, painful, afflicted, disastrous, drear, dismal. (Happy.)
- UNIFORM**—regular, symmetrical, equal, even, alike, unvaried. (Irregular.)
- UNINTERRUPTED**—continuous, perpetual, unceasing, incessant, endless. (Intermittent.)
- UNION**—junction, combination, alliance, confederacy, league, coalition, agreement. (Disunion.)
- UNIQUE**—unequal, uncommon, rare, choice, matchless. (Common, ordinary.)
- UNITE**—join, conjoin, combine, concert, add, attach. (Separate, disrupt, sunder.)
- UNIVERSAL**—general, all, entire, total, catholic. (Sectional.)
- UNLIMITED**—absolute, undefined, boundless, infinite. (Limited.)
- UNREASONABLE**—foolish, silly, absurd, preposterous, ridiculous.
- UNRIVALED**—unequaled, unique, unexampled, incomparable, matchless. (Mediocre.)
- UNRULY**—ungovernable, unmanageable, refractory. (Tractable, docile.)
- UNUSUAL**—rare, unwonted, singular, uncommon, remarkable, strange. (Common.)
- UPHOLD**—maintain, defend, sustain, support, vindicate. (Desert, abandon.)

- UPRIGHT**—vertical, perpendicular, erect, just, equitable, fair, pure, honorable. (Prone.)
- UPRIGHTNESS**—honesty, integrity, fairness, goodness, probity, virtue, honor. (Dishonesty.)
- URGE**—incite, impel, push, drive, instigate, stimulate, press, induce, solicit.
- URGENT**—pressing, imperative, immediate, serious, wanted. (Unimportant.)
- USAGE**—custom, fashion, practice, prescription.
- USE, *n.***—usage, practice, habit, custom, avail, advantage, utility, benefit, application. (Disuse.)
- USUAL**—ordinary, common, accustomed, habitual, wonted, customary, general. (Unusual.)
- UTMOST**—farthest, remotest, uttermost, greatest.
- UTTER, *a.***—extreme, excessive, sheer, mere, pure.
- UTTER, *v.***—speak, articulate, pronounce, express.
- UTTERLY**—totally, completely, wholly, altogether.
- VACANT**—empty, unfilled, unoccupied, thoughtless, unthinking. (Occupied.)
- VAGRANT, *n.***—wanderer, beggar, tramp, rogue.
- VAGUE**—unsettled, undetermined, pointless, uncertain, indefinite. (Definite.)
- VAIN**—useless, fruitless, empty, worthless, inflated, proud, conceited, unreal. (Effectual, humble.)
- VALIANT**—brave, bold, valorous, courageous, gallant. (Cowardly.)
- VALID**—weighty, strong, powerful, sound, binding, efficient. (Invalid.)
- VALOR**—courage, gallantry, boldness, bravery, heroism. (Cowardice.)
- VALUE, *v.***—appraise, assess, reckon, appreciate, estimate, prize, esteem, treasure. (Despise.)
- VARIABLE**—changeable, unsteady, inconstant, shifting, wavering, fickle, restless. (Constant.)
- VARIETY**—difference, diversity, change, diversification, mixture, medley, miscellany. (Sameness, monotony.)
- VAST**—spacious, boundless, mighty, enormous, immense, colossal, gigantic, prodigious. (Confined.)
- VAUNT**—boast, brag, puff, hawk, advertise, parade.
- VENERABLE**—grave, sage, wise, old, reverend.
- VENIAL**—pardonable, excusable, justifiable. (Serious, grave.)
- VENOM**—poison, virus, spite, malice, malignity.
- VENTURE, *n.***—speculation, chance, peril, stake.
- VERACITY**—truth, truthfulness, credibility, accuracy. (Falsehood.)
- VERBAL**—oral, spoken, literal, parole, unwritten.
- VERDICT**—judgment, finding, decision, answer.
- VEEXATION**—chagrin, mortification. (Pleasure.)
- VIBRATE**—oscillate, swing, sway, wave, thrill.
- VICE**—vileness, corruption, depravity, pollution, immorality, wickedness, guilt, iniquity. (Virtue.)
- VICIOUS**—corrupt, depraved, debased, bad, unruly, contrary, demoralized, profligate, faulty. (Gentle, virtuous.)
- VICTIM**—sacrifice, food, prey, sufferer, dupe, gull.
- VICTUALS**—viands, bread, meat, provisions, fare, food, repast.
- VIOLENT**—boisterous, furious, impetuous, vehement. (Gentle.)
- VIRTUOUS**—upright, honest, moral. (Profligate.)
- VISION**—apparition, ghost, phantom, specter.
- VOLUPTUARY**—epicure, sensualist.
- VOUCH**—affirm, asseverate, assure, aver.
- WAIT**—await, expect, look for, wait for.
- WAKEFUL**—vigilant, watchful. (Sleepy.)
- WANDER**—range, ramble, roam, rove, stroll.
- WANT**—lack, need. (Abundance.)
- WARY**—circumspect, cautious. (Foolhardy.)
- WASH**—clean, rinse, wet, moisten, stain, tint.
- WASTE, *v.***—squander, dissipate, lavish, destroy, decay, dwindle, wither.
- WAY**—method, plan, system, means, manner, mode, form, fashion, course, process, road, route, track, path, habit, practice.
- WEAKEN**—debilitate, enfeeble, enervate, invalidate. (Strengthen.)
- WEARY**—harass, jade, tire, fatigue. (Refresh.)
- WEIGHT**—gravity, heaviness, burden, load. (Lightness.)
- WELL-BEING**—happiness, prosperity, welfare.
- WHOLE**—entire, complete, total, integral. (Part.)
- WICKED**—iniquitous, nefarious. (Virtuous.)
- WILL**—wish, desire.
- WILLINGLY**—spontaneously, voluntarily. (Unwillingly.)
- WIN**—get, obtain, gain, procure, effect, realize, accomplish, achieve. (Lose.)
- WINNING**—attractive, charming, fascinating, bewitching, enchanting, dazzling. (Repulsive.)
- WISDOM**—prudence, foresight, far-sightedness, sagacity. (Foolishness.)
- WONDER, *v.***—admire, amaze, astonish, surprise.
- WONDER, *n.***—marvel, miracle, prodigy.
- WRONG**—injustice, injury. (Right.)
- YAWN**—gape, open wide.
- YEARN**—hanker after, long for, desire, crave.
- YELL**—bellow, cry out, scream.
- YELLOW**—golden, saffron-like.
- YELP**—bark, sharp cry, howl.
- YET**—besides, nevertheless, notwithstanding, however, still, ultimately, at last, so far, thus far.
- YIELD**—bear, give, afford, impart, communicate, confer, bestow, abdicate, resign, cede, surrender.
- YIELDING**—supple, pliant, bending, compliant, submissive, unresisting. (Obstinate.)
- YOKE, *v.***—couple, link, connect.
- YORE**—long ago, long since.
- YOUTH**—boy, lad, minority, adolescence.
- YOUTHFUL**—juvenile, puerile. (Old.)
- ZEAL**—energy, fervor, ardor, earnestness, enthusiasm, eagerness. (Indifference.)
- ZEALOUS**—warm, ardent, fervent, enthusiastic, anxious. (Indifferent, careless.)
- ZEST**—relish, gusto, flavor. (Disgust.)

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Ik Marvel	Donald G. Mitchell	Porte Crayon	David H. Strother
Irenæus	Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D.	Private Miles O'Reilly .	Charles G. Halpine
Isabel	William Gilmore Simms	Robinson Crusoe . . .	Daniel Defoe
Janus	Dr. Dollinger	Runnymede	Lord Beaconsfield
Jaques	J. Hain Friswell	Rustic Bard	Robert Dinsmore
Jay Charlton	J. C. Goldsmith	Sam Slick	Thomas C. Halliburton
Jedediah Cleishbotham	Sir Walter Scott	Saxe Holm	Miss Rush Ellis
Jennie June	Mrs. Jennie C. Croly	Shirley Dare	Mrs. Susan D. Waters
John Chalkhill	Izaak Walton	Sophie May	Mrs. Eckerson
John Darby	J. C. Garretson	Sophie Sparkle	Jennie E. Hicks
John Paul	C. H. Webb	Sparrowgrass	F. S. Cozzens
John Phoenix, Gentleman	George H. Derby	Straws, Jr.	Kate Field
Josh Billings	Henry W. Shaw	Susan Coolidge	Miss Woolsey
Joshua Coffin	H. W. Longfellow	Teufelsdröckh	Thomas Carlyle
Kate Campbell	Jane Elizabeth Lincoln	Teutha	William Jerdan
Kirwan	Rev. Nicholas Murray	The Black Dwarf	Thomas J. Wooler
K. N. Pepper	James M. Morris	The Celt	Thomas Davis
Laicus	Rev. Lyman Abbott	The Druid	Henry H. Dixon
Launcelot Wagstaffe, Jr.	Charles Mackay	The Governor	Henry Morford
Lemuel Gulliver	Jonathan Swift	The Traveller	Isaac Stary
Louise Muhlbach	Clara Mundt	Theodore Taylor	J. C. Hotten
Major Jack Downing . .	Seba Smith	Thomas Ingoldsby . . .	Rev. R. H. Barham
Marion Harland	Mary V. Terhune	Thomas Little	Thomas Moore
Mark Twain	Samuel L. Clemens	Thomas Rowley	Thomas Chatterton
Max Adler	Charles H. Clark	Timon Fieldmouse . . .	William B. Rands
Minnie Myrtle	Miss Anna C. Johnson	Timothy Tickler	Robert Syme
Mintwood	Miss Mary A. E. Wager	Timothy Titcomb	Dr. J. G. Holland
M. Quad	Charles B. Lewis	Tom Brown	Thomas Hughes
Mrs. Partington	B. P. Shillaber	Tom Folio	Joseph E. Babson
M. T. Jug	Joseph Howard	Tom Hawkins	Theodore W. A. Buckley
Ned Buntline	Edward Z. C. Judson	Trinculo	John A. Cockerill
Nym Crinkle	A. C. Wheeler	Tristram Merton	Thomas B. Macaulay
Old Bachelor	George William Curtis	Two Brothers	A. and C. Tennyson
Old Cabinet	R. Watson Gilder	Ubique	Parker Gilmore
Old Humphrey	George Mogridge	Una	Mary A. Ford
Old 'Un	Francis Alexander Durivage	Uncle Hardy	William Senior
Oliver Optic	William Taylor Adams	Uncle John	Elisha Noyce
Olivia	Emily Edson Grigg	Uncle Philip	Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks
Ollapod	Willis G. Clark	Uncle Toby	Rev. Tobias H. Miller
Orpheus C. Kerr	Robert H. Newell	Veteran Observer	E. D. Mansfield
Ouida	Louisa De La Ramo	Vigilant	John Corlett
Owen Meredith	Lord Lytton	Vivian	George H. Lewes
Parson Brownlow	Wm. Gunaway Brownlow	Vivian Joyeux	W. M. Praed
Patty Lee	Alice Cary	Walter Maynard	William Beale
Paul Creyton	J. T. Trowbridge	Warhawk	William Palmer
Pen Holder	Rev. Edward Eggleston	Warrington	W. P. Robinson
Pequot	Charles W. March	Warwick	F. O. Otterson
Perdita	Mrs. Mary Robinson	Waters	William H. Russell
Perley	Benj. Perley Poore	What's His Name	E. C. Massey
Peter Parley	S. G. Goodrich	Wilibald, Alexis	William Haering
Peter Pindar	Dr. John Wolcot	Wizard	John Corlett

PART II.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

FROM THE

MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS

COMPRISING

THRILLING BATTLE SCENES AND VICTORIES; BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIONS; SOUL-STIRRING DEEDS OF HEROISM; WITTY AND HUMOROUS SELECTIONS; PATHETIC PIECES; FAMOUS ORATIONS; RECITATIONS FOR CHILDREN; READINGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS OF MUSIC; DRILLS; LESSON TALKS, ETC.

HOW TO READ AND RECITE.

GOOD readers and reciters are extremely rare, and it is because sufficient time and study are not devoted to the art of elocution. Not one educated man in ten can read a paragraph in a newspaper so effectively that to listen to him is a pleasure, and not a pain.

Many persons are unable so to express the word as to convey their meaning. They pervert the sense of the sentence by emphasizing in the wrong place, or deprive it of all sense by a monotonous gabble, giving no emphasis to any words they utter. They neglect the "stops," as they are called; they make harsh music with their voices; they hiss, or croak, or splutter, or mutter—everything but speak the words set down for them as they would have talked them to you in conversation.

Why should this be? Why should correct reading be rare, pleasant reading rarer still, and good reading found only in one person in ten thousand? Let me urge you with all earnestness to become an accomplished

reader and reciter. This is something to be coveted, and it is worth your while to acquire it, though it cost you much time and labor. Attend to the rules here furnished.

Cultivation of the Voice.

Accustom yourself to reading and reciting aloud. Some of our greatest orators have made it a practice to do this in the open air, throwing out the voice with full volume, calling with prolonged vowel sounds to some object in the distance, and thus strengthening the throat and lungs. Every day you should practice breathings; by which I mean that you should take in a full breath, expand the lungs to their full capacity, and then emit the breath slowly, and again suddenly with explosive force. A good, flexible voice is the first thing to be considered.

Distinct Enunciation.

When you hear a person read or speak you are always pleased if the full quantity is given to each syllable of every word. Only

in this way can the correct meaning of the sentence be conveyed. People who are partially deaf will tell you that they are not always able to hear those who speak the loudest, but those who speak the most distinctly. Do not recite to persons who are nearest to you, but rather glance at those who are farthest away, and measure the amount of volume required to make them hear.

Emphasis.

Some word or words in every sentence are more important, and require greater emphasis than others. You must get at the exact meaning of the sentence, and be governed by this. The finest effects can be produced by making words emphatic where the meaning demands it. Look well to this.

Pauses.

Avoid a sing-song, monotonous style of delivery. Break the flow where it is required; you will always notice how skillfully a trained elocutionist observes the proper pauses. Have such command of yourself that you do not need to hurry on with your recitation at the same pace from beginning to end. The pause enables the hearer to take in the meaning of the words, and is therefore always to be observed.

Gestures.

Speak with your whole body, not merely with your tongue and lips. It is permissible to even stamp with your foot when the sense calls for it. Speak with your eyes, with your facial expression, with your fingers, with your clenched fist, with your arm, with the pose of your body, with all the varying attitudes needful to express what you have to say with the greatest effect.

Stand, as a rule, with one foot slightly in advance of the other, the weight of the body resting upon the foot farther back. Do not be tied to one position; hold yourself at

liberty to change your position and move about. Do not hold your elbows close to your body, as if your arms were strapped to your sides. Make the gesture in point of time slightly in advance of the word or words it is to illustrate.

The Magnetic Speaker.

It has always been said that the poet is born, but the orator is made. This is not wholly correct, for the more magnetism you were born with, the better speaker you will become. Still, the indefinable thing called magnetism is something that can be cultivated; at least you can learn how to show it, and permit it to exert its wonderful influence over your hearers.

Put yourself into your recitations in such a way that the thoughts and sentiments you express shall, for the time being, be your own. Every nerve and muscle of your body, every thought and emotion of your mind, in short, your whole being should be enlisted. You should become transformed, taking on the character required by the reading or recitation, and making it your own.

Persons who can thus lose themselves in what they are saying, and throw into their recitations all the force and magnetism of which they are capable, are sure to meet with success.

Self-Command.

Young persons naturally feel embarrassed when they face an audience. Some of our greatest orators have known what this is, and were compelled to labor hard to overcome it. Practice alone will give you confidence, unless you possess it already, and this is true of only a few young persons.

Do your utmost to control yourself. Let your will come into play; strong will, governing every emotion of the mind and movement of the body, is absolutely essential. Do not be brazen, but self-confident.

TYPICAL GESTURES TO BE USED IN READING AND RECITING

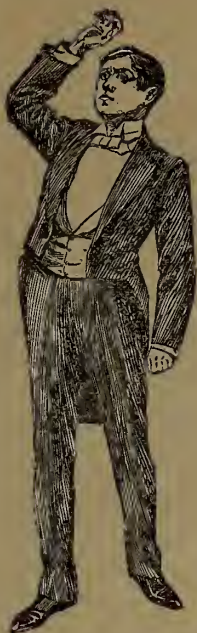


Fig. 1.—Malediction.

Traitors! I would call down the wrath of Heaven on them.



Fig. 2.—Designating.

Scorn points his slow, unmoving finger.



Fig. 3.—Silence.

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath.



Fig. 4.—Repulsion.

Back to thy punishment, false fugitive,
And to thy speed add wings!



Fig. 5.—Declaring.
I speak the truth, and dare
to speak it.



Fig. 6.—Announcing.
We proclaim the liberty that God gave
when He gave us life.



Fig. 7.—Discerning.
A sail, ho! A dim speck on
the horizon.



Fig. 8.—Invocation.
Angels and ministers of
grace, defend us!



Fig. 9.—Presenting or Receiving.

Welcome the coming, speed
the going guest.



Fig. 10.—Horror.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more"
Macbeth, does murder sleep?"



Fig. 11.—Exaltation.

Washington is in the clear upper sky.



Fig. 12.—Secrecy.

Be mute, be secret as the grave.



Fig. 13.—Wonderment.

While the dance was the merriest, the door opened and there stood the parson!



Fig. 14.—Indecision.

Shall I take back my promise? 'Twill but expose me to contempt.



Fig. 15.—Grief.

O, that by weeping I could heal my sorrow!



Fig. 16.—Gladness.

No pen, no tongue can summon power
To tell the transports of that hour.



Fig. 17.—Signalling.
There stood Count Wagstaff, beckoning.



Fig. 18.—Tender Rejection.
It has come at last ; I must say, No.



Fig. 19.—Protecting—Soothing.
Boy ! Harold ! safely rest,
Enjoy the honey-dew of slumber.



Fig. 20.—Anguish.
My cup with agony is filled,
From nettles sharp as death distilled.



Fig. 21.—Awe—Appeal.

Spirits of the just made perfect, from your empyrean heights look down!



Fig. 22.—Meditation.

A lonely man, wending his slow way along and lost in deepest thought.



Fig. 23.—Defiance.

Defy the devil; consider he is the enemy of mankind.



Fig. 24.—Denying—Rejecting.

Yes, if this were my last breath I would deny these infamous charges.



Fig. 25.—Dispersion.

Spain's proud Armada was scattered to the winds.



Fig. 26.—Remorse.

A thoughtless, wicked deed; it stings sharper than a serpent's tooth.



Fig. 27.—Accusation.

And Nathan said to David,
Thou art the man.



Fig. 28.—Revealing.

The way she kept it was, of course,
To tell it all and make it worse.

TYPICAL GESTURES.

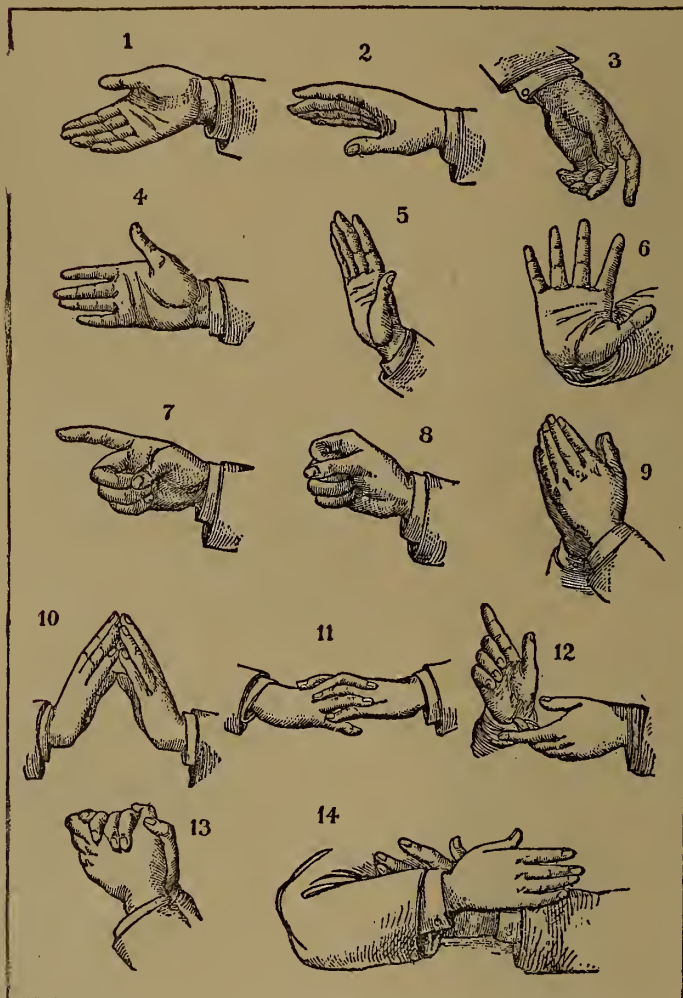


Fig. 29.—Correct Positions of the Hands.

1. Simple affirmation. 2. Emphatic declaration. 3. Apathy or prostration. 4. Energetic appeal. 5. Negation or denial. 6. Violent repulsion. 7. Indexing or cautioning. 8. Determination or anger. 9. Supplication. 10. Gentle entreaty. 11. Carelessness. 12. Argumentation. 13. Earnest entreaty. 14. Resignation.

RECITATIONS WITH LESSON TALKS,

SHOWING BY EXAMPLES HOW TO READ AND RECITE.

THE SONG OF OUR SOLDIERS AT SANTIAGO.

When the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet became known before Santiago, the American soldiers cheered wildly, and, with one accord, through miles of trenches, began singing "The Star Spangled Banner." You should preface the recitation with the foregoing statement.

SINGING "The Star Spangled Banner"

In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot soul.

2. Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Biding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart streams flow!

Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star Spangled Banner"
On that field of deadly strife.

3. They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised on that war-worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

LESSON TALK.

This selection is inspiring. It is brimful of the glow of patriotism. To deliver it, therefore, in a dull, listless, indifferent manner would suppress the natural sentiment of the piece and rob it of the effect it would otherwise produce. Be *alive*; not wooden and nerveless. If you were standing in a crowd and a brass band should come along and strike up the "Star Spangled Banner," you would instantly see the change that would come over the assembled throng. Every heart would be moved, every face would be filled with expression, every nerve would seem to tingle.

When you are to deliver a selection of this kind, come before your audience with your body straightened to its full height, your shoulders thrown back, and your head erect. For the time being you are a patriot, and are saying some grand things about the Stars and Stripes and about our brave heroes who

have carried "Old Glory" to victory on so many battlefields.

Your manner must indicate that you appreciate their heroism, that you are ready to extol it, and that you expect your hearers to share the emotions of your own breast. You should know what tones of voice you are to employ in expressing most effectively the sentiments of the piece, what gestures should be used and what words are to be emphasized.

1. Taking now the first verse, you should let the tones of your voice out full and clear on the first line, lowering your voice on the second line; then letting your voice ring out again on the third line, and again subduing it on the fourth. Here is a fine opportunity for contrast between strong tones and tones subdued and suggestive of death. It would not be amiss to give the words "their latest breath" in a whisper. Prolong the sound on the word "roll."

The word "thrilling" should be expressed with energetic impulse, and the voice lowered, yet round and full, on the last line.

2. With hands elevated as high as the shoulders and palms turned outward, expressive of wonder and almost alarm, deliver the first line of the second verse. Suddenly change to confidence and courage in the next three lines. Express nothing here that could suggest timidity, but rather the opposite.

"Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,"

should be spoken in a thoughtful mood, with head

dropped on breast; then lift it as you speak the two lines that follow, the last of which refers to the field of battle and should be designated, as in Figure 2 of Typical Gestures, found in the preceding pages.

3. At the beginning of verse three, elevate your voice and prolong the tones. The words "never runs" are emphatic; put stress on them. On the fifth and sixth lines of this verse use the gesture for Exaltation, Figure 11 of Typical Gestures—arm lifted as high as the head and palm opened upward, giving the arm at the same time a circular motion. The last two lines should be delivered with hands clasped, palm to palm, in front of the breast, and eyes turned upward.



THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!" "Who, sir?" said an officer. "Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

2. Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Lannes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

3. But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Lannes

beaten—Champeaux dead—Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon.

4. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drum-sticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramid: I beat that charge at Mount Tabor: I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

5. Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of

Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge.

6. Over the dead and wounded, over breast-works and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a General only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

LESSON TALK.

A story or a narrative like this should be read in a more easy, conversational manner than is demanded for selections more tragic or oratorical. Yet a great variety of expression can be introduced into this piece, and without it, the reading will be tame.

1. In the first part of this verse spread your hands forward, then outward with the palms downward, to indicate the map of Italy which is lying before the great general. In a tone of triumph, accompanied with firmness and decision, Napoleon says, "I will capture him there." Use the gesture for defiance, Figure 23, in Typical Gestures. Your body must be immediately relaxed as you ask the question, "Who, sir?" Let the answer be given with utterance somewhat rapid, still indicating firmness and decision.

2. This verse is easy narrative and should be recited as you would tell it to a friend in conversation. The words "masterly plan" in the last line are emphatic.

3. In the first line of this verse use the gesture shown in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures, indicating that Napoleon's scheme was rejected by God and brought to nought. The style of narrative here is very concise and the sentences should follow one another in quick succession. "Milas, pushed to the

wall," should be expressed by Figure 4 of Typical Gestures. When you come to the words "the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat," stretch forth your right arm as in Figure 6 of Typical Gestures, dropping it to your side heavily on the last word. Point to the boy general sweeping across the field and to the eminence where Napoleon stood. *Champeaux* is pronounced *Shon-po*; *Desaix* is pronounced *De-say*.

4. Here you drop again into easy narrative until you come to the words, "Beat a retreat!" These are to be shouted as if you were the officer on the battlefield giving the command. Put intense expression into the boy's appeal, as he states that he does not know how to beat a retreat, and pleads to be permitted to beat a charge. There is opportunity here for grand effect as you deliver these lines.

5 and 6. Use the gesture for Defiance on the words, "Up! the charge!" You are ordering an advance, resolved to win the victory. The remainder of this verse and the following is narrative and demands quite a different rendering from the words of command in other parts of the selection. If you recite it in such a way as to express the full meaning it will captivate your hearers.

THE WEDDING FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago—
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road

2. Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dewdrops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair.

3. So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then with a cloud upon his face,
“What shall we do?” he turned to say,
“Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow case?”
4. And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow case before him laid,
Whose contents reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.
The maiden answers: “Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where’s the need?”
Then at the parson’s squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.
5. Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung.
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with
fright,
- And there with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The parson met their wondering sight.
6. The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far out across the window-sill and yells—
“Come in. He says he’ll take the beans!”
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.
7. Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious products of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.
8. Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland
scenes:
“God bless the priest of Whittensville!
God bless the man who took the beans.”

LESSON TALK.

The quiet humor of this piece stands in strong contrast to selections of a tragic character, and if it is recited in an easy pleasant way, it is sure to be appreciated by all who hear it. Adapt your voice and manner, therefore, to the style of narrative.

1. With the right hand extended designate the farm horse, large and lean. Drawl out the word lazy in the next line, and continue this slow utterance to the end of the verse.

2. The sentiment changes in the next verse and requires more animation. In the first line make the gesture shown in Figure 21 of Typical Gestures, in the beginning of Part II, of this volume. Become more animated as you describe the maiden’s eyes and the soft waves of her golden hair.

3. The young couple reach the parsonage and your manner should suggest theirs; they have come on very important business. Express the embarrassment of the young man as he asks the question: “What shall we do?” etc. Give a half look of surprise as you refer to the contents of the pillow-case.

4. In a half tone of rebuke the maiden answers, “Let us wait,” saying encouragingly that there is no

need to borrow trouble. She evidently believes the parson will be quite willing to take the fee.

5. Let your utterance become more rapid as you picture the bridegroom springing from the horse. With uplifted, clenched hand knock on the door, and then portray the half fright of the parson as he answers the knock.

6. Here is an opportunity for a genuine touch of humor. Cry out as the young man would to the maiden by the gate, “Come in; he says he’ll take the beans!” She jumps to the ground. Make the gesture of Figure 16 in Typical Gestures.

7. Act out the effort of carrying the pillow-case through the open door and throwing it upon the parlor floor. Do not let your facial expression be too serious. You should know how to smile without looking silly.

8. Here again in the first line make the gesture in Figure 16, and with elevated pitch and joyous expression picture the young couple as they ride away. With fervent tones and uplifted hands recite the last two lines of the piece. A good recital for a parlor entertainment.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

MAKE me a statue," said the King,
 "Of marble white as snow;
 It must be pure enough to stand
 Before my throne, at my right hand;
 The niche is waiting. Go!"

2. The sculptor heard the King's command
 And went upon his way;
 He had no marble, but he meant,
 With willing mind and high intent,
 To mould his thoughts in clay.

3. Day after day he wrought in clay,
 But knew not what he wrought;
 He sought the help of heart and brain,
 But could not make the riddle plain;
 It lay beyond his thought.

4. To-day the statue seemed to grow,
 To-morrow it stood still,
 The third day all went well again;
 Thus year by year, in joy and pain,
 He served his master's will.

5. At last his life-long work was done;
 It was a fateful day;
 He took the statue to the King,
 And trembled like a guilty thing,
 Because it was but clay.

6. "Where is my statue?" asked the King
 "Here, Lord," the Sculptor said:
 "But I commanded marble." "True
 I had not that, what could I do
 But mould in clay instead?"

7. "Thou shalt not unrewarded go
 Since thou hast done thy best,
 Thy statue shall acceptance win,
 It shall be as it should have been,
 For I will do the rest."

8. He touched the statue, and it changed
 The clay falls off, and lo!
 The marble shape before him stands,
 The perfect work of heavenly hands,
 An angel, pure as snow.

LESSON TALK.

The beautiful lesson taught in this selection is apparent to every one. In reciting it you have, therefore, the advantage of presenting a reading that commends itself to all hearers, the sentiment of which is admirable. The piece will speak for itself, and there is a vast difference between a reading of this description and one that has nothing specially to commend it.

And here let me say something concerning your choice of recitations. First of all, they should be adapted to your range of capacity. It is simply grotesque for one to whom only tragedy is natural to attempt to recite humorous pieces. On the other hand, it is a great mistake for one who is expert in nothing but humorous selections to attempt to recite tragedy.

The error with many readers lies in attempting to do that for which they are not naturally fitted. The selections in this volume are so diversified that you ought to be able to find what is especially suited to your ability.

Nothing is inserted here simply because it is good poetry or good prose. There are thousands of readings and recitations, so called, that do not afford the elocutionist any opportunity to display his powers.

They are a dull monotony from beginning to end. They fill the pages of the book, but nobody wants them. Every recitation in this volume has been chosen because it has some special merit and is adapted to call out the powers of the reader.

1. Taking now the recitation before us, you have in the first verse the King's command, which you should deliver in a tone of authority, extending the right hand on the fourth line.

And this affords me an opportunity to say that your gestures should never be thrust forward or sideways in an angular manner, but with something approaching a curve. Do not make gestures as though you were a prize-fighter and were thrusting at an imaginary foe. Remember that the line of beauty is always the curve.

2. This verse is narrative and requires a different expression from the one preceding it. Extend your right hand on the second line in which it is stated that the sculptor went upon his way, curving your arm outward and then letting it fall gently by your side.

3. In this verse the sculptor is in perplexity. He is trying to study out the riddle, and to express this you should use Figure 22 of Typical Gestures.

4 and 5. These verses are also narrative, the only thing to be noted being the trembling timidity of the sculptor in the last part of the 5th verse. This should be indicated by the tones of your voice and general manner.

6. This is dialogue, and while the inflexions required are those of ordinary conversation, do not let your manner be too tame.

7. Make the announcement contained in **this verse** with evident satisfaction. The last line is emphatic and should be spoken with full volume.

8. Make a pause after the word *statue* in the first line and recite the remainder of this line in a tone of surprise. In the second line make the gesture in Figure 13 of Typical Gestures. Let your facial expression indicate satisfaction.

THE PUZZLED BOY.

“**W**ELL—whose boy am I, any way?
I fell down cellar yesterday,
And gave my head an awful bump
(If you had only seen the lump!)
And Mamma called me when I cried,
And hugged me close up to her side,
And said: ‘I’ll kiss and make it well,
Mamma’s own boy; how hard he fell.

“When Papa took me out to play
Where all the men were making hay,
He put me on old Dobbin’s back;
And when they gave the whip a crack,
And off he threw me, Papa said,
(When I got up and rubbed my head,
And shut my lips, and winked my eyes)
‘Papa’s brave boy. He never cries!’

3. “And when I go to Grandma’s—well,
You’d be surprised if I could tell
Of all the pies and ginger-cakes
And doughnuts that she always makes,
And all the jam and tarts and such,
And *never* says, ‘Don’t take too much;
‘Because,’ she says, ‘he must enjoy
His visit, for he’s Grandma’s boy!’

4. “And Grandpa says: ‘I’ll give him soon
A little pony for his own,
He’ll learn to ride it well, I know,
Because he’s Grandpa’s boy. Ho! ho!’
And plenty other people say:
‘Well, how are you, my boy, to-day?’
Now, can you tell me, if you try,
How many little boys *am I?*”

LESSON TALK.

This selection is in a lighter vein than the others that have gone before. It is adapted to a boy eight or ten years old. While the humor is not of a boisterous character, the piece is very pleasing when recited by a boy who knows how to take in the situation and can put on a look of natural surprise.

Recitations by little people are always interesting to older persons. The young should be taught to recite in public. While this need not make them bold, it does give them confidence, which is very desirable for them to have.

Moreover, it helps them to become graceful in manner if they are properly trained, and takes away the awkwardness which makes many young persons appear to a disadvantage. Added to all this the cultivation of the memory derived from learning recitations, and learning them so thoroughly that they cannot be forgotten through any temporary embarrassment, and you will readily see that the noble art of elocution is an essential part of every young person’s education.

The selection before us is not a difficult one to re-

cite. In the first verse emphasis should be placed on the word “am,” and the question should be asked in a tone of surprise. Put your hand to your head in speaking of that “awful bump.”

In the next verse lift your right hand with a sudden motion and use any gesture with which you can best indicate the cracking of the whip. When you come to the words “off he threw me,” use the gesture in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures. Emphasize the word “he” in the last line.

In verse three open your eyes in half wonder and put on an expressive smile as you speak of grandma’s pies, cakes, doughnuts, tarts, etc. Make it plain that you enjoy your visit to grandma’s.

With elevated voice and accents of delight refer to the gift of the little pony in the last verse. Speak the first “ho!” rather quickly; then prolong the sound on the second “ho!” In the last line the words “am I?” are emphatic. You are puzzled to know how many little boys you are. Pause a moment and look as if expecting an answer.

RECITATIONS WITH MUSIC.



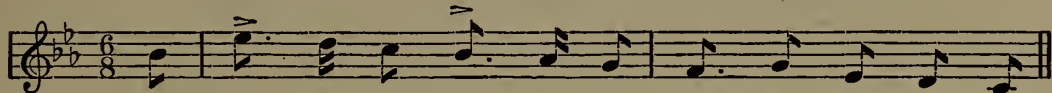
Nothing renders a recitation more acceptable to any audience than snatches of music, some of the words being sung, if the reader has a voice for singing. The change from reciting to singing should be made easily, and you should be fully confident that you can carry through the

part to be expressed by the notes of music, and sing the words effectively.

This will require practice, but will repay you for the time spent in preparation. Selections for song and recital combined are here presented, which cannot fail to captivate your audience if they are skillfully rendered.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

The words to be sung, or that should receive the prolonged sound indicated by the notes, are printed in italics. Remember you are calling to some one in the distance.



1. O - *hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the fer - ry?*
 2. O - *hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the fer - ry.*
 3. O - *hoi ye - ho, Ho, you're too late for the fer - ry.*

1. *-HOI ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Who's for the ferry?*

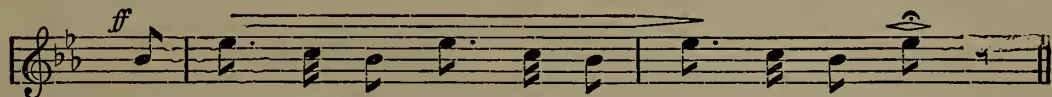
The briars in bud, the sun is going down,
 And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
 And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town."

The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,

And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,

And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,

And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.



O - *hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho.*

2. *"O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, I'm for the ferry,*
 The briars in bud, the sun going down,
 And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
 And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?"

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she look'd sweet

As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,

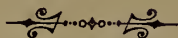
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,

"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham Town."

O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

3. *O-hoi ye-ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry,*
 The briars in bud, the sun going down,
 And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,
 You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham Town.

"O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will,
 The moon is a rising on Peterham Hill,
 And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
 There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.
O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.



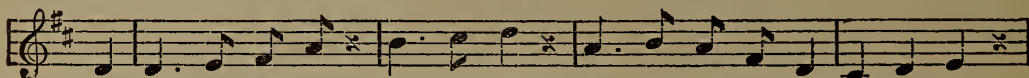
GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

The words to be sung are printed in italics.

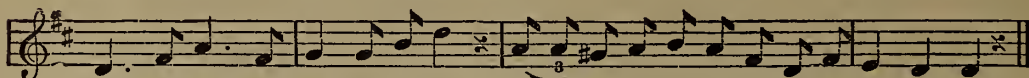
MY grandmother she, at the age of eighty-three,
 One day in May was taken ill and died;
 And after she was dead, the will of course was read,
 By a lawyer as we all stood by his side.
 Five hundred dollars to my brother did she leave,

When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife,
 You'll find it very handy, I declare;
 On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
 You can then sit in your old arm chair.

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,



And how they tit-ter'd, how they chaff'd, How my broth-er and sis-ter laugh'd,



When they heard the law-yer de-clare, Gran-ny had on-ly left to me her old arm chair.

The same unto my sister, I declare;
 But when it came to me, the lawyer said, 'I see

She has left to you her old arm chair."

*And how they tittered, how they chaffed,
 How my brother and sister laughed,
 When they heard the lawyer declare
 Granny had only left to me her old arm chair.*

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,

And in the evening took the chair away;
 The neighbors they me chaffed, my brother at me laughed,

And said it will be useful, John, some day;

Strange to say, I settled down in married life;

I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,

Took her to the church, and when she was my wife,

The girl and I were just as happy as could be,

For when my work was over, I declare,
 I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,

And be seated in my old arm chair.

One night the chair fell down; when I picked it up I found

The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my
eyes,
Ten thousand dollars tucked away, or
more.
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I
confess,

Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his
hair;
But I only laughed at him, then said unto
him, "Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm
chair?" JOHN READ.
[Repeat words with music.]

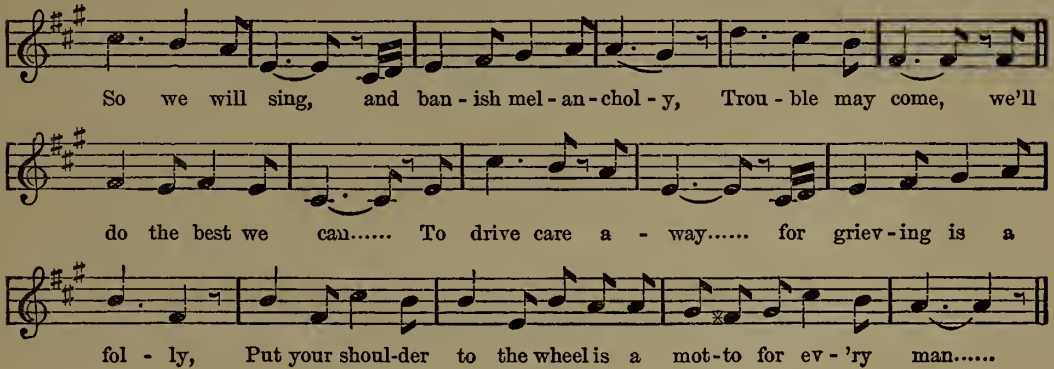


PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

The words to be sung are in italics.

SOME people you've met in your
time, no doubt,
Who never look happy or gay;
I'll tell you the way to get jolly and stout,
If you'll listen awhile to my lay.
I've come here to tell you a bit of my mind,
And please with the same, if I can;

For there's room in this world for us all.
"Credit refuse," if you've money to pay,
You'll find it the wiser plan;
And "a dollar laid by for a rainy day,"
Is a motto for every man.
A coward gives in at the first repulse;
A brave man struggles again,



Advice is my song, you will certainly find,
And a motto for every man.

*So we will sing, and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly;
Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for
ev'ry man.*

We cannot all fight in this battle of life,
The weak must go to the wall;
So do to each other the thing that is right.

With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
To battle his way amongst men;
For he knows he has only one chance in his
time
To better himself, if he can;
"So make your hay while the sun doth
shine,"
That's a motto for every man.

HARRY CLIFTON

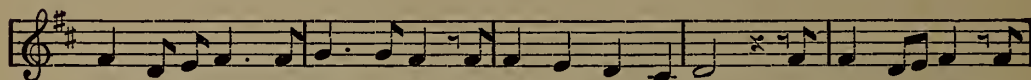
[Repeat the part to be sung.]

A BRIGHTER DAY IS COMING.

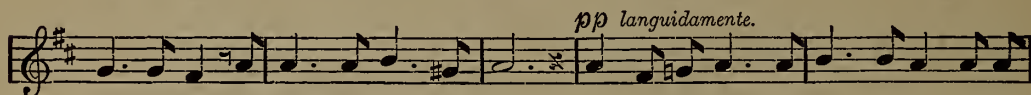
The words in italics are to be sung.

"**T** IRED," ah, yes, so tired, dear, the day
has been very long,
But shadowy gloaming draweth near,
'tis time for the even song.
I'm ready to go to rest at last, ready to say,
"Good night;"
The sunset glory darkens fast, to-morrow
will bring me light.

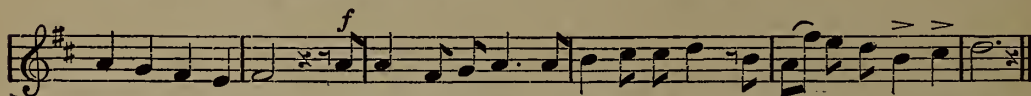
"*Tired,*" ah, yes, so tired, dear, I shall soundly
sleep to-night,
With never a dream, and never a fear, to wake
in the morning's light.
It has seemed so long since morning tide,
and I have been left so lone,
Young, smiling faces thronged my side when
the early sunlight shone,



Sing once a-gain, "A-bide with me," That sweet-est ev-'ning hymn, And now "Good-night," I



can - not see, 'The light has grown so dim. "Tir - ed!" ah, yes, so tir - ed, dear! I shall



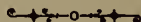
sound-ly sleep to-night, With nev - er a dream, and nev - er a fear, To wake in the morning's light.

Sing once again, "Abide with me," that sweetest
evening hymn,
And now "Good night," I cannot see, the
light has grown so dim.

But they grew tire long ago, and I saw them
sink to rest,
With folded hands and brows of snow, on the
green earth's mother breast.

HELEN BURNSIDE.

[Repeat the words with music.]



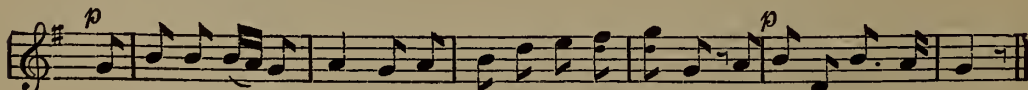
KATY'S LOVE LETTER.

Sing the words printed in italics.

CH, girls dear, did you ever hear, I
wrote my love a letter,
And although he cannot read, sure I
thought 'twas all the better;
For why should he be puzzled with hard
spelling in the matter,

When the meaning was so plain that I love
him faithfully?

I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it, without one
word from me.



I love him faith-ful - ly, And he knows it, oh, he knows it, with-out one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;

'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;

For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,

As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully,

I love him faithfully,

And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,

The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;

And I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing,

So I wrote, "From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."

I love him faithfully,

And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,

No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;

But maybe there isn't one for the reason that I stated,

That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.

He loves me faithfully,

And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

LADY DUFFERIN.



DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

A COMIC DUET.

The persons who present this recital should appear in Quaker costume and stand near each other, face to face. It can be made very amusing. The change from reciting to singing adds greatly to the effect. Sing the words in italics, and make appropriate gestures.

1. SIMON.—Dost thou love me, Sister Ruth?

Say, say, say!

RUTH.—As I fain would speak the truth,

Yea, yea, yea.

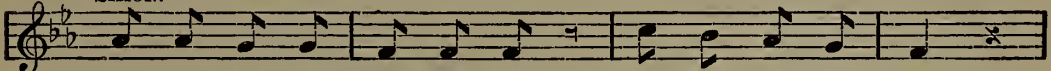
2. SIMON.—Wilt thou promise to be mine,

Maiden fair?

RUTH.—Take my hand, my heart is thine,

There, there, there. [*Salutes her.*]

SIMON.



Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
Let us thus the bargain seal,
O, how, blest we both should be,

Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
O, dear me, heigh - ho!
Hey down, ho down hey!

RUTH.



That has been the case with me,
Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel!
I could al - most dance with glee,

Dear en - gag - ing youth!
O, dear me, heigh - ho!
Hey down, ho down hey!

SIMON.—*Long my heart hath yearned for thee,*

Pretty Sister Ruth;

RUTH.—*That has been the case with me,*
Dear engaging youth.

SIMON.—*Let us thus the bargain seal.*

O, dear me, heigh-ho!

RUTH.—*Lauk! how very odd I feel!*

O, dear me, heigh-ho!

3. SIMON.—Love like ours can never cloy,

Humph! humph! humph!

RUTH.—While no jealous fears annoy,

Humph! humph! humph!

SIMON.—*O, how blessed we both should be,*

Hey down, ho down, hey!

RUTH.—*I could almost dance with glee,*

Hey down, ho down, hey!

JOHN PARRY.

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

SAYS Sammy to Dick,

"Come, hurry! come quick!

And we'll do, and we'll do, and
we'll do!

Our mammy's away,

She's gone for to stay,

And we'll make a great hullabaloo!

Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!

We'll make a great hullabaloo!

"Slide down the front stairs!

Tip over the chairs!

Now into the pantry break
through!

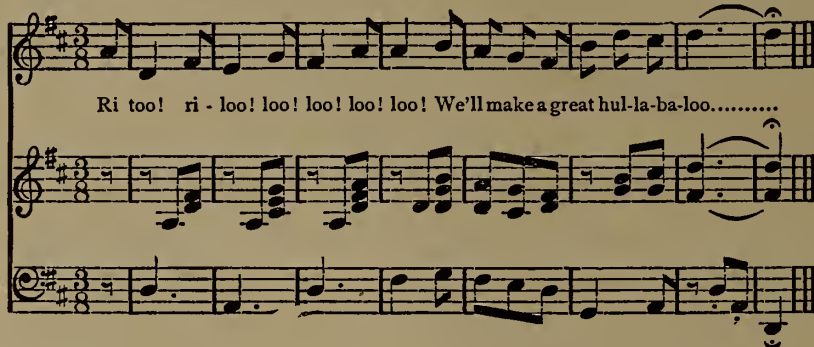
Pull down all the tin-ware,

And pretty things in there!

All aboard for a hullabaloo!

Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!

All aboard for a hullabaloo!



Says Dick to Sam,

"All weddy I am

To do, and to do, and to do,

But how doesth it go?

I so 'ittle to know,

That, what be a hullabawoo?

Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!

Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Oh, slammings and bangings,

And whingings and whangings;

And very bad mischief we'll do!

We'll clatter and shout,

And knock things about,

And that's what's a hullabaloo!

Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!

And that's what's a hullabaloo!

"Now roll up the table,

Far up as you are able,

Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too!

Put the lamps and the vases

In funny old places.

How's this for a hullabaloo?

Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!

How's this for a hullabaloo?

"Let the dishes and pans

Be the womans and mans;

Everybody keep still in their pew;

Mammy's gown I'll get next,

And preach you a text.

Dick! hush with your hullabaloo!

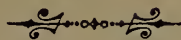
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!

Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
Climbed up and looked down,
His queer congregation to view,
Said Dicky to Sammy,
"Oh, dere comes our mammy!
She'll 'pank for dis hullubawoo!
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
She'll 'pank for dis hullabawoo!

"O mammy! O māmmy!"
Cried Dicky and Sammy,
"We'll never again, certain true!"
But with firm step she trod
To take down the rod—
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
Bo hoo! bo hoo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

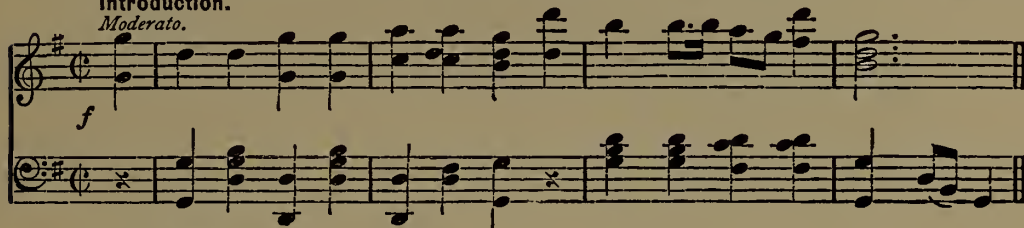


ARKANSAW PETE'S ADVENTURE;

ARKANSAW PETE, a frontier-backwoodsman, who sings the solo. CHORUS, three lively city gentlemen.

Introduction.

Moderato.

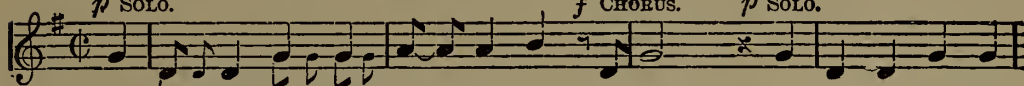


Voice. *Moderato.*

p SOLO.

f CHORUS.

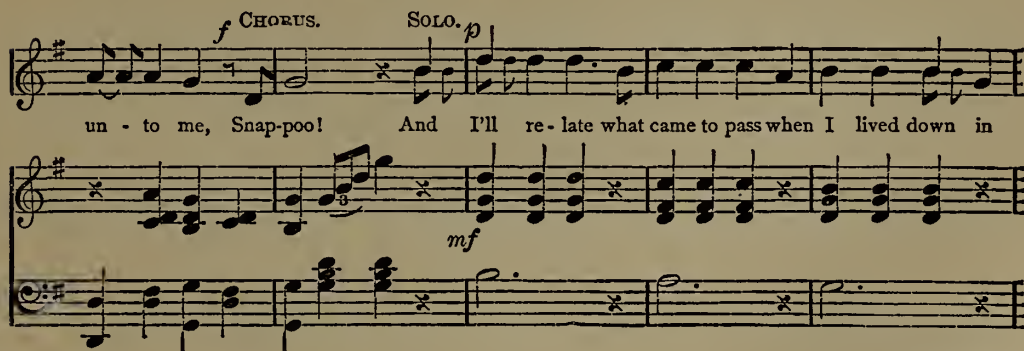
p SOLO.



I. Now ladies and gents, who here I see, Snap-poo! I pray you list-en



un-to me, Snap-poo! And I'll re-late what came to pass when I lived down in



Play the Chorus twice
over for dance round.

f FULL CHORUS. (Snapping fingers.)



Ark-saw, Snap-poo-Snap Pe-ter Fl lan-thi Go Sheeter Snap-poo!



2. While riding home one Saturday night,
Snap-poo!
I passed Miss Smith's and thought I'd light,
Snap-poo!
So I hitch'd my hoss and in did go,
Just for to spend an hour or so.
CHORUS (*marching up and down, and snapping fingers at PETE*).
Snap-poo! Snap-Peter!
Fi-lan-thi-go-shee-ter!
Snap-poo! (*Repeat chorus*.)
3. When to the door I had safely got,
Snap-poo!
She came and pok'd her sweet head out,
Snap-poo!
Said she right out, "Why, Mister Pete!
Oh, do walk in and have a seat!"
(CHORUS.)
4. With easy step and a jolly heart,
Snap-poo!
I bounded in just like a dart,
Snap-poo!
And, oh, you may bet, I felt all hunk
When into a chair by her I sunk. (CHORUS.)
5. Our chairs got closer as we two rock'd,
Snap-poo!
My throat swell'd up till I most chok'd,
Snap-poo!
At length they struck, and came to a stop—
Now, now, thinks I, 's the time to "pop!"
(CHORUS.)
6. I tried to look in her love-lit eyes,
Snap-poo!
They were clear and blue as summer skies,
Snap-poo!
- Not a word could I speak—alas! poor Pete!
Though she look'd good enough to eat.
(CHORUS.)
7. I look'd at her, and she look'd at me,
Snap-poo!
I heard my heart say pee-dee-dee,
Snap-poo!
I twisted my chair, and cross'd my feet—
I'd never seen anything half so sweet.
(CHORUS.)
8. My tongue grew thick, and my eyes stuck
out,
Snap-poo!
My hands flew nervously about,
Snap-poo!
And, before I could their motion check,
They grabb'd that gal right 'round the
neck!
(CHORUS.)
9. She haul'd away with her pretty fist,
Snap-poo!
She gave my jaw an awful twist,
Snap-poo!
It seem'd an hour before I spoke—
I thought by gum, my head was broke!
(CHORUS.)
10. The racket we made brought her ma-ma,
Snap-poo!
Who straightway call'd her great pa-pa,
Snap-poo!
He kicked me out—and, you bet, I fled.
That gal won't do, thinks I, to wed!
(CHORUS.)

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

THE BEAT OF THE DRUM AT DAYBREAK.

Speak the words in italics with full, earnest tones of command. Then change easily to a manner suited to animated description. An excellent selection for one who can make these changes effectively.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse !
The dew shines bright on the chestnut
boughs,

And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.

Awake ! awake ! awake !

O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.

Awake ! awake !

You have dreamed of your homes and your
friends all night ;

You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so
bright :

Come, part with them all for a while again—

Be lovers in dreams ; when awake, be men.

Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !

You have dreamed full long I know,

Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !

The east is all aglow.

Turn out ! turn out !

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum ;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !

Every man in his place.

Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !

Each with a cheerful face.

Fall in ! fall in !

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Admirably suited to rapid utterance, vivid description and full tones on an elevated key. Hurrah in the last lines as you would if you saw the enemy routed on the field of battle.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come,
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp ! tramp ! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit,
The fierce horses go !
And the grim-visaged colonel
With ear-rending shout,

Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop !"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank :
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader.

Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.

A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;

A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.

Cut right! and cut left!
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.



THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Hold your body erect, but not awkwardly stiff, let every nerve be tense, your voice full and round, and let your manner indicate that you have a grand story to relate, as you recite Admiral Schley's thrilling description of the great naval battle at Santiago. You are depicting the scene as though you were there and yourself won the brilliant victory.

ONE hour before the Spaniards appeared my quartermaster on the Brooklyn reported to me that Cervera's fleet was coaling up. This was just what I expected, and we prepared everything for a hot reception. Away over the hills great clouds of smoke could be faintly seen rising up to the sky. A little later and the smoke began to move towards the mouth of the harbor. The black cloud wound in and out along the narrow channel, and every eye on board the vessels in our fleet strained with expectation.

The sailor boys were silent for a full hour and the grim old vessels lay back like tigers waiting to pounce upon their prey. Suddenly the whole Spanish fleet shot out of the mouth of the channel. It was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. The flames were pouring out of the funnels, and as it left the channel the fleet opened fire with every gun

on board. Their guns were worked as rapidly as possible, and shells were raining around like hail.

It was a grand charge. My first impression was that of a lot of maddened bulls, goaded to desperation, dashing at their tormentors. The storm of projectiles and shells was the hottest imaginable. I wondered where they all came from. Just as the vessels swung around the Brooklyn opened up with three shells, and almost simultaneously the rest of the fleet fired. Our volley was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, and so surprised them that they must have been badly rattled.

When our fleet swung around and gave chase, we not only had to face the fire from the vessels, but were bothered by a cross-fire from the forts on either side, which opened on our fleet as soon as the Spaniards shot out of the harbor. The engage-

ment lasted three hours, but I hardly knew what time was. I remember crashing holes through the Spanish Admiral's flagship, the Maria Teresa, and giving chase to the Colon.

I was on the bridge of the Brooklyn during the whole engagement, and at times the smoke was so dense that I could not see three yards ahead of me. The shells from the enemy's fleet were whistling around and bursting everywhere, except where they could do some damage. I seemed to be the only thing on the vessel not protected by heavy armor, and oh! how I would have liked to get behind some of that armor!

I don't know how I kept my head, but I do know that I surprised myself by seeing and knowing all that was going on, and I could hear my voice giving orders to do just what my head thought was right, while my heart was trying to get beneath the shelter of the armored deck. How do I account for

such a victory with so little loss? That would mean how do I account for the rain of Spanish shell not doing more execution? They fought nobly and desperately, but they were not a match for our Yankee officers and sailors.

I was proud of the boys in our fleet during that engagement. They knew just what their guns could do, and not one shot was wasted. Their conduct was wonderful. It was inspiring. It was magnificent. Men who can stand behind big guns and face a black storm of shells and projectiles as coolly as though nothing was occurring; men who could laugh because a shell had missed hitting them; men who could bet one another on shots and lay odds in the midst of the horrible crashing; men who could not realize that they were in danger—such men are wonders, and we have a whole navy of wonders.

ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY.



HOBSON'S DARING DEED.

Let your tones of voice be strong and bold, not boisterous, and give to the most spirited lines full force. You are depicting a daring deed, and it must not be done in a weak, timid, hesitating way, but with strong utterance and emphasis. The sinking of the steam collier Merrimac was a famous exploit.

THUNDER peal and roar and rattle of the
ships in line of battle,
Rumbling noise of steel volcanoes hurl-
ing metal from the shore,
Drowned the sound of quiet speaking and the
creaking, creaking, creaking
Of the steering-gear that turned her toward
the narrow harbor door.

On the hulk was calm and quiet, deeper for the
shoreward riot;
Dumb they watched the fountain streaming;
mute they heard the waters hiss,
Till one laughed and murmured, "Surely it was
worth while rising early
For a fireworks exhibition of such character as
this."

Down the channel the propeller drove her as
they tried to shell her
From the drizzly heights of Morro and Socapa
parapet;
She was torn and she was battered, and her upper
works were shattered
By the bursting of the missiles that in air
above her met.

Parallels of belching cannon marked the winding
course she ran on,
And they flashed through morning darkness
like a giant's flaming teeth;
Waters steaming, boiling, churning; rows of
muzzles at each turning;
Mines like geysers spouting after and before
her and beneath.

Not a man was there who faltered ; not a theory
 was altered
 Of the detailed plan agreed on—not a doubt
 was there expressed ;
 This was not a time for changing, deviating,
 re-arranging ;
 Let the great God help the wounded, and
 their courage save the rest.

And they won. But greater glory than the win-
 ning is the story
 Of the foeman's friendly greeting of that
 valiant captive band ;
 Speech of his they understood not, talk to him
 in words they could not ;
 But their courage spoke a language that all
 men might understand.

GENERAL WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

"Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly called, was one of the most conspicuous and heroic figures in the battles fought around Santiago. Recite this tribute to the hero with feeling, and show by looks, tone, and gestures that you appreciate the patriotism and valor of the famous commander of cavalry.

INTO the thick of the fight he went, pallid
 and sick and wan,
 Borne in an ambulance to the front, a
 ghostly wisp of a man ;
 But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved
 in the long ago,
 Went to the front in that ambulance, and the
 body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smit-
 ten of Spanish shells—
 Wounded boys from the Vermont Hills and the
 Alabama dells ;
 "Put them into this ambulance ; I'll ride to the
 front," he said,
 And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on,
 that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up
 the ringing cheers,
 And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed
 with sudden tears,

As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and
 hair and beard of snow,
 Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old
 Fighting Joe !

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could
 not stay away,
 For he heard the song of the yester-years in the
 deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
 He heard in the calling song of the guns there
 was work for him to do,
 Where his country's best blood splashed and
 flowed 'round the old Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart ! This Union's
 heart to you
 Beats out in love and reverence—and to each
 dear boy in blue
 Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and
 cheered in the face of the foe,
 As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode
 little old Fighting Joe !

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

THE FLAG GOES BY.

HATS off !
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky :
 Hats off !
 The flag is passing by !
 Blue and crimson and white it shines

Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
 Hats off !
 The colors before us fly !
 But more than the flag is passing by,
 Sea-fights and land-fights grim and great
 Fought to make and to save the state ;
 Cheers of victory on dying lines.


Weary marches and sinking ships;
 Days of plenty and years of peace
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right and law,
 Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong,
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride and glory and honor, all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.
 Hats off!



IN MANILA BAY.

A graphic description of the great naval battle of Manila and Admiral Dewey's overwhelming victory. Unless this recital is delivered in an animated, exultant manner, and with great oratorical force, the grand power of the description will be weakened, if not entirely lost. Put your whole soul into it.

 N the broad Manila Bay
 The Spanish cruisers lay,
 In the shelter of their forts upon
 the shore;

And they dared their foes to sail
 Through the crashing iron hail
 Which the guns from decks and battlements
 would pour.

All the harbor ways were missed,
 And along the channel blind
 Slept the wild torpedoes, dreaming dreams
 of wrath.

Yea! the fiery hates of hell
 Lay beneath the ocean's swell,
 Like a thousand demons ambushed in the
 path.

Breasting fierce Pacific gales,
 Lo! a little squadron sails,
 And the Stars and Stripes are noating from
 its spars.

It is friendless and alone,
 Aids and allies it has none,
 But a dauntless chorus sings its dauntless
 tars:

"We're ten thousand miles from home;
 Ocean's wastes and wave and foam
 Shut us from the land we love so far away.
 We have ne'er a friendly port
 For retreat as last resort,
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their
 own bay.

"They have mines beneath the sea,
 They have forts upon their lee,

They have everything to aid them in the
 fray;
 But we'll brave their hidden mines,
 And we'll face their blazing lines;
 Yes! We'll beard the ships of Spain in
 their own bay.

"If we're worsted in the fight,
 We shall perish in the right—
 No hand will wipe the dew of death away.
 The wounded none will tend,
 For we've not a single friend;
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their
 own bay.

"No ironclads we sail,
 Only cruisers light and frail,
 With no armor plates to turn the shells
 away.
 All the battleships now steer
 In another hemisphere,
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their
 own bay.

"Ho! Remember now the Maine!
 Up! And smite the ships of Spain!
 Let them not forget for years this first of
 May!

Though hell blaze up from beneath,
 Forward through the cannon's breath,
 When Dewey leads into Manila Bay."

There, half-way round the world,
 Swift and straight the shots were hurled,
 And a handful of bold sailors won the day.
 Never since earth was begun
 Has a braver deed been done
 Than when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay.

God made for him a path
 Through the mad torpedoes' wrath,
 From their slumbers never wakened into
 play.
 When dawn smote the east with gold,
 Spaniards started to behold
 Dewey and his gallant fleet within ther bay.
 Then from forts and warships first
 Iron maledictions burst,
 And the guns with tongues of flame began
 to pray;
 Like demons out of hell
 The batteries roar and yell,
 While Dewey answers back across the bay.

O Gods! it was a sight,
 Till the smoke, as black as night,
 Hid the fire-belching ships from light of day.
 When it lifted from the tide,
 Smitten low was Spanish pride,
 And Dewey was the master of their bay.
 Where the awful conflict roared,
 And red blood in torrents poured,
 There the Stars and Stripes are waving high
 to-day.
 Dewey! Hero strong and grand!
 Shout his name through every land!
 For he sunk the ships of Spain in their own
 bay. CHARLES WADSWORTH, JA

MY SOLDIER BOY.

WHEN night comes on, when morning
 breaks, they rise,
 Those earnest prayers by faithful lips
 oft said,
 And pierce the blue which shrouds the inner skies:
 "God guard my boy; God grant he is not
 dead!"
 "My soldier boy—where is he camped to-night?"
 "God guard him waking, sleeping or in fight!"
 Far, far away where tropic suns cast down
 Their scorching rays, where sultry damp airs rise

And haunting breath of sickness holds its own,
 A homesick boy, sore wounded, suffering lies.
 "Mother! Mother!" is his ceaseless cry.
 "Come, mother, come, and see me ere I die!"
 Where is war's glory? Ask the trumpet's blare,
 The marching columns run to bitter strife;
 Ask of the raw recruit who knows as yet
 Naught of its horrors, naught of its loss of life;
 Ask not the mother; weeping for her son,
 She knows the heart-aches following victories
 won.

THE YANKEES IN BATTLE.

FOR courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope. That was that the Spanish ship Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the American ship Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo-boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battleships can only be described in one way. It was Spanish, and it was ordered by the Spanish

General Blanco. The same may be said of the entire movement.

In contrast to the Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. Admiral Cervera was taken aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him, and he was received with a full Admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with

powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. The crew cheered vociferously. The Admiral submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred.

The officers of the Spanish ship *Vizcaya* said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose, and the blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc.

The torpedo boat *Ericsson* was sent by the flagship to the help of the *Iowa* in the rescue of the *Vizcaya's* crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames, leaping out from the huge shot holes in the *Vizcaya's* sides, licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American fire.

From two 6-pounders 400 shells were fired in fifty minutes. Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpetre from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun.

Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the 3-inch gun was fired, the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged away from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

CAPTAIN R. D. EVANS.



THE BANNER BETSEY MADE.

The first American flag, including the thirteen stars and stripes, was made by Mrs. Betsey Ross, a Quaker lady of Philadelphia. Recite these lines in an easy, conversational manner, yet with animation. In this and similar recitations never let your voice sink down into your throat, as if you were just ready to faint away. Your delivery should never be dull, least of all in patriotic pieces.

WE have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
 As it floats upon the breeze,
 Rich in legend, song and story
 On the land and on the seas;
 Far above the shining river,
 Over mountain, glen and glade
 With a fame that lives forever
 Streams the banner Betsey made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
 To the glory of the wars,

Once the modest little Quaker
 Deftly studded it with stars;
 And her fingers, swiftly flying
 Through the sunshine and the shade,
 Welded colors bright, undying,
 In the banner Betsey made.

When at last her needle rested
 And her cherished work was done
 Went the banner, love invested,
 To the camps of Washington;

And the glorious continentals
 In the morning light arrayed
 Stood in ragged regimentals
 'Neath the banner Betsey made.

How they cheered it and its maker,
 They the gallant sons of Mars,
 How they blessed the little Quaker
 And her flag of stripes and stars;
 'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
 Glinted bayonets and blade,
 And the breezes of the morning
 Kissed the banner Betsey made.

Years have passed, but still in glory
 With a pride we love to see,
 Laureled with a nation's glory
 Waves the emblem of the free;
 From the rugged pines of Northland
 To the deep'ning everglade,

In the sunny heart of Southland
 Floats the banner Betsey made.
 A protector all have found it
 And beneath it stands no slave,
 Freemen brave have died around it
 On the land and on the wave;
 In the foremost front of battle
 Borne by heroes not afraid,
 'Mid the musket's rapid rattle,
 Soared the banner Betsey made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers flying
 With a heart to freedom true
 Mingled colors bright, undying—
 Fashioned stars and field of blue;
 It will lack for no defenders
 When the nation's foes invade,
 For our country ose to splendor
 'Neath the banner Betsey made.
 T. C. HARBAUGH.



OUR FLAG.

NOW can the world once more the glory see
 Of this our flag, emblem of liberty.
 Now can the tyrant quake with direst
 fear

As o'er his land our banners shall appear.

No selfish aim shall lead our flag astray,
 No base desire shall point our banner's way;
 Each star has told a tale of noble deed,
 Each stripe shall mean from strife a nation free.

Our glorious past when first with thirteen stars
 On field of blue with white and bright red bars,
 Our flag led on in battle's fierce array,
 And freed the land from mighty Britain's sway.

And since this time when first it was unfurled,
 Our flag has proved the noblest in the world.
 From Cuba's shore out to Manila Bay
 Its mighty folds protecting fly to-day.

Beneath this flag with patriotic pride
 For freedom's cause great men have gladly died
 Our noblest sons beneath its folds so free
 In conflict died for Cuba's liberty.

Float on, dear flag, our nation's greatest joy,
 Thy starry folds no despot shall destroy;
 Stretch out thy arms till war forever cease,
 And all the world is universal peace.

CHAS. F. ALSOP.



THAT STARRY FLAG OF OURS.

UNFURL the starry banner,
 Till with loving eyes we view
 The stars and stripes we honor
 And the folds of azure blue.

'Tis the pride of all our nation
 And the emblem of its powers—

The gem of all creation
 Is that starry flag of ours.

Then raise aloft "Old Glory,"
 And its colors bright surround,
 In battle fierce and gory,
 Or in peace with honor bound.

Let it float from spire and steeple,
And from house-tops, masts and towers,
For the banner of the people
Is that starry flag of ours.

Now, behold it, bright and peerless,
In the light of freedom's sky;

See its colors floating, fearless
As the eagle soaring high.

And amid the cannon's rattle
And the bullets' deadly showers,
Ten million men will battle
For that starry flag of ours.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

In reciting this piece give stress and emphasis to the words, "the Tenth at La Quasina." You are praising the valor of this regiment, and should not do it in a doubtful or hesitating manner.

WE used to think the negro didn't count
for very much—

Light-fingered in the melon patch, and
chicken yard, and such;

Much mixed in point of morals and absurd in
point of dress,

The butt of droll cartoonists and the target of
the press;

But we've got to reconstruct our views on color,
more or less,

Now we know about the Tenth at La
Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a song
upon his lips,

In the horror where such gallant lives went out
in death's eclipse,

Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the slope
of San Juan,

The negro soldier showed himself another type
of man;

Read the story of his courage, coldly, carelessly,
who can—

The story of the Tenth at La Quasina!

We have heaped the Cuban soil above their
bodies, black and white—

The strangely sorted comrades of that grand and
glorious fight—

And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes whole
and sound to-day

For the succor of the colored troops, the battle
records say,

And the feud is done forever, of the blue coat
and the gray—

All honor to the Tenth at La Quasina!

B. M. CHANNING.

DEEDS OF VALOR AT SANTIAGO.

To be delivered with full, ringing tones. You are an exultant patriot, picturing the glorious deeds of our American army. This selection affords opportunity for very effective gestures.

WHO cries that the days of daring are
those that are faded far,

That never a light burns planet-bright
to be hailed as the hero's star?

Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave
of the elder years,

But a song, we say, for the men of to-day who
have proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish
eye of the sun,

(10—X)

And down with its crown of guns a-frown looks
the hill-top to be won;

There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks,
his hold and his hiding-place,

And he who would cross the space between must
meet death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the
shrapnel shrieks and flies;

Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with
the dauntless eyes?

Will the moment find them wanting! Nay, but
with valor stirred!

Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground
they wait but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves
with a shout and a swing,

While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the
spiteful bullet's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now they are
breasting the slope,

While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the
eyes of hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber
and on,

With "Up with the flag of the stripes and stars,
and down with the flag of the Don!"

What should they bear through the shot-rent air
but rout to the ranks of Spain,

For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the
blood of the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are
the foemen? Gone!

And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from
the heights of San Juan!

And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of
the elder years,

A song, we say, for the men of to-day who have
proved themselves their peers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



A RACE FOR DEAR LIFE.

THE battleships Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas pushed ahead after the Spanish ships Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. When Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, suddenly headed in shore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time, and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a loud and mighty explosion.

The crew of the Texas started to cheer. "Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying!" called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

That ship, in desperation, was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made

the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time. The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but was not supposed to be her match in strength.

It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The Desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then, and the gallant Don gave it up. He headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships

were then within a mile of her, but her escape was cut off. The Texas, Oregon and Brooklyn closed in on her, and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

With the capture of the Cristobal Colon the battle was ended, and there was great

rejoicing on all our ships. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signalled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory."

PATRIOTISM OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN FEAL

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

There is a strain of gladness, a tone of rejoicing in this selection, which requires a spirited delivery and full volume of voice. Patriotic emotions should always be expressed in an exultant joyous manner by voice, attitude and gestures.

THE clouds grew dark as the people paused,
A people of peace and toil,
And there came a cry from all the sky:
"Come, children of mart and soil,
Your mother needs you—hear her voice;
Though she has not a son to spare,
She has spoken the word that ye all have heard,
Come, answer ye everywhere!"

They need no urging to stir them on.
They yearn for no battle cry;
At the word that their country calls for men
They throw down hammer and scythe and pen,
And are ready to serve and die!
From the North, from the South, from East, from
West,
Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum!

Under one flag they march along,
With their voices swelling a single song,
Here they come, they come, they come!
List! the North men cheer the men from the South
And the South returns the cheer;
There is no question of East or West,
For hearts are a-tune in every breast,
'Tis a nation answering here.

It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee,
One land for each and for all,
And the veterans' eyes see their children rise
To answer their country's call.
They have not forgotten—God grant not so!
(Ah, we know of the graves on the hill.)
But these eager feet make the old hearts beat,
And the old eyes dim and fill!

The Past sweeps out, and the Present comes—
 A Present that all have wrought!
 And the sons of these sires, at the same camp-
 fires,
 Cheer one flag where their fathers fought!
 Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern
 hills
 That are filled with the Blue and the Gray.

We know how they fought and how they died,
 We honor them both there side by side,
 And they're brothers again to-day.
 Brothers again—thank God on high!
 (Here's a hand-clasp all around.)
 The sons of one race now take their place
 On one common and holy ground.

RICHARD BARRY.

THE STORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
 When, through the fresh awakened
 land,

The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
 And to the work of warfare strung
 The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
 And ocean-mart replied to mart,
 And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
 Pealed far away the startling sound
 Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain river swift and cold;
 The borders of the stormy deep,
 The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold—

As if the very earth again
 Grew quick with God's creating breath,

And, from the sods of grove and glen,
 Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
 To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
 The fair fond bride of yestereve,
 And aged sire and matron gray,
 Saw the loved warriors haste away,
 And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
 Already blood on Concord's plain
 Along the springing grass had run,
 And blood had flowed at Lexington,
 Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
 Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
 In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
 The footstep of a foreign lord
 Profaned the soil no more.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE ROLL CALL.

Speak the names of persons in this recitation, exactly as you would if you were the orderly calling the roll, or the private in the ranks who is answering. The general character of the selection is pathetic; recite it with subdued and tender force.

“**C**ORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly
 cried;
 “Here!” was the answer, loud
 and clear,

From the lips of a soldier who stood near,
 And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!”—then a silence fell—
 This time no answer followed the call;

Only his rear man had seen him fall,
 Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
 These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
 And down in the corn where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew ;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire ;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call, there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two, the sad wind
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our Regiment's colors," he
said;

"Where our Ensign was shot, I left him
dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies.
I paused a moment and gave him a drink.
He murmured his mother's name I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at
night,
Of A HUNDRED men who went into the fight
The number was few that answered "Here!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

This striking poem is an American classic. Two lines alone, if there were no others, are enough to give it immortal fame:

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

NCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mightiest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may front—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

W. C. BRYANT

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.

The sinking of the ship Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor, by Lieutenant Hobson, was one of the most daring exploits on record. It is here told in his own words. Although this selection is simple narrative, you should recite it in a spirited manner, with strong tones of voice, and show by your demeanor and expression that you are relating an event worthy of admiration.

The figures printed in the text refer you to the corresponding numbers in "Typical Gestures," near the beginning of Part II. of this volume. Use other gestures that are appropriate, not in a stiff awkward way, but gracefully, making them appear, not forced, but natural.

I DID not miss the entrance to the harbor. I turned east until I got my bearings and then made ⁶ for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand,¹¹ flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns² on the hills, the Spanish ship Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joining in.

Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed and soon lined the foot of the cliff, firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing²⁵ a great rent in the Merrimac's side.

Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells¹³ and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"Not a man³ must move," I said, and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and

again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say: "Hadden't³ we better drop off now, sir?" but I said: "Wait¹² till daylight."

It would have been impossible to get the catamaran or raft anywhere but to the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid¹¹ the way these men behaved. The fire⁶ of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful.

When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the raft floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold²³ of the edge and clung on, our heads only being above water. One man thought we were safer right⁶ there; it was quite light; the firing had ceased, except that on the launch which followed to rescue us, and I feared²⁰ Ensign Powell and his men had been killed.

A Spanish launch² came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and a half-dozen marines jumped up and pointed² their rifles at our heads. "Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and held out⁶ his hand. It was the Spanish Admiral Cervera.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The following glowing tributes to our American Flag afford excellent selections for any patriotic occasion. They make suitable recitations for children at celebrations on the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, etc.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS.

NOTHING but flags! but simple flags!
Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with
careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young
life's tide,
And dying blessed them, and blessing died.

OUR BANNER.

Hail to our banner brave
All o'er the land and wave
To-day unfurled.
No folds to us so fair
Thrown on the summer air;
None with thee compare
In all the world.

W. P. TILDEN.

STAINED BY THE BLOOD OF HEROES.

Around the globe, through every clime,
Where commerce wafts or man hath trod
It floats aloft, unstained with crime,
But hallowed by heroic blood.

THE TATTERED ENSIGN.

We seek not strife, but when our outraged laws
Cry for protection in so just a cause,
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.

GEORGE P. MORRIS

FLAG OF THE FREE.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

STAND BY THE FLAG.

Stand by the flag! on land and ocean billow;
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.
The lines that divide us are written in water,
The love that unite us is cut deep as rock.

Thus by friendship's ties united,
We will change the bloody past
Into golden links of union,
Blending all in love at last.

Thus beneath the one broad banner,
 Flag of the true, the brave, the free,
 We will build anew the Union,
 Fortress of our Liberty.

FREEDOM'S STANDARD.

God bless our star-gemmed banner;
 Shake its folds out to the breeze;
 From church, from fort, from house-top,
 Over the city, on the seas;
 The die is cast, the storm at last
 Has broken in its might;

Unfurl the starry banner,
 And may God defend the right.

Then bless our banner, God of hosts!
 Watch o'er each starry fold;
 'Tis Freedom's standard, tried and proved
 On many a field of old;

And Thou, who long has blessed us,
 Now bless us yet again,
 And crown our cause with victory,
 And keep our flag from stain.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

On the third day of July, 1776, Cæsar Rodney rode on horseback from St. James's Neck, below Dover, Delaware, to Philadelphia, in a driving rain storm, for the purpose of voting for the Declaration of Independence.

This is an excellent reading for quick changes of voice and manner. To render it well will prove that you have genuine dramatic ability. You should study this selection carefully and practice it until you are the complete master of it. It requires a great deal of life and spirit, with changes of voice from the low tone to the loud call. For the most part your utterance should be rapid, yet distinct.

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
 The North and South on the genial air,
 Through the county of Kent, on affairs of
 State,

Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
 In his three-cornered hat and coat of snuff,
 A foe to King George and the English State,
 Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
 And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious face,
 It was matter grave that brought him there,
 To the counties three upon the Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
 "Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead,
 Give us both and the King shall not work his
 will,
 We are men, since the blood of Bunker *Will*."

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay;
 "Ho, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
 For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
 And your vote alone may decide its fate."

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
 It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need."
 "When stands it?" "To-night." "Not a
 moment to spare,
 But ride like the wind from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
 And the Congress sits eighty miles away—
 But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
 To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
 On the northward road ere the "God-speed" dies,
 It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
 And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
 The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and a cling,
 It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
 The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into New Castle town,
 From his panting steed he gets him down—
 "A fresh one quick! and not a moment's wait!"
 And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream—
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock,
He flings his rein to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—

When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the act was passed; ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies
rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride,
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.



A SPOOL OF THREAD.

The last battle of the Civil War was at Brazos, Texas, May 13, 1865, resulting in the surrender of the Texan army. Recite this in a conversational tone, as you would tell any story.

WELL, yes, I've lived in Texas, since the
spring of '61;

And I'll relate the story, though I fear,
sir, when 'tis done,

'Twill be little worth your hearing, it was such a
simple thing,
Unheralded in verses that the grander poets
sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening
of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts, and the tenant's
name was fear;
For secession's drawing mandate was a call for
men and arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh
alarms.

They had notified the General that he must yield
to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the
State,
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's
artillery.

Right royal was his purpose, but the foe divined
his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the
man

Detailed to bear the message; they placed their
watch with care
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it
unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubtless
you will say,
But the Major who was chief of staff resolved to
have his way,
Despite the watchful provost guard; so he asked
his wife to send,
With a little box of knick-knacks, a letter to her
friend;
And the missive held one sentence I remember to
this day:
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French,
across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier. Of course, as
you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly and ordered
him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er
and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered
once before.

So it reached the English lady, and she wondered
at the word,

But gave the thread to Major French, explaining
that she heard

He wished a spool of cotton. And great was his
surprise

At such a trifle sent, unasked, through leagues of
hostile spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in the
curious gift," he said.

Then he tore away the label, and inside the
spool of thread

Was Major Nichols' order, bidding him convey
to sea

All the arms and ammunition from Fort Duncan's
battery.

"Down to Brazos speed your horses," thus the
Major's letter ran,

"Shift equipments and munitions, and embark
them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected, for the ships lay
close at hand,

Ere the Texans guessed their purpose they had
vanished from the land.

Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that
I've read—

I was but a boy in war time, and I carried him
the thread.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ON the Fourth of July, when Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he heard an oration by old 'Squire Godfrey. As in the olden days, the 'Squire's oration was full of Washington; inspiring in the heart of young Lincoln an enthusiasm that sent him home burning with a desire to know more of the great man who heretofore had seemed more of a dream than a reality. Learning that a man some six miles up the creek owned a copy of Washington's life, Abraham did not rest that night until he had footed the whole distance and begged the loan of the book.

"Sartin, sartin," said the owner. "The book is fairly well worn, but no leaves are missin', and a lad keen enough to read as to walk six miles to get a book, ought to be encouraged."

It was a much-worn copy of Weem's "Life of Washington," and Abe, thanking the stranger for his kindness, walked back under the stars, stopping every little while to catch a glimpse of the features of the "Father of his Country" as shown in the frontispiece.

After reaching home, tired as he was, he could not close his eyes until, by the light of a pine knot, he had found out all that was

recorded regarding the boyhood of the man who had so suddenly sprung into prominence in his mind. In that busy harvest season he had no time to read or study during the day, but every night, long after the other members of the family were sleeping peacefully, Abe lay, stretched upon the floor with his book on the hearth, reading, reading, reading, the pine knot in the fireplace furnishing all the light he needed, the fire within burning with such intense heat as to kindle a blaze that grew and increased until it placed him in the highest seat of his countrymen.

What a marvelous insight into the human heart did Abraham Lincoln get between the covers of that wonderful book. The little cabin grew to be a paradise as he learned from the printed pages the story of one great man's life. The barefooted boy in buckskin breeches, so shrunk that they reached only halfway between the knee and ankle, actually asked himself whether there might not be some place—great and honorable, awaiting him in the future.

Before this treasured "Life of Washington" was returned to its owner, it met with such a mishap as almost to ruin it. The

book, which was lying on a board upheld by two pegs, was soaked by the rain that dashed between the logs one night, when a storm beat with unusual force against the north end of the cabin. Abraham was heartbroken over the catastrophe, and sadly carried the book back to its owner, offering to work to pay for the damage done. The man consented, and the borrower worked for three days at seventy-five cents a day, and thus himself became the possessor of the old, faded, stained book—a book that had more to do with shaping his life, perhaps, than any one other thing.

Abe had not expected to take the book back with him, but merely to pay for the damage done, and was surprised when the man handed it to him when starting. He was very grateful, however, and when he gave expression to his feelings the old man said, patting him on the shoulder: "You have earned it, my boy, and are welcome to it. It's a mighty fine thing to have a head for books, just as fine to have a heart for honesty, and if you keep agoin' as you have started, maybe some day you'll git to be President yourself. President Abraham Lincoln! That would sound fust rate, fust rate, now, wouldn't it, sonny?"

"It's not a very handsome name, to be sure," Abe replied, looking as though he thought such an event possible, away off, in the future. "No, it's not a very very handsome name, but I guess it's about as handsome as its owner," he added, glancing at the reflection of his homely features in the little old-fashioned, cracked mirror hanging opposite where he sat.

"Handsome is that handsome does," said the old farmer, nodding his gray head in an approving style. "Yes, indeedy; handsome deeds make handsome men. We hain't a nation of royal idiots, with one generation of kings passin' away to make room for another. No, sir-ee. In this free country of ours, the rich and poor stand equal chances, and a boy without money is just as likely to work up to the Presidential chair as the one who inherits from his parents lands and stocks and money and influence. It's brains that counts in this land of liberty, and Abraham Lincoln has just as much right to sit in the highest seat in the land as Washington's son himself, if he had had a son, which he hadn't."

Who knows but the future War President of this great Republic received his first aspirations from this kindly neighbor's words?



COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise;
The queen of the world, and the child
of the skies;

Thy genius commands thee; with rap-
ture behold,

While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy
name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm—for a world be thy laws—
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies


Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;

Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the east and the south yield their spices and
 gold.
 As the day-spring, unbounded, thy splendor shall
 flow,
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall
 bow,
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the
 world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'er-
 spread,
 From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
 The winds ceased to murmur; the thunder expired;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise;
 The queen of the world, and the child of the
 skies."
 JOEL BARLOW.

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH.

One of the famous battles of the Revolution was that of Monmouth, New Jersey, which was fought on the 28th of June, 1778. General Washington was in command on the American side, and General Sir Henry Clinton was commander-in-chief of the British forces. The British troops met with a decisive defeat. The wife of an Irish gunner on the American side who went by the name of Molly had followed her husband to the battle. During the engagement he was shot down. With the most undaunted heroism Molly rushed forward and took his place at the gun and remained there throughout the thickest of the fight. In reciting this graphic account of her courageous deed you should show great spirit and animation, pointing her out as she takes her husband's place, and in glowing manner describe her patriotism.

 N the bloody field of Monmouth flashed
 the guns of Greene and Wayne;
 Fiercely roared the tide of battle, thick
 the sword was heaped with slain.
 Foremost, facing death and danger, Hessian
 horse and grenadier,
 In the vanguard, fiercely fighting, stood an Irish
 cannoneer.
 Loudly roared his iron cannon, mingling ever in
 the strife,
 And beside him, firm and daring, stood his
 faithful Irish wife;
 Of her bold contempt of danger, Greene and
 Lee's brigade could tell,
 Every one knew "Captain Molly," and the army
 loved her well.
 Surged the roar of battle round them, swiftly
 flew the iron hail;
 Forward dashed a thousand bayonets that lone
 battery to assail;
 From the foeman's foremost columns swept a
 furious fusilade,
 Mowing down the massed battalions in the ranks
 of Greene's brigade.

Faster and faster worked the gunner, soiled with
 powder, blood and dust;
 English bayonets shone before him, shot and
 shell around him burst;
 Still he fought with reckless daring, stood and
 manned her long and well,
 Till at last the gallant fellow dead beside his
 cannon fell.
 With a bitter cry of sorrow, and a dark and
 angry frown,
 Looked that band of gallant patriots at their
 gunner stricken down.
 "Fall back, comrades! It is folly thus to strive
 against the foe."
 "Not so!" cried Irish Molly, "we can strike
 another blow!"
 Quickly leaped she to the cannon in her fallen
 husband's place,
 Sponged and rammed it fast and steady, fired it
 in the foeman's face.
 Flashed another ringing volley, roared another
 from the gun;
 "Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly, "for the
 flag of Washington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and shattered,
slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan, turned and
charged the foe again;
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally, to the front
they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset Clinton's Eng-
lish columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger rolled and
rattled o'er the plain,
Till they lay in swarms around it mingled heaps
of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting from the Irish-
woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns leap the
troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets Clinton's red
battalions flee;
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing, thin the foe's
retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing, Ogden hovers
on their flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons, who in all
their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings to wipe out
our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's
glorious field is won;
And, in triumph, Irish Molly stands besides her
smoking gun. WILLIAM COLLINS.

DOUGLAS TO THE POPULACE OF STIRLING.

HEAR, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! believe, in yonder tower

It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from
shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of
gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
 Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
 Where love the air with music fills;
 And calm content and peace abide;
 For plenty here her fulness pours
 In rich profusion o'er the land,
 And sent to seize her generous stores,
 There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
 This bounteous birthland of the free;
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of liberty!—
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
 And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
 Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

W. G. PEABODY



M'ILRATH OF MALATÉ.

Acting Sergeant J. A. McIlrath, Battery H, Third Artillery, Regulars; enlisted from New York; fifteen years' service. The heroism of our brave Regulars in the War with Spain was the theme of universal admiration. Throw plenty of life and fire into this reading, and avoid a sing-song tone.

YES, yes, my boy, there's no mistake,
 You put the contract through!
 You lads with Shafter, I'll allow,
 Were heroes, tried and true;

But don't forget the men who fought
 About Manila Bay,
 And don't forget brave McIlrath
 Who died at Malaté.

The night was black, save where the forks
 Of tropic lightning ran,
 When, with a long deep thunder-roar,
 The typhoon storm began.

Then, suddenly above the din,
 We heard the steady bay
 Of volleys from the trenches where
 The Pennsylvanians lay.

The Tenth, we thought, could hold their own
 Against the feigned attack,
 And, if the Spaniards dared advance,
 Would pay them doubly back.

But soon we marked the volleys sink
 Into a scattered fire—
 And, now we heard the Spanish gun
 Boom nigher yet and nigher!

Then, like a ghost, a courier
 Seemed past our picket tossed
 With wild hair streaming in his face—
 "We're lost—we're lost—we're lost."

"Front, front—in God's name—front!" he
 cried:

"Our ammunition's gone!"
 He turned a face of dazed dismay—
 And through the night sped on!

"Men, follow me!" cried McIlrath,
 Our acting Sergeant then;
 And when he gave the word he knew
 He gave the word to men!

Twenty there—not one man more—
 But down the sunken road
 We dragged the guns of Battery H,
 Nor even stopped to load!

Sudden, from the darkness poured
 A storm of Mauser hail—
 But not a man there thought to pause,
 Nor any man to quail!

Ahead, the Pennsylvanians' guns
 In scattered firing broke;
 The Spanish trenches, red with flame,
 In fiercer volleys spoke!

Down with a rush our twenty came—
 The open field we passed—
 And in among the hard-pressed Tenth
 We set our feet at last!

Up, with a leap, sprang McIlrath,
 Mud-spattered, worn and wet,
 And, in an instant, there he stood
 High on the parapet!

"Steady, boys! we've got 'em now—
Only a minute late!
It's all right, lads—we've got 'em whipped.
Just give 'em volleys straight!"

Then, up and down the parapet
With head erect he went,
As cool as when he sat with us
Beside our evening tent!

Not one of us, close sheltered there
Down in the trench's pen,
But felt that he would rather die
Than shame or grieve him then!

The fire, so close to being quenched
In panic and defeat,
Leaped forth, by rapid volleys sped,
In one long deadly sheet!

A cheer went up along the line
As breaks the thunder-call—
But, as it rose, great God! we saw
Our gallant Sergeant fall!

He sank into our outstretched arms
Dead—but immortal grown;
And Glory brightened where he fell,
And valor claimed her own!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

If you should read or recite this tragic selection in a dull monotone, as most persons read poetry, the effect would be ludicrous. The brave captain is dying. With gasping utterance, signs of weakness and appealing looks, his words should be delivered. Some of the sentences should be whispered. Do not attempt to recite this piece until you have mastered it and can render it with telling effect. It demands the trained powers of a competent elocutionist.

BRAVE captain! canst thou speak?
What is it thou dost see?
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the
night with thee.

Knowest thou the place?"

"*The place?* 'Tis San Juan, comrade.

Is the battle over?

The victory—the victory—is it won?

My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this!
Does it rain?

The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is
glorious!

Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do
wander?

A man can't remember with a bullet in his
brain.

I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from
here or there.

Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am
dead?—

The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every
hair

Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for
thee;

I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments
longer;

Thou'lt say good-bye to the friends at home for
me?—

If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I can-
not see—

Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much
evil—

I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—

Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep!'

Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?

'My soul to keep!'

"'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother,

Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake!

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.

Where am I? Do I wander, comrade,—wander again?—

Farade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!

I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would I cling, comrade to thee;

I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks at me.

What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;

I would know something of the Silent Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The *reveille* calls! be strong, my soul, and peaceful;

The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The ringing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;

I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders."



THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF MANILA.

WITH the United States flag flying at all their mastheads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The Concord's guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Admiral Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city.

As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. The Spaniards had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

Admiral Dewey had fought with Farragut

at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

Only a few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery in Manila, but soon the guns got a better range, and the shells began to strike near us, or burst close aboard from both the batteries and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense. Men stripped off all clothing except their trousers.

As the Admiral's flagship, the Olympia, drew nearer all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the en-

gines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate at the after 5-inch gun came a hoarse cry. "Remember the Maine!" arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns. This watchword was caught up in turrets and fire-rooms, wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post.

"Remember the Maine!" had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the Maine's crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

The Olympia was now ready to begin the fight. "You may fire when ready, Captain Gridley," said the Admiral, and at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5,500 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent 250-pound shells hurtling toward the Spanish ships Castilla and the Reina Christina for accuracy. The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us.

The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the

Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of some of the officers. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Capture and destroy Spanish squadron," were Dewey's orders. Never were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done. The Admiral closed the day by anchoring off the city of Manila and sending word to the Governor General that if a shot was fired from the city at the fleet he would lay Manila in ashes.

What was Dewey's achievement? He steamed into Manila Bay at the dead hour of the night, through the narrower of the two channels, and as soon as there was daylight enough to grope his way about he put his ships in line of battle and brought on an engagement, the greatest in many respects in ancient or modern warfare. The results are known the world over—every ship in the Spanish fleet destroyed, the harbor Dewey's own, his own ships safe from the shore batteries, owing to the strategic position he occupied, and Manila his whenever he cared to take it.

Henceforth, so long as ships sail and flags wave, high on the scroll that bears the names of the world's greatest naval heroes will be written that of George Dewey.

THE SINKING OF THE SHIPS.

This is an excellent selection for any one who can put dramatic force into its recital. Picture to your imagination the "Sinking of the Ships," and then describe it to your hearers as though the actual scene were before you. You have command in these words, "Now, sailors, stand by," etc.; rapid utterance in these words, "And the Oregon flew," etc.; subdued tenderness in the words, "Giving mercy to all," etc. In short, the whole piece affords an excellent opportunity for intense dramatic description.

DARK, dark is the night; not a star in
the sky,
And the Maine rides serenely; what
danger is nigh?

Our nation's at peace with the Kingdom of Spain,
So calmly they rest in the battleship Maine.
But, hark to that roar! See, the water is red!
And the sailor sleeps now with the slime for his bed.

Havana then shook, like the leaves of the trees,
When the tornado rides on the breast of the
breeze ;

Then people sprang up from their beds in the
gloom,

As they'll spring from their graves at the thunder
of doom ;

And they rushed through the streets, in their
terror and fear,

Crying out as they ran, "Have the rebels come
here?"

"Oh, see how the flame lights the shores of the
bay,

Like the red rising sun at the coming of day ;
'Tis a ship in a blaze ! 'Tis the battleship Maine !
What means this to us and the Kingdom of Spain ?
The eagle will come at that loud sounding roar,
And our flag will fly free over Cuba no more."

Dark, dark is the night on the face of the deep,
In the forts all is still ; are the soldiers asleep ?
Oh, see how that ship glides along through the
night ;

'Tis the ghost of the Maine—she has come to the
fight ;

A flash, and a roar, and a cry of despair ;
The eagle has come, for brave Dewey is there.

Oh, Spaniards, come out, for the daylight has
fled,
And look on those ships—look with terror and
dread ;

The eagle has come, and he swoops to his prey ;
Oh, fly, Spaniards, fly, to that creek in the bay !
The eagle has come—"Remember the Maine !"
And the water is red with the blood of the slain.

They rest for a time—now they sail in again !
Oh, woe, doom and woe, to the kingdom of
Spain.

Their ships are ablaze, they are battered and rent,
By the death-dealing shells which our sailors have
sent.

Not a man have we lost ; yet the battle is o'er,
And their ships ride the bay of Manila no more.

Dark, silent and dark, on the face of the deep,
A ship glides in there ; are the Spaniards asleep ?

The channel is mined ! Oh, rash sailors beware,
Or that death dealing fiend will spring up from
his lair ;

He will tear you, and rend you, with wild fiend
ish roar,

And cast you afar on the bay and the shore !

They laugh at the danger ; what care they for
death ?

'Tis only a shock and the ceasing of breath ;
Their souls to their Maker, their forms to the
wave,

What nation has sons like the home of the brave ?
That ship they would steer to the pit of despair,
If duty cried "Onward !" and glory were there.

The shore is ablaze, but the channel they gain ;
A word of command, and the rattle of chain ;
A flash—and the Merrimac's sunk in the bay,
And the Spaniard must leave in the light of the
day.

Santiago and Hobson remembered shall be,
While waves the proud flag of the brave and the
free.

The Spaniards sail out—what a glorious sight !
Now, sailors, stand by and prepare for the fight ;
O, Glo'ster, in there, pelt the Dons as they fly,
Make us glorious news for the Fourth of July !
And Wainwright remembered the Maine with a
roar,

And that shell-battered hulk is a terror no more.

Then Schley and the Brooklyn were right in the
way,

But Sampson had gone to see Shafter, they say ;
And the Oregon flew like a fury from hell,
Spreading wreckage and death with the might of
her shell ;

Then Evans stood out, like a chivalrous knight,
Giving mercy to all at the end of the fight.

The Colon still flies, but a shell cleaves the air,
Its number is fatal—a cry of despair—
She turns to the shore, she bursts into flame,
And down comes the flag of the kingdom of
Spain ;

Men float all around, the battle is done,
And their ships are all sunk for the sinking of one.

Not ours is the hand that would strike in the
night,
With the fiendish intention to mangle and slay ;

We strike at obstruction to freedom and right,
And strike when we strike in the light of the
day. W. B. COLLISON.



PERRY'S CELEBRATED VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

PERRY'S famous battle on Lake Erie raised the spirits of the Americans. The British had six ships, with sixty-three guns. The Americans had nine ships, with fifty-four guns, and the American ships were much smaller than the English. At this time Perry, the American commander, was but twenty-six years of age. His flagship was the *Lawrence*. The ship's watchword was the last charge of the Chesapeake's dying Commander—"Don't give up the ship." The battle was witnessed by thousands of people on shore.

At first the advantage seemed to be with the English. Perry's flagship was riddled by English shots, her guns were dismantled and the battle seemed lost. At the supreme crisis Perry embarked in a small boat with some of his officers, and under the fire of many cannon passed to the *Niagara*, another ship of the fleet, of which he took command.

After he had left the *Lawrence* she hauled down her flag and surrendered, but the other American ships carried on the battle with such fierce impetuosity that the English

battle-ship in turn surrendered, the *Lawrence* was retaken and all the English ships yielded with the exception of one, which took flight. The Americans pursued her, took her and came back with the entire British squadron. In the Capitol at Washington is a historical picture showing this famous victory.

In Perry's great battle on Lake Erie was shown the true stuff of which American sailors are made. Perry was young, bold and dashing, but withal, he had the coolness and intrepidity of the veteran. History records few braver acts than his passage in an open boat from one ship to another under the galling fire of the enemy.

The grand achievements of the American navy are brilliant chapters in our country's history. When the time comes for daring deeds, our gallant tars are equal to the occasion. Coolness in battle, splendid discipline, perfect marksmanship and a patriotism that glories in the victory of the Stars and Stripes, combine to place the officers and men of our navy in the front rank of the world's greatest heroes.



THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

GENERAL WOLFE, the English commander, saw that he must take Quebec by his own efforts or not at all. He attempted several diversions above the city in the hope of drawing Montcalm, the French commander, from his intrenchments into the open field, but Montcalm merely sent De Bougainville with fifteen

hundred men to watch the shore above Quebec and prevent a landing. Wolfe fell into a fever, caused by his anxiety, and his despatches to his government created the gravest uneasiness in England for the success of his enterprise.

Though ill, Wolfe examined the river with eagle eyes to detect some place at which a

landing could be attempted. His energy was rewarded by his discovery of the cove which now bears his name. From the shore at the head of this cove a steep and difficult pathway, along which two men could scarcely march abreast, wound up to the summit of the heights and was guarded by a small force of Canadians.

Wolfe at once resolved to effect a landing here and ascend the heights by this path. The greatest secrecy was necessary to the success of the undertaking, and in order to deceive the French as to his real design, Captain Cook, afterwards famous as a great navigator, was sent to take soundings and place buoys opposite Montcalm's camp, as if that were to be the real point of attack. The morning of the thirteenth of September was chosen for the movement, and the day and night of the twelfth were spent in preparations for it.

At one o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth a force of about five thousand men under Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, set off in boats from the fleet, which had ascended the river several days before, and dropped down to the point designated for the landing. Each officer was thoroughly informed of the duties required of him, and each shared the resolution of the gallant young commander, to conquer or to die. As the boats floated down the stream, in the clear, cool starlight, Wolfe spoke to his officers of the poet Gray, and of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I would prefer," said he, "being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." Then in a musing voice he repeated the lines:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In a short while the landing-place was

reached, and the fleet, following silently, took position to cover the landing if necessary. Wolfe and his immediate command leaped ashore and secured the pathway. The light infantry, who were carried by the tide a little below the path, climbed up the side of the heights, sustaining themselves by clinging to the roots and shrubs which lined the precipitous face of the hill. They reached the summit and drove off the picket-guard after a light skirmish. The rest of the troops ascended in safety by the pathway. Having gained the heights, Wolfe moved forward rapidly to clear the forest, and by daybreak his army was drawn up on the Heights of Abraham, in the rear of the city.

Montcalm was speedily informed of the presence of the English. "It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire," he answered incredulously. A brief examination satisfied him of his danger, and he exclaimed in amazement: "Then they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. We must give battle and crush them before mid-day."

He at once despatched a messenger for De Bougainville, who was fifteen miles up the river, and marched from his camp opposite the city to the Heights of Abraham to drive the English from them. The opposing forces were about equal in numbers, though the English troops were superior to their adversaries in discipline, steadiness and determination.

The battle began about ten o'clock and was stubbornly contested. It was at length decided in favor of the English. Wolfe though wounded several times, continued to direct his army until, as he was leading them to a final charge, he received a musket ball in the breast. He tottered and called to an officer near him: "Support me; let not my brave fellows see me drop." He

was borne tenderly to the rear, and water was brought him to quench his thirst.

At this moment the officer upon whom he was leaning cried out: "They run! they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying hero, eagerly. "The French," said the officer, "give way everywhere." "What," said Wolfe, summoning up his remaining strength, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to

Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Then a smile of contentment overspreading his pale features, he murmured: "Now, God be praised, I die happy," and expired. He had done his whole duty, and with his life had purchased an empire for his country.

JAMES D. McCABE.



LITTLE JEAN.

At the battle of the Pyramids, July 21st, A. D. 1798.

BURNING sands, and isles of palm, and the Mamelukes' fierce array,
Under the solemn Pyramids, Napoleon saw that day;

"Comrades," he cried, "from those old heights,
Fame watches the deeds you do,
The eyes of forty centuries are fixed this day on you!"

They answered him with ringing shouts, they were eager for the fray,
Napoleon held their central square, in front was bold Desaix;

They gave one glance to the Pyramids, one glance to the rich Cairo,
And then they poured a rain of fire upon their charging foe.

Only a little drummer boy, from the column of Dufarge,

Tottered to where the "Forty-third" stood waiting for their "charge,"

Bleeding—but beating still his call—he said, with tear-dimmed eye:

"I'm but a baby, Forty-third, so teach me how to die!"

Then Regnier gnawed his long gray beard, and Joubert turned away,

The lad had been the pet of all, they knew not what to say;

"I will not shame you, 'Forty-third,' though I am but a child!"

Then Regnier stooped and kissed his face, and shouted loud and wild:

"Forward! Why are we waiting here? Shall Mamelukes stop our way?

Come, little Jean, and beat the 'charge,' and ours shall be the day;

And we will show thee how to die, good boy! good boy! Be brave!

It is not every 'nine years' old' can fill a soldier's grave!"

It was as though a spirit spoke, the men to battle flew;

Yet each in passing, cried aloud: "My little Jean, Adieu!"

"Adieu, brave Forty-third, Adieu!" Then proudly beat his drum—

"You've showed me how a soldier dies—and little Jean will come!"

They found him 'mid the slain next day, amid the brave who fell,

Said Regnier, proudly, "My brave Jean, thou learned thy lesson well!"

They hung the medal round his neck, and crossed his childish hands,

And dug for him a little grave in Egypt's lonely sands.

But, still, the corps his memory keep, and name with flashing eye,

The hero whom the "Forty-third," in Egypt, taught to die.

LILLIE E. BARR.

THE DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

WASHINGTON, who, at this time, was a subordinate officer, was well convinced that the French and Indians were informed of the movements of the army and would seek to interfere with it before its arrival at Fort Duquesne, which was only ten miles distant, and urged Braddock to throw in advance the Virginia Rangers, three hundred strong, as they were experienced Indian fighters.

Braddock angrily rebuked his aide, and as if to make the rebuke more pointed, ordered the Virginia troops and other provincials to take position in the rear of the regulars.

In the meantime the French at Fort Duquesne had been informed by their scouts of Braddock's movements, and had resolved to ambuscade him on his march. Early on the morning of the ninth a force of about two hundred and thirty French and Canadians and six hundred and thirty-seven Indians, under De Beaujeu, the commandant at Fort Duquesne, was despatched with orders to occupy a designated spot and attack the enemy upon their approach. Before reaching it, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they encountered the advanced force of the English army, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, and at once attacked them with spirit.

The English army at this moment was moving along a narrow road, about twelve feet in width, with scarcely a scout thrown out in advance or upon the flanks. The engineer who was locating the road was the first to discover the enemy, and called out: "French and Indians!" Instantly a heavy fire was opened upon Gage's force, and his indecision allowed the French and Indians to seize a commanding ridge, from which they maintained their attack with spirit.

The regulars were quickly thrown into confusion by the heavy fire and the fierce

yells of the Indians, who could nowhere be seen, and their losses were so severe and sudden that they became panic-stricken.

The only semblance of resistance maintained by the English was by the Virginia Rangers, whom Braddock had insulted at the beginning of the day's march. Immediately upon the commencement of the battle, they had adopted the tactics of the Indians, and had thrown themselves behind trees, from which shelter they were rapidly picking off the Indians. Washington entreated Braddock to follow the example of the Virginians, but he refused, and stubbornly endeavored to form them in platoons under the fatal fire that was being poured upon them by their hidden assailants. Thus through his obstinacy many useful lives were lost.

The officers did not share the panic of the men, but behaved with the greatest gallantry. They were the especial marks of the Indian sharpshooters, and many of them were killed or wounded. Two of Braddock's aides were seriously wounded, and their duties devolved upon Washington in addition to his own. He passed repeatedly over the field, carrying the orders of the commander and encouraging the men. When sent to bring up the artillery, he found it surrounded by Indians, its commander, Sir Peter Halket, killed, and the men standing helpless from fear.

Springing from his horse, he appealed to the men to save the guns, pointed a field-piece and discharged it at the savages and entreated the gunners to rally. He could accomplish nothing by either his words or example. The men deserted the guns and fled. In a letter to his brother, Washington wrote: "I had four bullets through my coat, two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was levelling my companions on every side around me."

JAMES D. McCABE.

DESCRIPTIVE AND DRAMATIC RECITATIONS

QUICK! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

This selection demands great vivacity and intense dramatic expression. Each reference to the life-boat requires rapid utterance, elevated pitch and strong tones of command. Point to the life-boat; you are to see it, and make your audience see it. They will see it in imagination if you do; that is, if you speak and act as if you stood on the shore and actually saw the life-boat hurrying to the rescue.

QUICK! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast?
There's a rock ahead, the fog is
dark,

And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before.

The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;

And one there stands, and wrings his hands
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.

The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!

And, as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose,
That startled ship and shore.

Life-saving ark! yon fated bark

Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.

On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there—the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down.
But cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed;
They are all in the boat!—hurrah! they're afloat!
And now they are safely landed
By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

AS I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so
much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow
As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!"

And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"

Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
 Had I to ripen when eyes were wet,
 And prayers were vain in their wild demands
 For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O, beautiful hands!
 ' Could you reach out of the alien lands

Where you are lingering, and give me to-night
 Only a touch—were it ever so light—
 My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
 Would lull itself into rest again;
 For there is no solace the world commands
 Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



THE BURNING SHIP.

The general character of this selection is intensely dramatic. It is a most excellent piece for any one who has the ability and training to do it full justice. The emotions of agony, horror and exultation are here, and should be made prominent. Let the cry of "Fire!" ring out in startling tones, and let your whole manner correspond with the danger and the excitement of the scene. The rate throughout should be rapid.

The figures in the text refer you to the corresponding numbers of Typical Gestures, at the beginning of Part II of this volume. Insert other gestures of your own.

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and
 fast,
 And the waves rose in foam at the voice
 of the blast,

And heavily² labored the gale-beaten ship,
 Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his
 lip;

And dark²¹ was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
 Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath,
 A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
 And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
 She prayed to her God,²⁰ 'mid the hurricane wild,
 "O Father, have mercy, look down on my
 child!"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its
 way,
 And the ship like an arrow²⁵ divided the spray;
 Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the
 moon,
 And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune
 —to whistle a tune.

There was joy¹⁶ in the ship as she furrowed the
 foam,
 For fond hearts within her were dreaming of
 home.

The young mother pressed her fond babe to her
 breast,

And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
 And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

"Oh,¹⁶ happy," said he, "when our roaming is
 o'er,
 We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the
 shore.

Already in fancy its roof I descry,
 And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
 Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall;
 The kind friends⁹ awaiting to welcome us all,
 And the children that sport by the old oaken
 tree."

Ah gently the ship glided over the sea!
 Hark!¹³ what was that? Hark! Hark to the
 shout!

"Fire!"¹⁰ Then a tramp and a rout, and a
 tumult of voices uprose on the air;—
 And the mother knelt⁸ down, and the half-
 spoken prayer,
 That she offered to God in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my
 child!"

She flew to her husband,¹ she clung to his side,
 Oh there was her refuge whate'er might betide.

"Fire!"¹⁰ "Fire!" It was raging above and
 below—

And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
 And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the
 light,

'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
 The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,

And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher
and higher.

"O God, ²⁰ it is fearful to perish by fire."

Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,

"Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee."

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and
brave,

They lowered the boat,² a mere speck on the
wave.

First entered the mother, enfolding her child :

It knew she caressed it, looked¹⁶ upward and
smiled.

Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day—
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide
about,

The sun¹⁸ o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"Ho! a sail!" Ho! a sail!" cried the man at
the lee,

"Ho! a sail!"⁷ and they turned their glad eyes
o'er the sea.

"They see us, they see us,"¹¹ the signal is waved!

They bear down upon us, they bear down upon
us: Huzza! we are saved."



THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER.

IT is the Fourth day of July, 1776.

In the old State House in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of British despotism. There is silence in the hall—every face is turned toward the door where the committee of three, who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens, the committee appears. The tall man with the sharp features, the bold brow, and the sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is a Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout-built man with stern look and flashing eye, is a Boston man, one John Adams. And that calm-faced man with hair drooping in thick curls to his shoulders, that is the Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table.

The parchment is laid there.

Shall it be signed or not? A fierce debate ensues, Jefferson speaks a few bold words. Adams pours out his whole soul. The deep-toned voice of Lee is heard, swelling in syllables of thunder like music. But still there is doubt, and one pale-faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds and a gibbet

"Gibbet?" echoed a fierce, bold voice through the hall. "Gibbet? They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold; every tree into a gallows; every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment there can never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe a new champion of freedom will spring into birth. The British King may blot out the stars of God from the sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish. His words never!

"The words of this declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom; but to the coward-kings, these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear.

"They will be terrible as the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall! They will speak in language startling as the trump of the Archangel, saying: 'You have trampled on mankind long enough! At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and

called His judgment down! You have waded to thrones through rivers of blood; you have trampled on the necks of millions of fellow-beings. Now kings, now purple hangmen, for *you* come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds.'

"Such is the message of that declaration to mankind, to the kings of earth. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet touch the very threshold of Freedom?

"Sign that parchment! Sign, if the next moment the gibbet's rope is about your neck! Sign, if the next minute this hall rings with the clash of the falling axes! Sign by all your hopes in life or death as men, as husbands, as fathers, brothers, sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever!

"Sign, and not only for yourselves, but for all ages, for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts, suddenly transformed into a people—a handful of men weak in arms—but mighty in God-like faith; nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to be free!

"It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb to the skies, and to pierce the councils of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne.

"Methinks I see the recording angel come trembling up to that throne to speak his dread message. 'Father, the old world is baptized in blood. Father, look with one glance of thine eternal eye, and behold evermore that terrible sight, man trodden beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood,

murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man!'

"He stands there, the angel, trembling with the record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: 'Let there be light again! Tell my people, the poor and oppressed, to go out from the old world, from oppression and blood, and build my altar in the new!'

"As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—God has given America to be free! Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg you to sign that parchment for the sake of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words, 'You are free!'

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat; but the work was done.

A wild murmur runs through the hall. "Sign!" There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another—another and another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman.

And now the parchment is signed.

Now, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of that bell! Is there not a poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than that of Shakespeare and Milton? Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those

sublime tones which broke from angel lips
when the news of the child Jesus burst on
the hill-tops of Bethlehem? For the tones

of that bell now come pealing, pealing, peal-
ing, "Independence now and Independence
forever."



CHILD LOST.

It used to be a custom to have a man go through the town ringing a bell and "crying" any thing was lost. You should imitate the crier, at the same time swinging your hand as if ringing a bell. This selection requires a great variety in the manner, pitch of the voice and gestures of the reader.

"**N**INE," by the Cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearly from block to block
In the gloom the bellman
tramps—

"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

Something in the doleful strain
Makes the dulllest listener start;
And a sympathetic pain
Shoot to every feeling heart.
Anxious fathers homeward haste,
Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
Silken-haired and sparkling-eyed.
Many a tender mother sees
Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, "If 'twere one of these,
How could I the anguish bear?"

"Ten," the old Cathedral sounds;
Dark and gloomy are the streets;
Still the bellman goes his rounds,
Still his doleful cry repeats—
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! Blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress—
Child lost! Child lost!"

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?"
Cries the mother, "Is she drowned?
Is she stolen? God forfend!"

Search the commons, search the parks,
Search the doorway and the halls,
Search the alleys, foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls
Here is gold and silver—see!
Take it all and welcome, man
Only bring my child to me,
Let me have my child again."

Hark! the old Cathedral bell
Peals "eleven," and it sounds
To the mother like a knell;
Still the bellman goes his rounds,
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

Half aroused from dreams of ease
Many hear the lonesome call,
Then into their beds of ease
Into deeper slumber fall;
But the anxious mother cries,
"Oh, my darling's curly hair!
Oh, her sweetly-smiling eyes!
Have you sought her everywhere?
Long and agonizing dread
Chills my heart and drives me wild—
What if Minnie should be dead?
God, in mercy, find my child!"

"Twelve" by the Cathedral clock;
Dimly shine the midnight lamps;
Drearly from block to block,
In the rain the bellman tramps.
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

THE CAPTAIN AND THE FIREMAN.

SPIN us a yarn of the sea, old man,
About some captain bold,
Who steered his ship and made her
slip

When the sea and the thunder rolled;
Some tale that will stir the blood, you know,
Like the pirate tales of old.

‘It was the old ‘tramp’ Malabar,
With coal for Singapore;
‘The captain stood upon the bridge’
And loud the wind did roar,
And far upon the starboard bow
We saw the stormy shore.

‘The night came down as black as pitch;
More loud the wind did blow;
The waves made wreck around the deck
And washed us to and fro;
But half the crew, though wild it blew,
Were sleeping down below.

“‘The captain stood upon the bridge,’
And I was at the wheel;
The waves were piling all around,
Which made the old ‘tank’ reel,
When—smash! there came an awful crash
That shook the ribs of steel.

“‘We’ve struck a wreck!’ ‘Stand by the
pumps!’
Her plates were gaping wide;
And out her blood streamed in the flood,
The wreck had bruised her side;
Her coal poured out—her inky blood—
And stained the foaming tide.

“‘The captain stood upon the bridge,’
The firemen down below;
He saw and knew what he could do,
While they but heard the blow.
The bravest man is he that stands
Against an unseen foe.

“‘All hands on deck!’ was now the cry,
‘For we are sinking fast;

Our boats were stove by that last wave—
This night will be our last;
There’s not a plank on board the tank,’
She’s steel, from keel to mast’

“‘The captain stood upon the bridge;’
All hands were now on deck;
The waves went down, the sun came up,
We saw the drifting wreck,
And there, upon the starboard bow,
The land—a distant speck.

“‘Who’ll go below and fire her up?’
The captain loud did roar.
‘We’re dumping coal with every roll,
But, see! the storm is o’er;
And I will stand upon the bridge,
And guide her to the shore.’

“‘I’ll go for one,’ said old ‘Tramp Jim,’
‘And shovel in the coal.
I’ll go,’ said Jim, all black and grim,
‘Though death be down that hole;
I’ve heard a man who dies for men
Is sure to save his soul.

“‘So turn the steam into that mill,
And let it spin around,
And I will feed the old thing coal
Till you be hard aground;
I’ll go alone, there’s none to moan,
If old ‘Tramp Jim’ be drowned!’

“He went below and fired her up,
The steam began to roar;
‘The captain stood upon the bridge’
And steered her for the shore;
The ship was sinking by the bow,
Her race was nearly o’er.

“The water rose around poor Jim,
Down in the fire-room there.
‘I’ll shovel in the coal,’ he gasped,
‘Till the water wets me hair—
The Lord must take me as I am,
I have no time for prayer.’

“ ‘The captain stood upon the bridge.’
 (Oh, hang that phrase, I say!
 ‘The firemen bravely stood below,’
 Suits more this time of day,)
 Old Jim kept shovelling in the coal,
 Though it was time to pray.

“ And every soul was saved, my lads,
 Why do I speak it low?
 The Lord took Jim, all black and grim,
 And made him white as snow.
 Some say, ‘the captain on the bridge,’
 But I say, ‘Jim below!’ ”

W. B. COLLISON.

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

This is one of many recitations in this volume that have proved their popularity by actual test. “The Face on the Floor,” when well recited, holds the hearers spell-bound.

T WAS a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there
 That well nigh filled Joe’s barroom on the corner of the square,
 And as songs and witty stories came through the open door;
 A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

“Where did it come from?” some one said;
 “The wind has blown it in.”
 “What does it want?” another cried, “Some whiskey, beer or gin?”
 “Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach’s equal to the work,
 I wouldn’t touch him with a fork, he’s as filthy as a Turk.”

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace,
 In fact, he smiled as if he thought he’d struck the proper place;
 “Come, boys, I know there’s kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
 To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

“Give me a drink! That’s what I want, I’m out of funds, you know,
 When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow;
 What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou;
 I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

“There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you, one and all,
 Next time I pass this good saloon I’ll make another call;
 Give you a song? No, I can’t do that, my singing days are past,
 My voice is cracked, my throat’s worn out and my lungs are going fast.

“Say, give me another whiskey and I’ll tell you what I’ll do—
 I’ll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too;
 That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,
 But I was, some four or five years back, say, give us another drink.

“Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
 Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;
 Five fingers—there, that’s the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
 Well, boys, here’s luck, and landlord, my best regards to you.

“You’ve treated me pretty kindly and I’d like to tell you how
 I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now;
 As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
 And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.
 “I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,

But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;

I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise;

For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the Chase of Fame;

It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name;

And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—

With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see

Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;

But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given;

And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,

With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,

With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a wealth of chestnut hair?

If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May,

Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way,

And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise, Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown;

My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;

And ere a year of misery had passed above my head, The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,

I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while;

Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye,

Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,

And I'll draw right here, the picture of the face that drove me mad;

Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score—

And you shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began

To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man,

Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,

With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—*dead*.

H. ANTOINE D'ARCY.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

FLANSOM, stranger? Yes, she's purty an' ez peart ez she can be.

Clever? Wy! she ain't no chicken, but she's good enough fur me.

What's her name? 'Tis kind o' common, yit I ain't ashamed to tell,

She's ole "Fiddler" Filkin's daughter, an' her dad he calls her "Nell."

I wuz drivin' on the "Central" jist about a year ago

On the run from Winnemucca up to Reno in Washoe.

There's no end o' skeery places. 'Taint a road fur one who dreams,

With its curves an' awful tres'les over rocks an' mountain streams.

'Twuz an afternoon in August, we hed got be-
hind an hour
An' wuz tearin' up the mountain like a summer
thunder-shower,
Round the bends an' by the hedges 'bout ez fast
ez we could go,
With the mountain-peaks above us an' the river
down below.

Ez we come nigh to a tres'le 'cros't a holler,
deep an' wild,
Suddenly I saw a baby, 'twuz the stationkeeper's
child,
Toddlin' right along the timbers with a bold and
fearless tread
Right afore the locomotive, not a hundred rods
ahead.

I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle an' I fa'rly
held my breath,
Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the child wuz
crushed to death,
When a woman sprang afore me like a sudden
streak o' light,
Caught the boy and twixt the timbers in a second
sank from sight.

I jist whis'l'd all the brakes on. An' we worked
with might an' main
Till the fire flew from the drivers, but we couldn't
stop the train,
An' it rumbled on above her. How she screamed
ez we rolled by
An' the river roared below us—I shall hear her
till I die !

Then we stop't ; the sun was shinin' ; I ran back
along the ridge
An' I found her—dead ? No ! livin' ! She wuz
hagin' to the bridge
Wher she drop't down thro' the cross-ties with
one arm about a sill
An' the other round the baby, who wuz yellin'
fur to kill !

So we saved 'em. She wuz gritty. She's ez
peart ez she kin be—
Now we're married ; she's no chicken, but she's
good enough fur me,
An' ef eny ask who owns her, wy ! I ain't
ashamed to tell—
She's my wife. Ther' ain't none better than ole
Filkin's daughter " Nell."

EUGENE J. HALL.



JIM.

HE was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round
kind of a jour.,
Consumpted lookin'—but la !
The jokeyst, wittyest, story-tellin',
song-singin', laughin'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw !
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he
was fine enough in his talk,
And his feelin's, too !
Lordy ! ef he was on'y back on his bench again
to-day, a carryin' on
Like he ust to do !
Any shop-mate'll tell you they never was on top
o' dirt
A better feller'n Jim !
You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywheres
—
rou could git it o' him !

Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world,
I guess !
Give ever' nickel he's worth—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him,
and it was his,
He'd a-give you the earth !
Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was and a-helpin'
some
Poor feller onto his feet—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was his
se'f.
So's the feller got somepin to eat !
Didn't make no difference at all to him how he
was dressed,
He used to say to me :
" You tog out a tramp purty comfortable in win-
ter-time,
And he'll git along ! " says he.

Jim didn't have, nor never could git ahead, so
overly much

O' this world's goods at a time—

'Fore now I've saw him, more'n onc't lend a
dollar and ha'f to

Turn 'round and borry a dime !

Mebby laugh and joke about hisse'f fer awhile—
then jerk his coat,

And kind o' square his chin,

Tie his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe
bench

And go peggin' agin.

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, at every jes' nat-
urally

Coughed hisse'f to death !

Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh
and say,

He could git ever'thing but his breath—

"You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and
say,

"Is pilin' onto me

A mighty big debt for that air little weak-chested
ghost o' mine to pack

Through all eternity !"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like to me,
'At ortn't a-never died !

"But death hain't a-showin no favors," the old
boss said,

"On'y to Jim," and cried :

And Wigger, 'at put up the best sewed work in
the shop,

Er the whole blamed neighborhood,

He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He
didn't do anything else that day,

But jes' set around and feel good."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

QUEEN VASHTI'S LAMENT.

IS this all the love that he bore me, my hus-
band, to publish my face

To the nobles of Media and Persia, whose
hearts are besotted and base ?

Did he think me a slave, me, Vashti, the Beauti-
ful, me, Queen of queens,

To summon me thus for a show to the midst of
his bacchanal scenes ?

I stand like an image of brass, I, Vashti, in sight
of such men !

No, sooner, a thousand times sooner, the mouth
of the lioness' den,

When she's fiercest with hunger and love for the
hungry young lions that tear

Her teats with sharp, innocent teeth, I would
enter, far rather than here !

Did he love me, or is he, too, though the King,
but a brute like the rest !

I have seen him in wine, and I fancied 'twas then
that he loved me the best ;

Though I think I would rather have one sweet,
passionate word from the heart

Than a year of caresses that may with the wine
that creates them depart.

But ever before, in his wine, toward me he
showed honor and grace ;

He was King, I was Queen, and those nobles, he
made them remember their place.

But now all is changed ; I am vile, they are
honored, they push me aside,

A butt for Memucan and Shethar and Meres, gone
mad in their pride !

Shall I faint, shall I pine, shall I sicken and die
for the loss of his love ?

Not I ; I am queen of myself, though the stars
fall from heaven above.

The stars ! ha ! the torment is there, for my
light is put out by a star,

That has dazzled the eyes of the King and his
court and his captains of war.

He was lonely, they say, and he looked, as he
sat like a ghost at his wine,

On the couch by his side, where, of yore his
Beautiful used to recline.

But the King is a slave to his pride, to his oath
and the laws of the Medes,

And he cannot call Vashti again though his poor
heart is wounded and bleeds.

So they sought through the land for a wife, while
the King thought of me all the while—
I can see him, this moment, with eyes that are
lost for the loss of a smile,
Gazing dreamily on while each maiden is tempt-
ingly passed in review,
While the love in his heart is awake with the
thought of a face that he knew!

Then she came when his heart was grown weary
with loving the dream of the past!
She is fair—I could curse her for that, if I
thought that this passion would last!
But e'en if it last, all the love is for me, and,
through good and through ill,
The King shall remember his Vashti, shall think
of his Beautiful still.

Oh! the day is a weary burden, the night is a
restless strife,—
I am sick to the very heart of my soul, with this
life—this death in life!
Oh! that the glorious, changeless sun would
draw me up in his might,
And quench my dreariness in the flood of his
everlasting light!

What is it? Oft as I lie awake and my pillow is
wet with tears,
There comes—it came to me just now—a flash,
then disappears;
A flash of thought that makes this life a re-en-
acted scene,
That makes me dream what was, will be, and
what is now, has been.

And I, when age on age has rolled, shall sit on
the royal throne,
And the King shall love his Vashti, his Beautiful,
his own,
And for the joy of what has been and what again
will be,
I'll try to bear this awful weight of lonely misery!
The star! Queen Esther! blazing light that
burns into my soul!
The star! the star! Oh! flickering light of life
beyond control!
O King! remember Vashti, thy Beautiful, thy
own,
Who loved thee and shall love thee still, when
Esther's light has flown!

JOHN READE.

THE SKELETON'S STORY.

It will require all the dramatic power of which you are capable to recite this selection and do it full justice. Be wide-awake, quick in tone and gesture, shouting at one time, whispering at another, speaking with your whole body. The emotions of fear and horror are especially prominent.

IT is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—
two miles of parched turf and rocky
space. To the right—the left—be-
hind, is the rolling prairie. This broad val-
ley strikes the Sierra Nevadas and stops as
if a wall had been built across it.

Ride closer! What is this on the grass?
A skull here—a rib there—bones scattered
about as the wild beasts left them after the
horrible feast. The clean-picked skull grins
and stares—every bone and scattered lock
of hair has its story of a tragedy. And what
besides these relics? More bones—not
scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebra

with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleach-
ing under the summer sun. Wolves! Yes.
Count the heaps of bones and you will
find nearly a score. Open boats are picked
up at sea with neither life nor sign to
betray their secret. Skeletons are found
upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story
to those who halt beside them. Let us
listen:

Away off to the right you can see tree-
tops. Away off to the left you can see the
same sight. The skeleton is in line between
the two points. He left one grove to ride
to the other. To ride! Certainly, a mile

away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell and was left there.

It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you would find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

"Step! step! step!"

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was a patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!"

There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear.

Wolves! The gaunt, grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins. A line of wolves spread out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair. The line is there—aye! it is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eye takes on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers.

A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest! The fall of one man in a mad mob increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that the hunter almost believes a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth. It was a glorious struggle; but he has lost.

There is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle, and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate like a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths, and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval—a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night. It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid. As the wolves rest, a flash blinds their eyes—a second—a third—and a fourth, and they give before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life. He sounds the war-cry and whirls his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast.

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noon—

day—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again. Men will not bury them. They will look down upon them as we look, and ride away with a feeling that 'tis but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.



THE LADY AND THE EARL.

The figures in the text of this piece indicate the gestures to be made, as shown in Typical Gestures, at the beginning of Part II. of this volume.

I SAW her in the festive halls, in scenes of
pride and ¹⁶glee,
¹⁷Mongst many beautiful and fair, but none
so fair as she;
Her's was the most attractive ³ form that mingled
in the scene,
And all who saw her said she moved a goddess
and a queen.

The diamond blazed in her dark hair and bound
her polished brow,
And precious gems were clasped around her swan-
like neck of snow;
And Indian looms had lent their stores to form
her sumptuous dress,
And art with nature joined to ~~grace~~ her passing
loveliness.

I looked upon her and I said, who ⁶ is so blessed
as she?
A creature she all light and life, all beauty and
all glee;
Sure, ⁵ sweet content blooms on her cheek and on
her brow a pearl,
And she was ¹ young and innocent, the Lady of
the Earl.

But as I looked more carefully, I saw that radiant
smile
Was but assumed in mockery, the unthinking to
to beguile.
Thus have I seen a summer rose in all its beauty
bloom,
When it has ²⁴ shed its sweetness o'er a cold and
lonely tomb.

She struck the harp, and when they praised her
skill she turned aside,
A rebel tear of conscious woe ²⁰ and memory to
hide;
But when she raised her head she looked so ¹⁸
lovely, so serene,
To gaze in her proud eyes you'd think a tear had
seldom been.

The humblest maid in rural life can ⁵ boast a hap-
pier fate
Than she, the beautiful and good, in all her rank
and state;
For she was sacrificed, ²⁰ alas! to cold and selfish
pride
When her young lips had breathed the vow to be
a soldier's bride.

Of late I viewed her move along, ³ the idol of the
crowd;
A few short months elapsed, and then, ¹² I kissed
her in her shroud!
And o'er her splendid monument I saw the hatch-
ment wave,
But there was one proud heart ⁵ which did more
honor to her grave.

A warrior dropped his plumed head upon her
place of rest,
And with his feverish lips the name of Ephelinda
pressed;
Then breathed a prayer, and checked the groan
of parting pain,
And as he left the tomb he said, ¹¹ "Yet we shall
meet again."

MY VESPER SONG.

FILLED with weariness and pain,
 Scarcely strong enough to pray,
 In this twilight hour I sit,
 Sit and sing my doubts away.
 O'er my broken purposes,
 Ere the coming shadows roll,
 Let me build a bridge of song:
 "Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
 How the words my thoughts repeat:
 To Thy bosom, Lord, I come,
 Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.
 Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
 Dreaming I could hold them fast:
 Now I can but faintly sing,
 "Oh! receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
 Like a child when night comes on:
 In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
 "Leave, oh, leave me not alone."

Through the tears I still must shed,
 Through the evil yet to be,
 Though I falter while I sing,
 "Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;"
 Does the rhythm of the song
 Softly falling on my heart,
 Make its pulses firm and strong?
 Or is this Thy perfect peace,
 Now descending while I sing,
 That my soul may sleep to-night
 "'Neath the shadow of Thy wing?"

"Thou of life the fountain art;"
 If I slumber on Thy breast,
 If I sing myself to sleep,
 Sleep and death alike are rest.
 Not impatiently I sing,
 Though I lift my hands and cry
 "Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly."



THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

With distinct enunciation give the dialect in this piece, and assume the character of a countryman who is telling this story. Guard against being vulgar or too commonplace.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv
 broadcloth an' of silk,
 An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our
 ol' brindle's milk;
 Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-
 pipe hats were there,
 An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't
 kneel down in prayer.
 The elder in his poolpit high said, as he slowly riz:
 "Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
 An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore
 ain't here,
 Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind 's
 to volunteer?"
 An' then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-
 toned, rowdy style,
 Give an interductory hiccup, an' then swaggered
 up the aisle.

Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a
 sense er sin,
 An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv o:
 gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all
 set on edge:
 "This man perfanes the house er God! W'y,
 this is sacrilege!"
 The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouches
 'ith stumblin' feet,
 An' stalked an' swaggered up the steps, an' gained
 the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon
 there rose a strain
 Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lec-
 trify the brain;

An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands
an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon
the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin'
high an' dry,

It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into
the sky;

The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed
to reel an' sway,

An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
"Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in
our ears,

Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched
'em down 'ith tears;

An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby
on the mat,

Tu home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an'
all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from
souls forgiven—

Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed
the gates uv heaven;

The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz
left alone—

We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on
His throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness
come again,

An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all
the homes uv men;

No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of
glad delight,

An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an'
reeled out into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never
spoke a word,

An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had
ever heard;

He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was
dry thet day,

W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My
brethren, let us pray." S. W. FOSS.



COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

IF a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

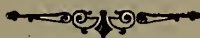
If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
If a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

ROBERT BURNS.



JOAN OF ARC.

TWAS in the days of chivalry, when steel-
clad warriors swore
To bear their ladies' favors amidst the
battle's roar.

To right the wrongs of injured maids, the lance
in rest to lay,
And nobly fall in honor's cause or triumph in
the fray.



But not to-day a lance is couched, no waving
plume is there,
No war-horse sniffs the trumpet's breath, no ban-
ner woos the air ;
No crowding chiefs the tilt-yard throng to quench
the thirst of fame,
Though chiefs are met, intent to leave their
names eternal shame !

A still and solemn silence reigned, deep darkness
veiled the skies,
And Nature, shuddering, shook to see the im-
pious sacrifice !

Full in the centre of the lists a dreadful pile is
reared,

Awaiting one whose noble soul death's terrors
never feared,

Gaul's young Minerva, who had led her country-
men to fame,

And foremost in the battle rent that conquered
country's chain ;

Who, when the sun of fame had set that on its
armies shone,

Its broken ranks in order set, inspired and led
them on ;

The low-born maid that, clad in steel, restored a
fallen king,

Who taught the vanquished o'er their foes trium-
phal songs to sing ;

Whose banner in the battle's front the badge of
conquest streamed,

And built again a tottering throne, a forfeit
crown redeemed !

But when her glorious deeds were done, Fate
sent a darker day,

The blaze of brightness faded in murkiest clouds
away ;

And France stood looking idly on, nor dared to
strike a blow,

Her guardian angel's life to save, but gave it to
the foe !

Ungrateful France her saviour's fate beheld with
careless smile,

While Superstition, hiding hate and vengeance,
fired the pile !

What holy horror of her crime is looked by
yonder priest,

Like that grim bird that hovers nigh, and scents
the funeral feast !

Is this the maiden's triumph, won in battle's
dreadful scenes,

Whose banner so triumphant flew before thy
walls, Orleans !

Hark to the trumpet's solemn sound ! Low roll
the muffled drums

As slowly through the silent throng the sad pro-
cession comes ;

Wrapp'd in the garments of the grave, the corselet
laid aside,

Still with Bellona's step she treads, through all
her woes descried.

As beautiful her features now as when inspired
she spoke

Those oracles that slumbering France to life and
action woke :

The majesty yet haunts her looks, that late so
dreadful beamed

In war, when o'er her burnished arms the long
rich tresses streamed,

She gazes on the ghastly pile, tho' pale as marble
stone ;

'Twas not with fear, for from her lips escaped no
sigh nor groan ;

But she, her country's saviour, thus to render up
her breath—

That was a pang far worse than all the bitterness
of death !

'Twas done ; the blazing pile is fired, the flames
have wrapped her round ;

The owl shrieked, and circling flew with dull,
foreboding sound ;

Fate shuddered at the ghastly sight, and smiled
a ghostly smile ;

And fame and honor spread their wings above
the funeral pile.

But, phoenix-like, her spirit rose from out the
burning flame,

More beautiful and bright by far than in her
days of fame.

Peace to her spirit ! Let us give her memory to
renown,

Nor on her faults or failings dwell, but draw the
curtain down.

CLARE S. MCKINLEY.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

This selection is narrative, yet it is narrative intensely dramatic. Imagine the feelings of a parent who sees the "youngest of his babes" torn away from his embrace by a vulture and carried away in mid-air. Let your tones, attitudes and gestures all be strong. Picture the flight of a mountain eagle with uplifted arm, and depict with an expression of agony the grief of the parent.

I'VE been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,

As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous.
But, wiping all those tears away he told his story thus:—

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye!

His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry!

And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,

That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,

And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free,

At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed:

Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,

A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view:

But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight;

'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,

When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,

From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,

He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff; I could not stay away;

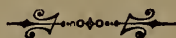
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;

A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred,

The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh.

And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.



THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

THERE'S an old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned street,
Dressed in old-fashioned clothes from her head to her feet,
And she spends all her time in the old-fashioned way,
Of caring for poor people's children all day.
She never has been to cotillion or ball,
And she knows not the styles of the spring or the fall.

Two hundred a year will suffice for her needs,
And an old-fashioned Bible is all that she reads.

And she has an old-fashioned heart that is true
To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue,
With its buttons all brass—who is waiting above
For the woman who loved him with old-fashioned love.

TOM HALL.



NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Captain Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, September 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and the brutal treatment he received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following. Put your whole soul into this piece, especially Hale's last speech. It rises to the sublime.

TWAS in the year that gave the nation birth ;
A time when men esteemed the common good

As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce

And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled ; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.

To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force,
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo ! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest

In search of God's perfected handiwork.
In culture, grace and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that

SUCH talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength—the act, the risk,
You undertake? ”

The young man said: “The hour demands a
duty rare—

Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enter-
prise

Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance ”

“Enough, go then, at once,” the great
Commander said. “May Heaven's guardian
angels give
You safe return. Adieu.”

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain
crossed

The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns—all military accoutrements
Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour
hence

A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war,
His country yet be free.

“Halt!” a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch; but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle
fierce

And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling
loyalty

With kinsman's blood, a word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. “Base dog!” the haughty general
said,

“Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the
spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill where-
with

You wrought these plans and charts might well
adorn

An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're
vile

And mischievous. If ought may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's
camp,

I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence.”

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: “You know my name—
My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of my-
self

To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.

For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn.”

“I'll hear no more such prating cant,”
Said Howe, “your crime's enough to hang a
dozen men.

Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away!”

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose
attached,

Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

"Men, I do not die in vain,
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His

Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's
throne;

The God of vengeance smites the foe! This
land,—

This glorious land,—is free—is free!

"My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom's cause."

I. H. BROWN.



THE FUTURE.

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and
the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and
the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie
down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set
us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magda-
lene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never
be tired at all!

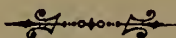
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame!

And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in
his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of
Things as They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE POWER OF HABIT.

Adapted to the development of transition in pitch, and a very spirited utterance. When you are able to deliver this as Mr. Gough did, you may consider yourself a graduate in the art of elocution.

REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo
to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gen-
tleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I;
"bright and fair and glassy. How far off are
the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we
shall find the water in the turbulence which
it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found
it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never
forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara
River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and
glassy. There is a ripple at the bow;
the silver wake you leave behind adds to
your enjoyment. Down the stream you
glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim,
and you set out on your pleasure excu-
sion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to

steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.



DIED ON DUTY.

The following lines were written by a comrade, on the death of Engineer Billy Ruffin, who lost his life by an accident that occurred on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Mississippi.

BILL RUFFIN to some wouldn't rank very high, being only an engineer; But he opened the throttle with a steady grip, and didn't know nothin' like fear; For doin' his duty and doin' it right, he was known all along the line, And with him in the box of 258, you might figger "you'd be thar on time."

Bill was comin' down the run, one Monday night, a pullin' of No. 3, Just jogging along at a 30 gait, and a darker night you never see. They had struck the trestle twenty rod north of old Tallahatchie bridge, Where the water backs up under the track, with here and there a ridge. Bill had come down that run a hundred times, and supposed that all was right

But the devil's own had been at work, and loosened a rail that night; When, gods of mercy! what a shock and crash! then all so quiet and still. And old 258 lay dead in the pond, and the train piled up on the fill.

The crew showed up one by one, looking all white and chill, Anxious to see if all were on deck, but whar on airth wuz Bill? But it wasn't long before they knew, for there in the pond was the tank, Stickin' clus to her engine pard, and holdin' Bill down by the shank.

When the boys saw what orter be done, they went to work with a vim, But willin' hands doin' all they would, couldn't rize tons offen him;

Bill stood thar, brave man that he was, as the
hours went slowly by,
Seemin' to feel, if the rest wur scared, he was
perfectly willin' to die.

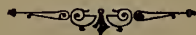
Just before daylight looked over the trees, they
brought poor Bill to the fire,
And done the best they could for him in a place
that was all mud and mire ;
But they done no good, 'twant no use ; he had
seen his last of wrecks ;
And thar by the fire that lit up his brave face,
poor Bill passed in his checks.

When they raised old 258 again, the story she
did tell

Was that the hero in her cab had done his duty
well ;

They found her lever thrown hard, her throttle
open wide,
Her air applied so close and hard that every
wheel must slide.

Thar's a wife and two kids down the line, whose
sole dependence wuz Bill,
Who little thought when he came home he'd be
brought cold and still ;
But tell them, tho' Bill was rough by natur' and
somewhat so by name,
That thar's a better land for men like him, and
he died clear grit just the same.



MY FRIEND THE CRICKET AND I.

MY friend the Cricket and I
Once sat by the fireside talking ;
"This life," I said, "is such
weary work ;"

Chirped Cricket, "You're always croaking."
"It's rowing against baith wind an' tide,
And a' for the smallest earning."
"Ah! weel," the merry Cricket replied,
"But the tide will soon be turning."

"And then," I answered, "dark clouds may rise,
And winds with the waters flowing."

"Weel! keep a bit sunshine in your heart,
It's a wonderfu' help in rowin'."

"But many a boat goes down at sea:"

"O! friend, but you're unco trying,
Pray how many more come into port,
With a' their colors flying?"

"Would ye idly drift with changing tides,
Till lost in a sea of sorrow?"

"Ah! no, good Cricket, I'll take the oars
And cheerfully row to-morrow."

"I would! I would! Yes, I would!" he chirped,
While I watched the bright fire burning,
"I would! I would! Yes, I'd try again,
For the tide must have a turning."

So all the night long through the drowsy hours
I heard, like a cheerful humming—

"I would! I would! Yes, I'd try again,
Ye never ken what is coming."

So I tried again:—now the wind sets fair,
And the tide is shoreward turning,
And Cricket and I chirp pleasantly
While the fire is brightly burning.

LILLIE E. BARR.



THE SNOW STORM.

A FARMER came from the village plain,
But he lost the traveled way ;
And for hours he trod with might
and main

A path for his horse and sleigh ;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,

And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles, floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,

With a word and a gentle blow.
 But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
 His hands were numb and had lost their might;
 So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
 And strove to shelter himself till day,
 With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
 To rouse up his dying steed;
 And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
 For help in his master's need.

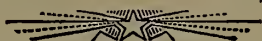
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
 To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
 And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
 And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er,
 'Tis the hour of midnight, past;

The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.
 The silent moon with her peaceful light
 Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
 The blasted pine and the ghostly stump
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town:
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown—
 In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
 With his cap on his head and the reins in his
 hand—

The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
 And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered down.



PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

This is a picture of inordinate ambition. It should be represented by a voice of cold indifference to human suffering. The flame of selfish passion is wild and frenzied.

PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount
 Caucasus—

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's, breathing from his
 flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens—around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
 Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!

Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial
 near!

Now—bend him to the rack!
 Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
 Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
 What a fine agony works upon his brow!
 Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
 Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
 But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
 I'd rack thee, though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine!

"'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter*!
 A whip to keep a coward to his track!
 What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
 To check the skeptic's laughter?

Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless *name*!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened
first—

Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, lie a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens!—but I appall

Your heart, old man! forgive—hal on your! *as*
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those cold lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's
dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined *ambition*! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

N. P. WILLIS.

THE NINETY-THIRD OFF CAPE VERD.

The figures refer you to the Typical Gestures at the beginning of Part II. of this volume. Use other gestures of your own. A good recital for animated description.

IT is night upon the ocean
Near old Afric's shore;
I Loud the wind wails o'er the water,
Loud the waters roar.

Dark o'erhead ²¹ the storm-clouds gather,
Huge waves mountains form,
As a stout ² old ship comes struggling
On against the storm.

Hark! ¹ e'en now across the billows
On the wind there floats,
Sharp and shrill, the boatswain's whistle
Sounding, ⁵ "Man the boats!"

At the sound, from cabin doorways,
Rushing out headlong,
Pours a weeping, ¹⁰ shrieking, shuddering,
Terror-stricken throng.

Men, and women with their children,
Weak and pale from fright,
Praying, ²⁰ cursing, hurry onward
Out into the night.

But the lightning's ²¹ frequent flashes
By their ghastly sheen,
Further forward in the vessel,
Show another scene.

From the crowd of trembling women,
 And of trembling men,
 See !² a soldier presses forward,
 Takes his place, and then—
 “ Fall in ! ”⁵ Then comes the roll-call.
 Every man is at his post,
 Although now they hear the breakers
 Roaring on the coast.
 “ Present arms ! ”⁶ And till the life-boats
 With their precious freight

Have been lowered safely downward
 Thus they stand and wait.

And then, as the staunch old vessel
 Slowly sinks at last,
 Louder than the ocean's roaring,
 Louder than the blast,

O'er the wildly raging water,
 Echoing far and near,
 Hear¹¹ the soldiers' dying volley,
 Hear their dying cheer.

A FELON'S CELL.

An intensely dramatic reading, requiring rapid changes of voice and gesture.

I'M going to a felon's cell,
 To stay there till I die ;
 They say my hands are stained with
 blood,

But they who say it—lie.
 The court declared I murdered one
 I would have died to save ;
 I know who did the awful deed,
 I saw, but could not save.
 I saw the knife gleam in his hand,
 I heard the victim's shriek ;
 My feet seem chained, I tried to run,
 But terror made me weak.
 Reeling, at length I reached the spot
 Too late—a quivering sigh—
 The pale moon only watched with me
 To see a sweet girl die.

The reeking blade lay at my feet,
 The murderer had fled ;
 I stooped to raise the prostrate form,
 To lift the sunny head
 Of her I loved, from out the pool
 Her own sweet blood had made ;
 That knife was fairly in my way,
 I raised the murderous blade.

Unmindful of all else, beside
 That lovely, bleeding corse.
 Unheeding the approaching steps
 Of traveler and horse,

I raised the knife ; it caught the gleam
 Of the full moon's bright glare,
 One instant, and the next strong arms
 Pinioned mine firmly there.

They led me forth, mute with a woe
 Too deep for word or sign,
 The knife within my hand the court
 Identified as mine.
 My name was graven on the hilt,—
 The letters told a lie ;
 They doomed me to a felon's cell
 To stay there till I die.

And yet, I did not do the deed ;
 The moon, if she could speak,
 Would lift this anguish from my brow,
 This shame from off my cheek.
 I was not born with gold or lands
 Nor was I born a slave,
 My hands are free from blood,—and yet
 I'll fill a felon's grave.

And I, who last year played at ball
 Upon the village green,
 A stripling, on whose lips the sign
 Of manhood scarce is seen,
 Whose greatest crime (if crime it be)
 Was loving her too well,
 Must leave this beautiful, glad world
 For a dark prison cell.

I had just begun to learn to live
 Since I laid by my books,
 And I had grown so strangely fond
 Of forest, spring, and brook,
 I read a lesson in each drop
 That trickled through the grass,
 And found a sermon in the flow
 Of wavelets, as they pass.

Dear woodland haunts ! I leave your shade ;
 No more at noon's high hour
 I'll list the sound of insect life,
 Or scent the sweet wild flower.
 Dear mossy banks, by murmuring streams,
 'Tis hard to say good-bye !
 To leave you for a felon's cell,
 Where I must stay and die.

Farewell all joy and happiness !
 Farewell all earthly bliss !
 All human ties must severed be,—
 Aye, even a mother's kiss
 Must fail me now ; in this my need
 O God ! to Thee I cry !
 Oh ! take me now, ere yet I find
 A grave wherein to lie.

Mother, you here ! Mother, the boy
 You call your poet child
 Is innocent ! His hands are clean,
 His heart is undefiled.
 Oh ! tell me, mother, am I weak
 To shrink at thought of pain ?
 To shudder at the sound of bolt,
 Grow cold at clank of chain ?

Oh ! tell me, is it weakness now
 To weep upon your breast,—
 That faithful pillow, where so oft
 You've soothed me to my rest !

Hark ! 'tis an officer's firm tread,
 O God ! Mother, good-bye !
 They've come to bear me to my cell
 Where I must stay and die.
 They're coming now, I will be strong,
 No, no, it cannot be.
 My giddy brain whirls round in pain,
 Your face I cannot see.
 But I remember when a child
 I shrank at thought of pain,
 But, oh, it is a fearful thing
 To have this aching brain.

Pardon ! heard I the sound aright ?
 Mine comes from yonder sky ;
 Hold me ! don't let them take me forth
 To suffer till I die !
 Pardon ! pardon ! came the sound,
 And horsemen galloped fast,
 But 'twas too late ; the dying man
 Was soon to breathe his last.
 The crime's confessed, the guilt made known,
 Quick, lead the guiltless forth.
 "Then I am free ! mother, your hand,
 Now whisper your good-bye,
 I'm going where there are no cells
 To suffer in and die !"



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

This soul-stirring account of the historic battle where thrones and empires were staked, is from the pen of the great French author whose famous descriptions are unsurpassed by those of any other writer. In reciting this piece every nerve must be tense, and soul and body must be animated by the imaginary sight of the contending armies. Your utterance should be somewhat rapid, the tones of your voice round and full, the words of command given as a general would give them on the field of battle, and you must picture to your hearers the thrilling scene in such a way that it may appear to be almost a reality. Otherwise, this very graphic description will fall flat, and the verdict of your audience will be that you were not equal to the occasion.

THE sky had been overcast all day. All at once, at this very moment—it was eight o'clock at night—the clouds in the horizon broke, and through the elms of the Nivelles road streamed the sinister red light of the setting sun.

Arrangements were speedily made for the final effort. Each battalion was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guard with their large eagle plates appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle with wings extended, and those who were conquerors thinking themselves conquered recoiled; but Wellington cried: "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up; a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag. All hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and the vast overthrow of the rout. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and, without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road, arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army; he calls them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him, crying, "Long live Ney!" Durutte's two regiments come and go, frightened and tossed between the sabres of the Uhlans and the fire of the brigades of Kempt. Rout is the worst of all conflicts; friends slay each other in their flight; squadrons and battalions are crushed and dispersed against each other, enormous foam of the battle.

Napoleon gallops among the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were cry-

ing "Long live the Emperor," are now agape. He is hardly recognized. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward fling themselves upon the enemy, sabre, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; an inexpressible dismay. Lions become kids. Such was this flight.

A few squares of the Guard, immovable in the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out until night. Night approaching and death also, they awaited this double shadow, and yielded unfaltering to its embrace. At every discharge the square grew less, but returned the fire. It replied to grape by bullets, narrowing in its four walls continually. Afar off, the fugitives, stopping for a moment out of breath, heard in the darkness this dismal thunder decreasing.

When this legion was reduced to a handful, when their flag was reduced to a shred, when their muskets, exhausted of ammunition, were reduced to nothing but clubs, when the pile of corpses was larger than the group of the living, there spread among the conquerors a sort of sacred terror about these sublime martyrs, and the English artillery, stopping to take breath, was silent. It was a kind of respite. These combatants had about them a swarm of spectres, the outlines of men on horseback, the black profile of the

cannons, the white sky seen through the wheels and gun-carriages. The colossal death's head, which heroes always see in the smoke of the battle, was advancing upon them and glaring at them.

They could hear in the gloom of the twilight the loading of the pieces. The lighted matches, like tigers' eyes in the night, made a circle about their heads. All the linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, when, touched by their heroism, holding the death-moment suspended over these men, an English general cried to them:

"Brave Frenchmen, surrender!"

The word "Never!" fierce and desperate, came rolling back.

To this word the English general replied, "Fire!"

The batteries flamed, the hill trembled; from all those brazen throats went forth a final vomiting of grape, terrific. A vast smoke, dusky white in the light of the rising moon, rolled out, and when the smoke was dissipated, there was nothing left. That formidable remnant was annihilated—the Guard was dead! The four walls of the living redoubt had fallen. Hardly could a quivering be distinguished here and there among the corpses; and thus the French legions expired.

VICTOR HUGO.



A PIN.

H, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,

But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion could.

The little chills run up and down my spine
whene'er we meet,

Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's
very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues, and not one
acknowledged sin,

But she is the sort of person you could liken to a
pin.

And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way
that can't be said—

When you ask for what has hurt you, why you
cannot find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating
pain—

If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.

A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no
doubt—

Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're
wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a
pretty girl

She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is
out of curl.

And she is so sympathetic to her friend, who's
much admired,

She is often heard remarking: "Dear, you look
so worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she
eyed

The new dress I was airing with a woman's nat-
ural pride,

And she said: "Oh, how becoming!" and then
softly added to it,

"It is really a misfortune that the basque is such
a fit."

Then she said: "If you had heard me yestereve,
I'm sure, my friend,

You would say I am a champion who knows how
to defend."

And she left me with the feeling—most unpleas-
ant, I aver—

That the whole world would despise me if it had
not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst
that day.

And the hat that was imported (and that cost me
half a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eye, becomes
a Bowery bonnet.
She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shin-
ing for a thrust—

Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does
she gather rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind
would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this
pin.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



A RELENTING MOB.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.

THE mob was fierce and furious. They cried:
"Kill him!" the while they pressed from
every side

Around a man, haughty, unmoved and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the
cry.

The captive found it natural to die,
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life, too, is lost, and so must fate decide.

From out his home they dragged him to the
street,

With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying feet,
And shouts of "Death to him!" The crimson
stain

Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shoot men all day,
Killing he knew not whom, scarce knew why,
Now marching forth impassible to die,
Incapable of mercy or of fear,
Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
"He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"
"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!"
"Shoot him!" "Kill!"

"No, at the Arsenal"—"The Bastile!"—
"Where you wil,"

The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
Loading their guns his captors still cried
"Death!"

"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?"
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.

"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices cried,
Ferocious threats were muttered, deep and low.
With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate.
Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst the forms of dead men he perchance
had slain.

Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd:
He braved its wrath with head erect and
proud.

He was not taken, but walled in with foes,
He hated them with hate the vanquished knows,
He would have shot them all had he the power.

"Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour!"
"Down with the murderer—down with the
spy!"

And suddenly a small voice made reply,
"No—no, he is my father!" And a ray
Like a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, "Shoot the bandit, fell the spy!"
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of "Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now!"
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the
child.

Meanwhile the shrieks of "Kill him—Death!"
rose wild.

The cannon to the tocsin's voice replied,
Sinister men thronged close on every side.

And in the street ferocious shouts increased
Of "Slay each spy—each minister—each
priest—

We'll kill them all!" The little boy replied:
"I tell you this is papa." One girl cried
"A pretty fellow—see his curly head!"
"How old are you, my boy?" another said.
"Do not kill papa!" only he replies.

A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes,
Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their
prey.

Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you back home, boy." "Where—why?"
"Don't you know?"

Go to your mother." Then the father said
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's
dead?"

Then you are all he has." "That matters not,"
The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast.
And says, "Our neighbor, Catherine you know,
Go to her." "You'll come too?" "Not
yet." "No, no.

'Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These
men, I fear,
Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my
hand,

I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!"
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell.
And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear.
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
'Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk.'
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.

"Now he is gone and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you
please,"

The father says, "Where is it I must go?"
Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to
flow,

The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.



THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Slow utterance, rapid utterance, loud tones, subdued tones, quick changes and intense dramatic force are all required in this reading. Lose yourself in your recitation. Never be self-conscious.

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies.

But all at once, a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle.

There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider, that struck them

with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is the thickest, there through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff.

Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing like a meteor, down the long columns of battle? Let us look for a moment into those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militia-men, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light.

In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militia-man. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down."

This appeal was not without its effect. The militia-man turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost

touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown.

That black horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers. Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemiss' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field.

But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that brave rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seized his rifle and started toward the rock. And now look: now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress.

The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour

your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the Black Horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!"

As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the marks of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. That rider of the Black Horse was Benedict Arnold.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER.

"NEAR DEADWOOD.

"DEAR JENNY—

WE reached here this morning,
Tom Baker, Ned Leonard and I,
So you see that, in spite of your
warning,
The end of our journey is nigh.

"The redskins—'tis scarce worth a mention,
Don't worry about me, I pray—
Have shown us no little attention—
Confound them?—along on our way.

"Poor Ned's got a ball in the shoulder—
Another one just grazed my side—
But pshaw! ere we're half a day older
We'll be at the end of our ride.

"We've camped here for breakfast. Tom's
splitting
Some kindling wood, off of the pines,

And astride a dead cedar I'm sitting
To hastily pen you these lines.

"A courier from Deadwood—we met him
Just now with a mail for the States,
(Ah, Jenny! I'll never forget him)—
For this most obligingly waits.

"He says, too, the miners are earning
Ten dollars a day, every man.
Halloa! here comes Tom—he's returning,
And running as fast as he can.

"It's nothing, I guess; he is only
At one of his practical—" Bang!
And sharp through that solitude lonely
The crack of Sioux rifle shots rang.

And as the dire volley came blended
With echo from canyon and pass,
The letter to Jenny was ended—
Its writer lay dead on the grass.

LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

DAY by day the Organ-builder in his
lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to
the music of his thought;

Till at last the work was ended; and no organ-
voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's
magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom
and bride,

Who, in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the
church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began
to play,

And the very airs of heaven through the soft
gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all
the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly
rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story ; all the maidens
blushed and smiled,
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great
renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wed-
ding-day was set :
Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's
coronet !

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his
lovely bride—
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart
swelled high with pride.

“ Ah ! ” thought he ; “ how great a master am I !
When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral-arches will re-echo with
my praise ! ”

Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The
altar shone afar,
With every candle gleaming through soft shadows
like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought
of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ
standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's
low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor
of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God
was pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for His tem-
ple vast and dim !

Whose the fault, then ? Hers—the maiden stand-
ing meekly at his side !
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was
false to him—his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her inno-
cence and truth ;
On that very night he left her to her anguish
and her ruth.

For he wandered to a country wherein no man
knew his name ;
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still
his wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he
thought by night and day
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly
dared to pray ;

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beau-
tiful and good ;
Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed
her womanhood ;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were
all complete,
And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall
down at her feet.

Ah ! how throbbed his heart when, after many a
weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sun-
set glow alight !

Through the gates into the city on he pressed
with eager tread ;
There he met a long procession—mourners fol-
lowing the dead.

“ Now why weep ye so, good people ? and whom
bury ye to-day ?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers
along the way ?

“ Has some saint gone up to heaven ? ” “ Yes,”
they answered, weeping sore ;
“ For the Organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes
shall see no more ;

“ And because her days were given to the ser-
vice of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See !
yonder is the door.”

No one knew him; no one wondered when he
cried out, white with pain;

No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he
poured his tears like rain.

"'Tis some one whom she has comforted, who
mourns with us," they said,

As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the
coffin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the
echoing aisle,

Let it down before the altar, where the lights
burned clear the while;

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself
began to play

Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard
until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet
and clear!

All the air was filled with glory, as of angels ho-
vering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore
the coffin's head,

With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank be-
side it—dead.

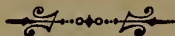
They who raised the body knew him, and they
laid him by his bride;

Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were
carried, side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever
heard before,

And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for
evermore.

JULIA C. R. DORR.



CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

IT sometimes happens that a man, traveler
or fisherman, walking on the beach at
low tide, far from the bank, suddenly
notices that for several minutes he has been
walking with some difficulty. The strand
beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick
in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every
step he takes, as soon as he lift his foot, the
print which it leaves fills with water. The
eye, however, has noticed no change; the
immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all
the sand has the same appearance; nothing
distinguishes the surface which is solid from
that which is no longer so; the joyous little
crowd of sandflies continue to leap tumultu-
ously over the wayfarer's feet. The man
pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the
land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what?
Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of
his feet increases with every step he takes.
Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decid-
edly he is not on the right road; he stops to
take his bearings; now he looks at his feet.
They have disappeared. The sand covers
them. He draws them out of the sand; he
will retrace his steps. He turns back, he
sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his
ankles; he pulls himself out and throws him-
self to the left; the sand half leg deep. He
throws himself to the right; the sand comes
up to his shins.

Then he recognizes with unspeakable ter-
ror that he is caught in the quicksand, and
that he has beneath him the terrible medium
in which man can no more walk than the fish
can swim. He throws off his load, if he has
one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it
is already too late; the sand is above his
knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his
handkerchief; the sand gains on him more
and more. If the beach is deserted, if the
land is too far off, if there is no help in sight,
it is all over.

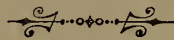
He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The

sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows, to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now.

The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand come to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

VICTOR HUGO.



THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her from within
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cap demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching willfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown!
"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
Gliding down the dark old stairway—hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
 And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
 But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
 And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,
 Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
 Was to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"
 In meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
 While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.
 How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,

And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
 O, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,
 Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended!
 The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
 And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms—
 Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
 All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
 So, repentant, saddened, humbled on her hassock she sat down,
 And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown!

LUCY L. MONTGOMERY.



THE TELL-TALE HEART.

The emotions of horror and dismay are vividly brought out in this selection, which is characteristic of some of the writings of Edgar A. Poe. He had a morbid fancy for the weird, the gruesome and startling, all of which appear in this ghastly description from his pen. The piece is an excellent one of its kind. It requires the ability of a tragedian to properly deliver it.

WITH a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked has-

tily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the

police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definitiveness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do. It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes

when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I can bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! here! here! it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark and evening coming on—the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a little girl, bareheaded and barefooted, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly had slippers on, slippers, but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them until

then. So big were they the little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other and ran away with it. So now the little girl went with naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches and a bundle of them

in her hand. No one had bought anything or her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snowflakes covered her long, fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck, but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was Christmas Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not therefore have a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and, besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof, through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good if she could only draw one from the bundle and rub it against the wall and warm her hands at it. She draws one out. R-r-atch! How it sputtered and burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the child as if she sat before a great polished stove with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! How comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burnt match in her hand.

A second one was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent, like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner ser-

vice; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon its green branches and lighted up the pictures in the room. The girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky; one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the child in her arms and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high; and up there was neither cold nor hunger nor care—they were with God.

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen and in what glory she had gone on, with her grandmother on that Christmas night. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE MONK'S VISION.

READ a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render

Honor to Christ as other painters do—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no; 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns, still less can He admire;

My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor; thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder:

"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone re-
splendent

With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in this strange old story;
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or
need;

The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed

THE BOAT RACE.

THE Algonquins rowed up and down a few times before the spectators. They appeared in perfect training, mettlesome as colts, steady as draught horses, deep breathed as oxen, disciplined to work together as symmetrically as a single sculler pulls his pair of oars.

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south, looking for the Atalanta. A clumb of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing toward the starting point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers. How steadily the Atalanta came on! No rocking, no splashing, no apparent strain; the bow oar turning to

look ahead every now and then, and watching her course, which seemed to be straight as an arrow, the beat of the strokes as true and regular as the pulse of the healthiest rower among them all.

If the sight of the other boat and its crew of young men was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this: eight young girls—all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, but the cheers for the Atalanta were

naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half-hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions. After a little backing and filling they got into line, and sat motionless, the bodies of the rowers bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word. "Go!" shouted the umpire. Away sprang the Atalanta, and far behind her leaped the Algonquin, her oars bending like long Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course, the Algonquin kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? As the boats got farther and farther away, it became difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them.

But when they came to rounding the stake it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. Something like half the distance—four lengths as nearly as could be estimated—had been made up in rowing the first three-quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

"Go it, 'Quins!" shouted the students.

"Pull away, 'Lantas!" screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer, nearer—the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely—a few more strokes and they will be even. It looks desperate for the Atalantas. The bow oar of

the Algonquin turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence—but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he got a glimpse of the stroke oar of the Atalanta; what a flash of loveliness it was! Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and passion of expected triumph.

The upper button of her close-fitting flannel suit had strangled her as her bosom heaved with exertion, and it had given way before the fierce clutch she made at it. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a three-year-old colt, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The Atalanta saw the movement, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would certainly pass the Atalanta before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girls' crew if she could not save them by some strategic device. As she stooped she lifted the handkerchief at her feet and took from it a flaming bouquet "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of the Algonquin.

The captain of the University boat turned his head, and there was the lovely vision which had, a moment before, bewitched him. The owner of all that loveliness must, he thought, have flung the bouquet. It was a challenge; how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it? He was sure he

could win the race now, and he would sweep past the line in triumph with the great bunch of flowers at the stern of his boat, proud as Van Tromp in the British Channel with the broom at his masthead.

He turned the boat's head a little by backing water, and came up with the floating flowers, near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second, no more. He felt sure of his victory.

The bow of the Algonquin passes the stern of the Atalanta! The bow of the Algonquin is on a level with the middle of the Atalanta—three more lengths and the college crew will pass the girls!

"Hurrah for the 'Quins!" The Algonquin ranges up alongside of the Atalanta!

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the Algonquin.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the Atalanta.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly. Crack goes the oar of the Atalanta's captain, and up flash its splintered fragments as the stem of her boat springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

"Hooraw for the 'Lantas! Hooraw for the girls! Hooraw for the Institoot!" shout a hundred voices.

And there is loud laughing and cheering all round.

The pretty little captain had not studied her classical dictionary for nothing. "I have paid off an old 'score,'" she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes!" It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet which gave the race to the Atalantas!



PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

SHORT is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips of Pelhamville:
An engineer for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen along the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were wagons piled up in the air,
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rushed
Through the safety-valves; the engine crushed
Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath
The tender wheels, with their grip of death,
They drew him, scalded by steam, and burned
By the engine fires as it overturned.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
Then knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four feet away—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone:
‘Signal the South Express!’ he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his fireman, dead.
Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet-blast of fame.

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

POOR LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside
old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous
neat and clean;

The night was dark and stormy, the wind was
howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of
her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes
grown dim:
It was a collier’s wife and child, they called him
little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down
her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was
afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better
than her life;
For she had all a mother’s heart, had that poor
collier’s wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the
sufferer’s bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take
herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the
words from him:
“Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon lit-
tle Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am
so dry,

Just moisten poor Jim’s lips again, and, mother,
don’t you cry.”

With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid
to his lip;

He smiled to thank her as he took each little,
tiny sip;

“Tell father, when he comes from work, I said
good-night to him,
And, mother, now I’ll go to sleep.” Alas! poor
little Jim!

She knew that he was dying; that the child she
loved so dear

Had uttered the last words she might ever hope
to hear:

The cottage door is opened, the collier’s step is
heard,

The father and the mother meet, yet neither
speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was
dead,

He took the candle in his hand and walked to-
ward the bed;

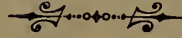
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he’d
fain conceal,

And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken
couple kneel:

With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly
ask of Him,

In heaven once more to meet again their own
poor little Jim.

ORATIONS BY FAMOUS ORATORS.



An oration, strictly speaking, is an elaborate discourse delivered on some special occasion, and in a somewhat formal and dignified manner. As this class of recitations stands by itself and is quite different from the other selections contained in this volume,

I have grouped together here a number of Famous Orations, all of which have given their authors celebrity. These are well suited for public delivery by those who prefer this kind of recitation and have the oratorical ability required for reciting them.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

BY HENRY CLAY.

When reference is made to America's greatest orators it is customary to mention the name of Henry Clay among the very first. He was frequently called "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," from the fact that he was a poor boy and was born in a district in Virginia called "the Slashes." Mr. Clay was tall and slender and had a voice of wonderful range and sympathy, was remarkably easy and graceful in manner, and few orators who ever lived possessed such persuasive power.

The opening part of this fine selection should be delivered in a rather quiet, slightly satirical tone; but in the later passages the speaker should grow warm and enthusiastic, and voice and gesture should express a full appreciation of the lofty sentiments he is uttering.

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private cour-

age is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage.

But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward

heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration of the immortal God,

and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

An American orator and patriot, born in Massachusetts in 1744, Mr. Quincy, by his fervid and convincing eloquence, was one of the most powerful champions of the popular cause of independence.

BE not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us "perceive our inability to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer—In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world can not dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit existence.

Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet,

or be dragged to the newly-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life, his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sires shall excite their emulation.

Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave way, without one noble struggle for the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the world; let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—we will die if we cannot live freemen. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

BY HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

From the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. This oration is the masterpiece of a young orator who died when but little past the age of thirty, having already gained a wide celebrity for scholarly attainments and commanding eloquence. It is remarkable for boldness of thought and fervor of expression.

THE conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you.

You have a Government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues.

You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety

through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius.

The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law—we cannot change it.

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.



SPEECH OF SHREWSBURY BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY FREDERIC VON SCHILLER.

GOD whose most wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice: this is not the time. In such a tumult, you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only: you are fearful now of the living Mary; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. *Tremble at the dead—the beheaded.* She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British; but when she is no more, they will revenge her.

No longer will she then be regarded as

the enemy of their faith; her mournful fate will cause her to appear as the grand-daughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred, and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations: then will you see another England, another people! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen?



THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

THIS, then, is the theatre on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion, such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the

glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes. I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other

feeling ~~man~~ that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services.

The most powerful motives call on us for those efforts which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe everything to those means of education which are equally open to all.

We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the Old World afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, that momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all

places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchers of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust.

They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us, in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.



THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

As a finished scholar and eloquent speaker, Mr. Everett gained the highest distinction. His silvery tones and flowery periods held multitudes spellbound. His orations were always prepared with the greatest care, delivered from memory, and are models of elevated thought and sentiment and brilliant diction. He was the finished orator, noted for the classic beauty of his writings.

SIR, in the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights—moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart—there is something glorious. They can then

move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without entrenchments to cover or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that cares not in what

language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out.

But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally! Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose his tempest on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won."



TO THE SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

One of the towering names in American statesmanship is that of Daniel Webster, "the great defender of the Constitution." Mr. Webster was not more remarkable for intellectual power than he was for masterly eloquence. His triumphs in Senatorial debate and on great public occasions are historic. In person he was large and brawny, with a swarthy complexion, massive head, and always conveyed the impression of strength, and, at times, even of majesty. His orations are masterpieces of patriotic fervor and scholarly culture.

VENERABLE men: you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed!

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown.

The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have wit-

essed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the pres-

ent generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair, from his just character and just fame,

may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

EULOGIUM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY ROBERT T. HAYNE.

This distinguished American orator was born in the parish of Saint Paul, South Carolina. His eminent ability soon secured for him a seat in the United States Senate. The following is from one of his orations delivered in the celebrated controversy between himself and Daniel Webster. It is a glowing defense of his native state, and is memorable in the annals of forensic eloquence.

IF there be one State in the Union, and I say it not in a boastful spirit, that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding to-

gether to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history

of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

The "plains of Carolina" drank up the

most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.



THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It has been said of Mr. Phillips that in his public addresses he was "a gentleman talking," so easy and graceful was his manner. "The golden-mouthed Phillips" was also an appropriate title. Considered simply as an orator, perhaps our country has never produced his superior.

IT matters very little what spot may have been the birthplace of Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some singular qualification; Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to bind them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of as-

sociated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier, and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation.

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life

to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.



NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

One of "Boston's hundred orators" is the author of this eloquent oration, which was delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of Washington's monument, that imposing shaft which is one of the greatest objects of interest at our national capital. Scarcely any finer tribute was ever paid to the Father of his Country. It should be delivered with full volume of voice and sustained energy.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union!

Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country! Build it to the skies; you can not outreach the loftiness of his principles!

Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you can not make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may testify our veneration for him; this, alone can adequately illustrate his service to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic

may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as

long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington.



THE NEW WOMAN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Although it is not customary to include women among orators, an exception must be made in the case of Miss Willard. Few men have ever possessed her command over popular audiences. Her eloquence drew multitudes to listen to her burning appeals in behalf of the reforms of the day, among whom were always many who protested that they "never liked to hear a woman talk in public."

Miss Willard's remarkable gifts, her zeal and earnestness, and her devotion to her cause, gave her a world-wide reputation. This extract from one of her eloquent public addresses is bright in thought, wholesome in sentiment, and is a model of effective speech.

LET us be grateful that our horizon is widening. We women have learned to reason from effect to cause. It is considered a fine sign of a thinker to be able to reason from cause to effect. But we, in fourteen years' march, have learned to go from the drunkard in the gutter, who was the object lesson we first saw, back to the children, as you will hear to-night; back to the idea of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, and legal work for temperance; back to the basis of the saloon itself.

We have found that the liquor traffic is joined hand in hand with the very sources of the National Government. And we have come to the place where we want prohibition, first, last, and all the time. While the brewer talks about his "vested interests," I lend my voice to the motherhood of the nation that has gone down into the valley of unutterable pain and in the shadow of death, with the dews of eternity upon the mother's brow, given birth and being to the sons who are the "vested interests" of America's homes.

We offset the demand of the brewer and distiller, that you shall protect their ill-gotten gains, with the thought of these most sacred treasures, dear to the hearts that you, our

brothers, honor—dear to the hearts that you love best. I bring to you this thought, to-night, that you shall vote to represent us, and hasten the time when we can represent ourselves.

I believe that we are going out into this work, being schooled and inspired for greater things than we have dreamed, and that the army of women will prove the grandest sisterhood the world has ever known. As I have seen the love and kindness and goodwill of women who differed so widely from us politically and religiously, and yet have found away down in the depths of their hearts the utmost love and affection, I have said, what kind of a world will this be when all women are as fond of each other as we strong-minded women are?

Home is the citadel of everything that is good and pure on earth; nothing must enter there to defile, neither anything which loveth or maketh a lie. And it shall be found that all society needed to make it altogether homelike was the home-folks; that all government needed to make it altogether pure from the fumes of tobacco and the debasing effects of strong drink, was the home-folks; that wherever you put a woman who has the

atmosphere or home about her, she brings in the good time of pleasant and friendly relationship, and points with the finger of hope and the eye of faith always to something better—always it is better farther on.

As I look around and see the heavy cloud of apathy under which so many still are stifled, who take no interest in these things,

I just think they do not half mean the hard words that they sometimes speak to us, or they wouldn't if they knew; and, after awhile, they will have the same views I have, spell them with a capital V, and all be harmonious, like Barnum's happy family, a splendid menagerie of the whole human race—clear-eyed, kind and victorious!



AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors—by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil—by all you are, and all you hope to be—resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if ne-

cessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.



THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM.

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

As a pulpit orator and lecturer Mr. Chapin was widely known and popular. His style was ornate and finished, and when to this was added his grand voice and magnetic delivery, his audiences could not resist the charm of his eloquence. His opinions placed him in the front ranks of reformers.

THE great element of reform is not born of human wisdom, it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration

of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being.

So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine will, this earth would become like heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man.

That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and

show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life;—Come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory—and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality.

And ye, who are a great number—ye nameless ones—who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on high—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of Reform! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the present is hopeful because of thee; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY LYMAN BEECHER.

A rather small wiry man with strong face, compact fibre, quick motions, great earnestness and pulpit ability of the highest order—this was Lyman Beecher. He made himself especially prominent in the early days of the temperance reformation. The selection here given is one of many similar utterances and is full of force and fire.

COULD I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth.

But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way.

Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the morning of their life was

cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources.

And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the in-

heritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe.

And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes: bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold

THE PILGRIMS.

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Mr. Depew is considered one of the foremost of our American orators, and it is enough to say he has risen to this distinction in a land noted for the eloquence of its public men. He is an excellent extemporaneous speaker, is graceful and easy in manner, fluent in utterance, and has a touch of humor that renders him popular. His tribute to the Pilgrims is worthy of a theme so inspiring.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers and Baptists.

Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before

the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil.

But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sen-

timent of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.



PATRIOTISM A REALITY.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

All Americans ought to feel kindly disposed toward this eloquent Irish patriot, for he not only risked his life in the cause of Irish liberty, but also in our own Civil War. This oration has a rugged strength and blunt earnestness quite characteristic of the man. Let it not be delivered in any feeble halting manner, but with all your nerve and energy.

SIR, the pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. It must resume among us its ancient glory—be with us an active heroism. Once for all, sir, we must have an end of this money making in the public forum. We must ennoble the strife for liberty; make it a gallant sacrifice, not a vulgar game; rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and from the control of those who bribe!

Ah! trust not those dull philosophers of the age, those wretched sceptics, who, to rebuke our enthusiasm, our folly, would persuade us that patriotism is but a delusion, a dream of youth, a wild and glittering passion; that it has died out in this nineteenth century;

that it cannot exist with our advanced civilization—with the steam-engine and free trade!

False—false!—The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans.

In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of Hampden and

of Russell. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. At Innsbruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andrew Hofer. In the great American republic—in that capital city which bears his name—rises the monument of the Father of his country.

Sir, shall we not join in this glorious homage, and here in this island, consecrated by the blood of many a good and gallant man, shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities, of patriotism? You discard the

weapons of these heroic men—do not discard the virtues. Elevate the national character confront corruption wherever it appears scourge it from the hustings; scourge it from the public forum; and, whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have devoted your lives and fortunes, let this thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts: That in seeking the independence of your country, you have preserved her virtue—preserved it at once from the seductions of a powerful minister, and from the infidelity of bad citizens.



THE GLORY OF ATHENS.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

As a historian Macaulay has a world-wide reputation. As a poet he takes high rank. As an orator, his speeches are characterized by lofty thought, felicitous language and the most elaborate style. I would call him a graceful giant. The last paragraph of the following selection in which he predicts the final decay of England, has created an endless amount of comment and criticism. Concerning the beauty and grandeur of this selection from his writings, there can be but one opinion.

ALL the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens.

Whenever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, and consoling. It stood by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty; ~~happiness~~ in bondage; health in sickness; society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the

bar, in the senate; in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy.

But these are not her glory. Surely it is an exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of the yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated. Her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon. Her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivaled her greatness, shall have shared her fate; when

civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; and shall see a single naked fisherman

wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.



THE IRISH CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

No man in England, or in fact in the whole world, has gained so high a distinction in modern times for statesmanship and eloquence as Mr. Gladstone. Possessed of vast resources of brain and culture, a remarkable command of language, an iron will and an enthusiasm in behalf of every cause espoused that was checked by no opposition, the "Grand Old Man," as he was called, was the most majestic and commanding figure in English politics and literature for a generation. His oration on the Irish Church is a good specimen of his impassioned oratory.

IF we are prudent men, I hope we shall endeavor as far as in us lies to make some provision for a contingent, a doubtful, and probably a dangerous future. If we be chivalrous men, I trust we shall endeavor to wipe away all those stains which the civilized world has for ages seen, or seemed to see, on the shield of England in her treatment of Ireland. If we be compassionate men, I hope we shall now, once for all, listen to the tale of woe which comes from her, and the reality of which, if not its justice, is testified by the continuous emigration of her people—that we shall endeavor to—

"Pluck from her memory a rooted sorrow,
And raze the written troubles from her brain."

But, above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind—that, when the case is proved and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied.

There are many who think that to lay hands upon the national Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling. I sym-

pathize with it. I sympathize with it while I think it my duty to overcome and repress it. But if it be an error, it is an error entitled to respect. There is something in the idea of a national establishment of religion, of a solemn appropriation of a part of the Commonwealth for conferring upon all who are ready to receive it what we know to be an inestimable benefit; of saving that portion of the inheritance from private selfishness, in order to extract from it, if we can, pure and unmixed advantages of the highest order for the population at large.

There is something in this so attractive that it is an image that must always command the homage of the many. It is somewhat like the kingly ghost in Hamlet, of which one of the characters of Shakespeare says:—

"We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery."

But, sir, this is to view a religious establishment upon one side, only upon what I may call the ethereal side. It has likewise

a side of earth; and here I cannot do better than quote some lines written by the Archbishop of Dublin, at a time when his genius was devoted to the muses. He said, in speaking of mankind:

"We who did our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side,
To earth and to its dust allied."

And so the Church Establishment, regarded in its theory and in its aim, is beautiful and attractive. Yet what is it but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labor and of skill to certain purposes, and unless these purposes are fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be justified. Therefore, Sir, I cannot but feel that we must set aside fears which thrust themselves upon the imagination, and act upon the sober dictates of our judgment.

I think it has been shown that the cause for action is strong—not for precipitate action, not for action beyond our powers, but for such action as the opportunities of the times and the condition of Parliament, if

there be but a ready will, will amply and easily admit of. If I am asked as to my expectations of the issue of this struggle, I begin frankly by avowing that I, for one, would not have entered into it unless I believed that the final hour was about to sound.

And I hope that the noble lord will forgive me if I say that before Friday last I thought that the thread of the remaining life of the Irish Established Church was short, but that since Friday last, when at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon the noble lord stood at that table, I have regarded it as being shorter still. The issue is not in our hands.

What we had and have to do is to consider well and deeply before we take the first step in an engagement such as this; but having entered into the controversy, there and then to acquit ourselves like men, and to use every effort to remove what still remains of the scandals and calamities in the relations which exist between England and Ireland, and use our best efforts at least to fill up with the cement of human concord the noble fabric of the British empire.



APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS.

BY LOUIS KOSSUTH.

The eminent Hungarian orator and statesman, whose name for a whole generation stood for liberty, visited our country in his early manhood and received an ovation wherever he went. His progress was a triumphal march. This was due not merely to the fact that he was exerting all his energies to liberate his country, but his reception was a tribute to his brilliant genius and overpowering eloquence. Kossuth was one of the most remarkable orators of modern times. The following selection is a fine illustration of his impassioned, burning eloquence.



OUR fatherland is in danger. Citizens of the fatherland! To arms! To arms! If we believed the country could be saved by ordinary means, we would not cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, which, in the hour of peril, prefers defeat to defence, we would not sound the alarm-bell.

But because we know that the people of our land compose a manly nation, determined to defend itself against oppression, we call out in the loudest voice, "Our fatherland is in danger!" Because we are sure that the nation is able to defend its hearths and homes, we announce the peril in all its magnitude, and appeal to our brethren, in the name of

God and their country, to look the danger boldly in the face.

We will not smile and flatter. We say it plainly, that unless the nation rise, to a man, prepared to shed the last drop of blood, all our previous struggles will have been in vain. The noble blood that has flowed like water, will have been wasted. Our fatherland will be crushed to the earth. On the soil, where rest the ashes of our ancestors, the Russian knout will be wielded over a people reduced beneath the yoke of slavery.

If we wish to shut our eyes to the danger, we shall thereby save no one from its power. If we represent the matter as it is, we make our country master of its own fate. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their fatherland. But, if paralyzed by coward fear, they remain supine, all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself. We tell you that the Austrian Emperor sends the hordes of Russian barbarians for your destruction.

People of Hungary! Would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarous Rus-

sians? If not, defend your own lives! Would you see the Cossacks of the distant north trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to Siberia, or should fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or writhe in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

This strife is not a strife between two hostile camps, but a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation. Therefore must the whole people arise with the army. If these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for universal Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, O strong, gigantic people, unite with the army, and rush to the conflict. Ho! every freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus alone is victory certain.

THE TYRANT VERRES DENOUNCED.

BY CICERO.

This oration is inserted here to furnish an example of the style of the great Roman orator whose eloquence has been proverbial from his time to the present. His patriotic utterances should stir the blood of the reciter, and if they do this his hearers will share the inspiration.

AN opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and he hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive

not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal or of a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty.

Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a

people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Merely the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant Prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions!

For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius,

who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death—to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate—a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people—in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the commonwealth.

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

A recitation that has a touch of humor, one that is quaint and droll, one that has comical situations, or one that hits off any popular absurdity, is sure to be well received by your audience. A school exhibition or an evening's entertainment without something of this kind would be pronounced dull and dry.

Some readers are especially adapted to recitals of this description. They have an in-

nate sense of the ludicrous and are able to convey it by voice and manner. Those who are not favored with the very desirable gift of humor should confine themselves to selections of a graver character. The department of Wit and Humor here presented is large and complete, containing a great variety of readings that cannot fail to be enthusiastically received when properly rendered.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE!

I 'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away
out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in
my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so
proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come
to sich an end!

Bill made a faithful promise to be keerful, an'
allowed
He d build a reputation that'd make us mighty
proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded
from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest
kind!

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort
o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky
road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head
in shame,
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored
name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's
mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor
o'l heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the
news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur, but he doesn't say what
fur.

"SPACIALLY JIM."

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I was
young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the
crowd,
'Spacially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
 An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
 But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
 'Spacially Jim!
 I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
 ('Spacially Jim!)

I made up my mind I'd settle down
 An' take up with him.
 So we was married one Sunday in church,
 'Twas crowded full to the brim;
 'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
 'Spacially Jim.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Be careful, in all dialect recitations, to enunciate as the piece requires. A good part of the humor is brought out in the accent, and you should study this until you are master of it.

YOU promise now, you goot man dere,
 Vot shtunds upon de floor,
 To take dis woman for your vrow,
 And luff her efermore;
 You'll feed her well on sauerkraut,
 Beans, buttermilk and cheese,
 And in all dings to lend your aid
 Vot vill promote her ease?

—Yah!

Yes, and you, good voman, too—
 Do you pledge your vord dis day
 Dat you vill take dis husband here
 And mit him always shtay?
 Dat you vill bet and board mit him,
 Vash, iron and mend his clothes;

Laugh when he schmiles, weep when he sighs,
 Und share his joys and woes?

—Yah!

Vel, den, mitin these sacred halls,
 Mit joy and not mit grief,
 I do bronounce you man and vife;
 Von name, von home, von beef!
 I publish now dese sacred bonts,
 Dese matrimonial dies,
 Pefore mine Got, mine vrow, minezelf
 Und all dese gazing eyes.

Und now, you pridegroom standing dere,
 I'll not let go yoz collar
 Undil you dell me one ding more,
 Dat ish: vere ish mine tollar?



BLASTED HOPES.

WE said good-bye! My lips to hers were
 pressed.
 We looked into each other's eyes and
 sighed;

I pressed the maiden fondly to my breast,
 And went my way across the foamy tide.

I stood upon the spot where Cæsar fell,
 I mused beside the great Napoleon's tomb;
 I loitered where dark-visaged houris dwell,
 And saw the fabled lotus land abloom.

I heard Parisian revelers, and so
 Forgot the maiden who had wept for me;

I saw my face reflected in the Po,
 And saw Italian suns sink in the sea.

Aweary of it all, at last, I turn'd
 My face back to my glorious native land;
 I thought of her again—my bosom burned—
 And joyfully I left the ancient strand.

At last, I held her little hand again,
 But, oh, the seasons had kept rolling on,
 I did not stroke her head or kiss her then—
 Another had appeared while I was gone.

I'd brought her trinkets from across the sea—
 Ah, well! she shall not have them now, of
 course;

Alas! the only thing that's left for me
 Is to give her little boy a hobby horse!

TIM MURPHY MAKES A FEW REMARKS.

A good specimen of the Irish brogue and wit.

I SAW Teddy Reagan the other day; he told me he had been dealing in hogs. "Is business good?" says I. "Yis," says he. "Talking about hogs, Teddy, how do you find yourself?" sez I. I wint to buy a clock the other day, to make a present to Mary Jane. "Will you have a Frinch clock?" says the jeweler. "The deuce take your Frinch clock," sez I. "I want a clock that my sister can understand when it strikes." "I have a Dutch clock," sez he, "an' you kin put that on the shtairs." "It might run down if I put it there," sez I. "Well," sez he, "here's a Yankee clock, with a lookin'-glass in the front, so that you can see yourself," sez he. "It's too ugly," sez I. "Thin I'll take the lookin'-glass out, an' whin you look at it you'll not find it so ugly," sez he.

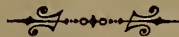
I wint to Chatham Sthreet to buy a shirt, for the one I had on was a thrifle soiled. The Jew who kept the sthore looked at my bosom, an' said: "So hellup me gracious! how long do you vear a shirt?" "Twinty-eight inches," sez I. "Have you any fine shirts?" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Are thae 'ne?" says I.

"Yis," sez he. "Thin you had better put one on," sez I.

You may talk about bringin' up childer in the way they should go, but I believe in bringing them up by the hair of the head. Talking about bringing up childer—I hear my childer's prayers every night. The other night I let thim up to bed without thim. I skipped and sthooed behind the door. I heard the big boy say: "Give us this day our daily bread." The little fellow said: "Sthrike him for pie, Johnny." I have one of the most economical boys in the City of New York; he hasn't spint one cint for the last two years. I am expecting him down from Sing Sing prison next week.

Talking about boys, I have a nephew who, five years ago, couldn't write a word. Last week he wrote his name for \$10,000; he'll git tin years in the pinatintuary. I can't write, but I threw a brick at a policeman and made my mark.

They had a fight at Tim Owen's wake last week. Mary Jane was there. She says, barrin' herself, there was only one whole nose left in the party, an' that belonged to the tay-kettle.



PASSING OF THE HORSE.

I DROVE my old horse, Dobbin, full slowly toward the town,

One beautiful spring morning. The rising sun looked down

And saw us slowly jogging and drinking in the balm

Of honeyed breath of clover fields. We lissed, in Nature's calm,

To chirping squirrel, and whistling bird, the robin and the wren;

The sound of life and love and peace came o'er the fields again.

'Way back behind the wagon there came a tandem bike,

A pedaling 'long to beat the wind, I never saw the like.

They started by—the road was wide, old Dobbin feeling good,

The quiet calmness of the morn had livened up his mood,

And stretching out adown the road he chased these cyclers two,

And Dobbin in his younger days was distanced by but few.

We sped along about a mile, it was a merry chase,
 But Dobbin gave it up at last, and, dropping from
 the race,
 He looked at me, as if to say: "Old man, I'm
 in disgrace.
 The horse is surely passing by, the bike has got
 his place."
 And all that day, while in the town, old Dob-
 bin's spirits fell;
 His stout old pride was broken sure; the reason
 I could tell.

But when that night we trotted back from town,
 below the hill
 We met two weary cyclers who waved at us a bill
 That had a big V on it, and said it would be
 mine
 If I would let them ride with us and put their bike
 behind,
 And so I whistled softly; and Dobbin winked at
 me,
 "I guess the horse will stay, old man; he's punc-
 ture proof—you see?"

A SCHOOL=DAY.

Don't overdo the whimpering and crying, but make the facial expressions and imitate the sobbing of one in tears. Make use of a handkerchief to render the imitation more effective.

"NOW, John," the district teacher says
 With frown that scarce can hide
 The dimpling smiles around her
 mouth,

Where Cupid's hosts abide,
 "What have you done to Mary Ann,
 That she is crying so?
 Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't, I say,
 For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry
 At nothing, I am sure;
 And if you've wounded justice, John,
 You know the only cure
 Is punishment! So, come, stand up;
 Transgression must abide
 The pain attendant on the scheme
 That makes it justified."

So John steps forth with sun-burnt face,
 And hair all in a tumble,
 His laughing eyes a contrast to
 His drooping mouth so humble.
 "Now, Mary, you must tell me all—
 I see that John will not,
 And if he's been unkind or rude,
 I'll whip him on the spot."

"W—we were p—playin' p—pris'ner's b—base,
 An' h—he is s—such a t—tease,
 An' w—when I w—wasn't l—lookin', m—
 ma'am'
 H—he k—kissed me—if you please."

Upon the teacher's face the smiles
 Have triumphed o'er the frown,
 A pleasant thought runs through her mind.
 The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged!
 Begone, ye smiles, begone!
 Away, ye little dreams of love,
 Come on, ye frowns, come on!
 "I think I'll have to whip you, John,
 Such conduct breaks the rule;
 No boy, except a naughty one,
 Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
 A Nemesis she stands—
 A premium were put on sin,
 If punished by such hands!
 As when the bee explores the rose
 We see the petals tremble,
 So trembled Mary's rosebud lips—
 Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him *very* hard"—
 The stick stops in its fall—
 "It wasn't right to do it, but—
 It didn't hurt at all!"
 "What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
 The school's noise makes a pause,
 And out upon the listening air,
 From Mary comes—"Because!"

W. F. McSPARRAN.

THE BICYCLE AND THE PUP.

TIS a bicycle man, over his broken wheel,
That grieveth himself full sore,
For the joy of its newness his heart shall
feel,
Alack and alas! no more.

When the bright sun tippeth the hills with gold,
That rider upriseth gay,
And with hat all beribboned and heart that is
bold,
Pursueth his jaunty way.

He gazeth at folks in the lowly crowd
With a most superior air.
He thinketh ha! ha! and he smileth aloud
As he masheth the maiden fair.

Oh, he masheth her much in his nice new clothes,
Nor seeth the cheerful pup,
Till he roots up the road with his proud, proud
nose,
While the little wheel tilteth up.

Oh, that youth on his knees—though he doth
not pray—
Is a pitiful sight to see,
For his pants in their uttermost part give way,
While merrily laugheth she.

And that bicycle man in his heart doth feel
That the worst of unsanctified jokes
Is the small dog that sniffeth anon at his wheel,
But getteth mixed up in the spokes.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

Before reciting this state to your audience that "nein" is the German for "no"

GOT any boys?" the marshal said,
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said,
To that lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"But some are dead," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"The duce you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head
And always answering "nein?"
"Ich kann nicht Englisch," civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

NOW, then," said the short and fat
and anxious-looking man as he
sat down in the street car and
unfolded a map he had just
bought of a fakir. "I want to know how
this old thing works. Let me first find the
Philippine Islands and Manila. Here I am,
and here is Ca-vitt."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man on
his left, "but that name is pronounced Kah-
vee-tay."

"Then why ain't it spelled that way?"
demanded the short and fat man. "No
wonder Dooye has been left there a whole
month without reinforcements when they
mix up things that way."

"You mean Dewey," corrected the man on his right.

"I heard it called Dooye, sir."

"But it isn't right."

"Then why don't this map give it right? Is it the plan of our map-makers to bamboozle the American patriot? Let us turn to Cuba. Ah! here is that San Jew-an they are talking so much about."

"Will you allow me to say that the name is pronounced San Wan?" softly observed the man on the left.

"By whom, sir?"

"By everybody."

"I deny it, sir!" exclaimed the fat man. "If J-u-a-n don't spell 'Juan' then I can't read. If I am wrong then why don't this map set me right? Is it the idea to mix up the American patriot until he can't tell whether he's in Cuba or the United States?"

"Where is that Ci-en-fue-gos I've read about?"

"Do you wish for the correct pronunciation of that name?" asked a man on the other side of the car.

"Haven't I got it?"

"Not exactly, sir."

"Then let her slide. The men who got out this map ought to be indicted for swindling. Maybe I'm wrong in calling it Matan-zas?"

"It is hardly correct, sir."

"And I'm off on Por-to Ri-co?"

"Just a little off."

"That settles it, sir—that settles it!" said the short man as he folded up the map and tossed it away on the street. "I had a grandfather in the Revolutionary War, a father in the war with Mexico, and two brothers in the late Civil War, and I was going to offer my services to Uncle Sam in this emergency; but it's off, sir—all off."

"But what difference does the pronunciation make?" protested the man on the right.

"All the difference in the world, sir. My wife is tongue-tied and my only child has got a hair-lip, and if I should get killed neither one of them would be able to ever make any one understand whether I poured out my blood in a battle in Cuba or was run over by an ice-wagon in front of my own house!"



BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND COCKROACHES.

CH, Mollie Moriarty, I've been havin' the quare iksparyincis since yiz hurrud from me, an' if I'd known how it wud be whin I lift ould Oireland, I'd nivir have sit fut intil this coontry befoor landin'. Me prisint mistrhiss that I had befoor the lasht wan is a discoiple av a new koind av relijun called Christian Soience. She's been afthur takin' a sooccission av coorsis av coolchur (I belave that's fwat they call it), an' she knows all about this Christian Soience.

I've hurrud her talkin' wid the other ladies about moind an' matther, an' as will as I can

undherstand, Christian Soience manes that iverything is all moind an' no matther, or all matther an' nivir moind, an' that ivery wan's nobody, an' iverything's nothing ilse. The mistrhiss ses there's no disase nor trooble, an' no nade av physic; nivirthiliss, whin she dishcoovered cockroaches intil the panthry, she sint me out wid the money to buy an iksterminatin' powdher.

Thinks I to meself, "I'll give thim roaches a dose av Christian Soience, or fwat the ladies call an 'absint thratemint.'" So I fixed the powers av me moind on the mid-

blesoom craythers an' shpint the money till
me own binifit. Aftther a few days the mis-
thriss goes intil the panthry, an' foinds thim
roaches roonin' 'round as if they'd nivr been
kilt at all. I throied to iksplain, but wid the
inconsishtency av her six she wouldn't listhin
till a worrud, but ses I was addin' imperti-

nince to desaving'. So I'm afther lookin'
fur a place, an' if yiz know av any lady wid-
out notions that do be bewildherin' to me
moind, address,

MISS BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN,
Post Office, Ameriky.
M. BOURCHIER.

CONVERSATIONAL.

"**H**OW'S your father?" Came the whis-
per,
Bashful Ned the silence break-
ing;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.
Conversation flagged a moment,

Hopeless, Ned essayed another:
"Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother!"
"Mother? Oh, she's doing nicely!"
Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
When in low, despairing accents
Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

WANTED, A MINISTER'S WIFE.

WANTED, a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in a fashionable life.
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
Who well to her household looks
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant, stupid cooks?)
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy as sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A very domestic person.
To "callers" she must not be "out;"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about.
Only to visit the parish
Every day of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Conduct the ladies' meeting,
The sewing-circle attend,
And when we work for the needy,
Her ready assistance to lend.
To clothe the destitute children
Where sorrow and want are rife;
To hunt up Sunday-school scholars.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Careful to entertain strangers,
Traveling agents, and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
The leaders have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And "hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to their parson's."
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A perfect pattern of prudence
To all others, spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress.
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society's money.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

HOW A MARRIED MAN SEWS ON A BUTTON.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot on the thread, commences to put on the button.

It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button on exactly the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread, after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see."

Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth easy enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but, in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he has left to

hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it.

This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping, by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After a while he calms down and puts on his pants and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

J. M. BAILEY.



THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

You do not need any set tune for the words to be sung. It will be more amusing to have none, but to extemporize as you go along. Stop singing when you come to the words in parenthesis and speak them. To complete the impersonation, you should have a violin. Do not recite German dialect pieces too rapidly; the words should be pronounced very distinctly.

VAKE up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe!
 Der moon dot can't been seen abof.
 Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late,
 I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
 Und dhere vas no goot blace to set;
 My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
 So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
Am you awake ub dhere abofe,
Feeling sad und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrab in near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw if you kin hear
From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going to sung:

SING. { O lady! vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
O you vot's schleebe in' sound ub dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

SING. { Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
When you'm ashleep—so vake!
(Yes, hurry upp, and voke up quick,
For gootness gracious sake!)

SING. { My schveet imbatience, lofe,
I hope you vill excuse;
I'm singing schveetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

SING. { O putiful, schveet maid!
O vill she ever voke?
Dermoon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere!
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
O cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot rain it raine,
Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
Vhen mit my fiddle I shneaked off
So vet und shlobby like a mool!

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

If this selection were recited in the costume of a housemaid, with apron, sunbonnet and bare arms the effect would be intensified. Place the hands on the hips except when gesticulating.

"IT'S thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer know, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about genteel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen.

"So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate-spoken lady, and never looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any maneing at all to her words.

"Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had, to be sure.

High and low I went till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure. Och, how she screamed and laughed, till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind swate way what her maneing was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me:

"'Biddy, an' ye may give the baby av airin', if yees will.'

"What should I do—and it's thru what I am saying this blessed minute—but go upstairs wid the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a screaming and kicking as the baby gave—but I hild on the harder. Everybody thin in the strate looked at me; at last mistress came up to see what for was so much noise.

"'I am thrying to air the baby,' I said, 'but it kicks and scrames dridfully.'

"There was company down below; and whin Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing, I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid scrambling.

"And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler's sharts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away, so I takes the sharts and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the ould country wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon around the bundle.

"'Where are the sharts, Biddy?' axed Mrs. Whaler, when she comed home.

"'I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,' I said, bringing her the bundle.

"'Will you iver be done wid your grane-ness!' she axed me with a loud scrame.

"I can't for the life of me be tellin' what their talkin' manes. At home we call the likes of this fine work starching; and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the blessed Vargin pity me, for I never'll be cured of my grane-ness!"



THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!

Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.

Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life, Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot, That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.

Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself a-rockin'; And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say; But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.

As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash, Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of em, but they don't bring in no *cash*.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravin'est man— He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan,

Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn, While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside, And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun; But I counted it one of my marcies when it bust before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright—

'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.

Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does such cur'ous things.

Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of wheels and springs;

It had a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;

All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,

That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,

And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot
it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear
me! sakes alive!

Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a
fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside,
shet up jest like a trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use; then
I worked that hull long night
A-tyin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got
in a fright;

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he
might be dyin';
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There
was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out again. That was all
very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd
left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you
wonder I'm tired of life?

Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an in-
ventor's wife? MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

“MY sister'll be down in a minute, and
says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she
came, if I'd promise her never
to tease,

Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's
nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't
you really and truly think so?

“And then you'd feel strange nere alone. And
you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we
never use it a bit;

We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack
says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock
out the very last screw.

“Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid
to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it
was mean!

Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if
you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only
says that when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it? It's like
her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

“This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell
me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only
one that could be bought;

For that was the message to pa from the photo-
graph-man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first
got his money for that.

“What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why,
often she's longer than this.

There's all her back hair to do up, and all of
her front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown
people, just you and me!

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh,
do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

“Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness!
he used to be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and
Jack says that gave him a fright;

You won't run away then, as he did? for you're
not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now,
are you? and how poor are they?

“Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am;
for I know now your hair isn't red;

But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what
that naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go; sister's coming! But I
wish I could wait, just to see

If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the
way she used to kiss Lee.”

BRET HARTE.

THE MAN WHO HAS ALL DISEASES AT ONCE.

Imitate the cough. Put your hands on different parts of your body in describing your aches and pains. Wear a long dismal face. Bend forward and limp as you change your position.

GOOD-MORNING, Doctor; how do you do? I hain't quite as well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine that you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the ear-ache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in, that troublesome cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen years, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me any thing that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do? I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the least good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of Deacon Jones' saw-mill; it's getting to be very troublesome just

before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl round in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out plowing last week? Why, the weaked old critter, she kept a backing and backing, ontill she backed me right up agin the colter, and knock'd a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it anyhow. So I went out, picked up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a coming up the steps into the house, when my feet slipped from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face ain't well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, 'specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that ain't all, Doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm going to have the "yaller janders." (*Coughs.*)

DR. VALENTINE.



THE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S COURTING.

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest way.

I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter fly.

But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontel

She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with us a spell.

My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk,

An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't his beat for work ;

But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"

Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way,

He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.

I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,

An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,

Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince tree,

When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin': "Be ye willin' ter marry me?"

An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say."

Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,

"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be re-arrangin' me.

Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'

Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say ;

But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay.

I ask you free an' final: Be ye goin' ter marry me?"

An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

FLORENCE E. PYATT.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SNAKE.

NEAR the town of Reading, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, there formerly lived a well-to-do Dutch farmer named Peter Van Riper. His only son was a strapping lad of seventeen, also named Peter, and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares of the old man's farm, now and then assisted by an ancient Dutchman named Jake Sweighoffer, who lived in the neighborhood, and went out to work by the day.

One warm day in haying time this trio were hard at work in a meadow near the farm-house, when suddenly Peter the elder dropped his scythe and called out:

"Oh! mine gracious, Peter! Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader?" answered the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh! mine Peter! Peter!" again cried the old man, "do come here, right off! Der schnake pite mine leg!"

If anything in particular could disturb the nerves of young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once been chased by a black one and frightened nearly out of his wits. At the word snake, therefore, young Van Riper fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and called out in turn: "Where is der shnake, fader?"

"Here, up mine preeches!—Oh! my! my! my!"

"Vy don't you kill him, fader?" exclaimed Peter, junior, keeping at a safe distance from his suffering sire.

"I can't get at der little sinner, Peter; you come dake off my drowsis, or he'll kill me mit his pites."

But the fears of Peter, the younger, over-

came his filial affection, and lent strength to his legs, for he started off like a scared two-year-old toward the old man Jake, to call him to the assistance of his unhappy father. A few moments after, the two came bounding toward the old man, and as they passed a haycock where their garments had been laid when they began work, Jake grabbed the vest which he supposed belonged to his employer. During this time old Peter had managed to keep on his feet, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh! come quick, Yacob!" exclaimed he, "he pite like sixty, here, on mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are free from alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. He seized a small pitchfork, and, telling the unhappy Van Riper to stand steady, promised to stun the reptile by a rap or two, even if he didn't kill it outright. The frightened old man did not long hesitate between the risk of a broken leg or being bitten to death by a snake, but promptly indicated the place where Jake should strike. Whack went the pitchfork, and down tumbled Peter, exclaiming, "Oh! my! my! my! I pleeve you've proke mine leg! but den der shnake's gone."

"Vere! vere's he gone to?" says old Sweighoffer, looking sharply about on the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind der shnake now, Yacob," says Van Riper, "come and help me up, and I'll go home."

"Here, I've got your shacket—put it on," says Jacob, lifting up the old man, and slipping his arms into the armholes of the vest.

The moment old Peter made the effort to get the garment on his shoulders, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end—he shivered and shook—his teeth chattered, and

his knees knocked an accompaniment. "O Yacob!" exclaimed he, "help me to go home—I'm dead! I'm dead!"

"Vat's dat you say? Ish dere nodder shnake in your preeches?" inquired the intrepid Jacob.

"Not dat—I don't mean dat," says the farmer, "but shust you look on me—I'm shwelt all up, pigger as an ox! my shacket won't go on my pack. I'm dying mit de pizen. Oh! oh! oh! help me home quick."

The hired man came to the same conclusion; and with might and main he hurried old Peter along toward the farm-house. Meantime young Peter had run home, and so alarmed the women folks that they were in a high state of excitement when they saw the approach of the good old man and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried into the house, laid on a bed, and began to lament his sad misfortune in a most grievous manner, when the old lady, his frow, came forward and proposed to examine the bitten leg. The unhappy man opened his eyes and feebly pointed out the place of the bite. She carefully ripped up his pantaloons, and out fell—a thistle-top! and at the same time a considerable scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake? Bah!" says the old lady, holding up the thistle.

"Oh! but I'm pizenen to death, Katreen!—see, I'm all pizen!—mine shacket!—Oh! dear, mine shacket not come over mine pody!"

"Haw! haw! you crazy fellow," roars the frow, "dat's not your shacket—dat's Peter's shacket! ha! ha! ha!"

"Vat! dat Peter's shacket?" says old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up: "Bosh! Jacob, vat an old fool you must be to say I vas shnake-pite! Go 'pout your pusiness, gals. Peter, give me mine pipe."

NO KISS.

"KISS me, Will," sang Marguerite,
 To a pretty little tune,
 Holding up her dainty mouth,
 Sweet as roses born in June.
 Will was ten years old that day,
 And he pulled her golden curls
 Teasingly, and answer made—
 "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
 Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
 Gazing fondly in her eyes,
 Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
 'Rite is seventeen to-day,
 With her birthday ring she toys
 For a moment, then replies:
 "I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."



THE LISPING LOVER.

"Hi! tntay dne moment, love implorth,
 Ere yet we break thith happy thpell!
 For to the thoul my thoul adorth
 It ith tho hard to thay farewell.

And yet how thad to be tho weak,
 To think forever, night or day,
 The thententheth my heart would thpeak
 Thethe lipth can never truly thay.

How mournful, too, while thuth I kneel,
 With nervouthneth my blith to mar,

And dream each moment that I feel
 The boot-toe of thy thtern papa.

Or yet to fanthy that I hear
 A thudden order to decamp,
 Ath dithagreeably thevere
 Ath—"Get out you infernal thcamp!"

Yet recklethly I pauthe by thee,
 To lithp my hopeth, my fearth, my careth,
 Though any moment I may be
 Turning a thomerthet down the thtairth!



LARRIE O'DEE.

ROW the widow McGee,
 And Larrie O'Dee,
 Had two little cottages out on the
 green,
 With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
 The widow was young and the widow was fair,
 With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of
 hair;
 And it frequently chanced, when she came in the
 morn
 With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the
 corn.
 And some of the ears that he tossed from his
 hand,
 In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
 "Och! Misthress McGee,

It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two
 rigs,
 Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs!"
 "Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
 With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
 "And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and
 mane,
 Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдenly near
 That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
 And yit kape a cruel petition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
 Answered Larrie O'Dee,
 "If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
 Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two
 rigs?
 Och! it mado me heart ache whin I paped
 through the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer
axe;

An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both
warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she;

"Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you,
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yez, shtir the swill wid yer
snout;

But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!' "
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. FINK.

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS THE PIANO.

FIRST a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop.

Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.

See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.

Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.

O'er the music comes a change,
Every tone is wild and strange;
Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
Heads are aching, something's breaking—
Goodness gracious! it is wondrous,
Rolling round, above, and under us,
Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous.

Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang:
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the bass an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam—bang—whang!

THE FRECKLE-FACED GIRL.

MA'S up stairs changing her dress,"
said the freckled-faced little
girl, tying her doll's bonnet
strings and casting her eye about for a tidy
large enough to serve as a shawl for that
double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for

me," replied the female agent of the mis-
sionary society, taking a self-satisfied view
of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell
her to come down just as she is in her every-
day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday
clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new

brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have her hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to.

"Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to

think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needed 'ligion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less it was a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. The little girl understands it better than her ma does.

WHEN GIRLS WORE CALICO.

THERE was a time, betwixt the days
 Of linsey woolsey, straight and prim,
 And these when mode, with despot ways,
 Leads woman captive at its whim,
 Yet not a hundred years ago,
 When girls wore simple calico.

Within the barn, by lantern light,
 Through many a reel, with flying feet,
 The boys and maidens danced at night
 To fiddled measures, shrilly sweet;
 And merry revels were they, though
 The girls were gowned in calico.

Across the flooring rough and gray
 The gold of scattered chaff was spread,
 And long festoons of clover hay
 That straggled from the loft o'erhead,
 Swung scented fringes to and fro
 O'er pretty girls in calico.

They used to go a-Maying then,
 The blossoms of the spring to seek
 In sunny glade and sheltered glen,
 Unweighed by fashion's latest freak;
 And Robin fell in love, I know,
 With Phyllis in her calico.

A tuck, a frill, a bias **fold**,
 A hat curved over gipsy-wise,
 And beads of coral and of gold,
 And rosy cheeks and merry **eyes**,
 Made lassies in that long ago
 Look charming in their calico.

The modern knight who loves a maid
 Of gracious air and gentle grace,
 And finds her oftentimes arrayed
 In shining silk and priceless lace,
 Would love her just as well, I know,
 In pink and lilac calico.

HATTIE WHITNEY

A WINNING COMPANY.

IF gran'paw was a soldier now
 He'd show 'em what to do;
 You ought to come and listen how
 He talks to me and Sue.

He tells us all about the days
 He led his gallant men,
 And all about the different ways
 He won the battles then.

An' ev'ry night when paw comes in
 An' says the fight's begun,
 He tells what they could do to win
 Er what they ought to done.

An' paw he laugh and looks at me
 An' says we'd surely win it
 If gran'paw led a company
 An' Sue an' me was in it.

THE BRAVEST SAILOR OF ALL.

This graceful tribute to the martial spirit of the little tots should be recited in a slightly bombastic style. The little one considers himself quite a hero and should be described accordingly.

I KNOW a naval officer, the bravest fighting
 man;
 He wears a jaunty sailor suit, his cap says
 "Puritan."

And all day long he sails a ship between our
 land and Spain,
 And he avenges, every hour, the martyrs of the
 "Maine."

His warship is six inches square, a wash-tub
 serves for ocean;
 But never yet, on any coast, was seen such dire
 commotion.

With one skilled move his boat is sent from
 Cuba to midsea,
 And just as quickly back it comes to set Havana
 free.

He fights with Dewey; plants his flag upon each
 island's shore,
 Then off with Sampson's fleet he goes to shed the
 Spanish gore.

He comes to guard New England's coast, but ere
 his anchor falls,
 He hurries off in frightful speed, to shell Manila's
 walls.

The Philippines so frequently have yielded to his
 power,
 There's very little left of them, I'm certain, at
 this hour;

And when at last he falls asleep, it is to wake again
 And hasten into troubled seas and go and con-
 quer Spain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HOW SHE WAS CONSOLED.



UT in the field in the red o' the rain

That crimsoned the breasts that the
battle had slain,

He lay in the shadow—the captain—at
rest,

With a lock of gold hair round a face on his
breast.

Out in the darkness, all pallid and dumb,

A woman waits long for the captain to come;

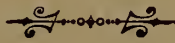
And she kisses his portrait. O, pitiful pain!
She shall kiss not the lips of the captain again!

But a woman's a woman, though loyal and
brave,

Love fareth but ill in the gloom of a grave.

The captain lies mute 'neath the stars and the
snow,

And the woman he loved—well, she's married.
you know!



THAT HIRED GIRL.



HEN she came to work for the fam-
ily on Congress street, the lady of
the house sat down and told her

that agents, picture-sellers, peddlers, rag-
men, and all that class of people must be met
at the front door and coldly repulsed, and
Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to
break every broomstick in town.

And she did. She threw the door open
wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she
got through talking, the cheekiest agent was
only too glad to leave. It got so after a
while that peddlers marked that house, and
the door-bell never rang except for com-
pany.

The other day, as the girl of the house was
wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She
hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady,
but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed
in black and wearing a white necktie. He
was the new minister, and was going around
to get acquainted with the members of his
flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know
this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the
gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—
see—!"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around
for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-
sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling
blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths
away—fly!" exclaimed Sarah, getting red in
the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to
look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you
are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't
want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent
any longer! Come lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to
smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man
with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any,
and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say
that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with
cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I
can't stand here all day."

"Didn't know that I was a minister?" he
asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look
like the man who sold the woman next door
a ten cent chromo for two dollars."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open, I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted

after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door

WHAT SAMBO SAYS.

ROW, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de Scriptor fashions,
An' you needn't look to mirakuls to furnish you wid rations;

Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you got to go and fetch 'em,

An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums an' ketch 'em;

For you kin put it down as sartin dat the time is long gone by,

When sassage an' 'taters use to rain fum out de sky!

I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin';

But frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meetin';

Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a gettin' tight,

An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, with muskets in deir han's,

Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid deir hoes

An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-rows,

Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de ditches,

Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross deir breeches.

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty sort o' nice,

But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!

You see, dey bofe was human bein's jes' like me an' you,

An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;

Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,

Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' roun' an' chattin' wid de snake.

THE IRISH SLEIGH RIDE.

DON'T go way until you hear
A story, though it may seem queer,
Of a family known both near and far
By the funny name of Ump Ha Ha.

Mr Ump Ha Ha, one day,
Thought he would like to take a sleigh
And ride upon the frozen snow;
And Mrs. Ump Ha Ha said she would go,
Taking all the family, of course,
Including, too, the family horse.

He was a mule, and a thin one, too;
You could see his ribs where the hay stuck through.

They hitched him up to an old-time bob.
Then you ought to have seen the mob!
There were Patrick, Mary Ump Ha Ha,
Grace and Carrie Ump Ha Ha,
Mike and Freddie Ump Ha Ha,
Willie and Eddie Ump Ha Ha.

Tim and Juley Ump Ha Ha,
 Rose and Peggy Ump Ha Ha,
 Lizzie and Mayme Ump Ha Ha,
 Big fat Jammie Ump Ha Ha.

Fifteen people in one sleigh
 Started out to spend the day.
 The way they packed and jammed them in,
 It made the family horse look thin.
 As luck will have it, as it will,
 They started from the top of a hill.
 The hill was slippery; down they flew.
 How fast they went they never knew.
 The time they made it can't be beat.
 The old mule had no use for his feet;
 He went like a bird or ships on sail;

He flew with his ears and steered with his tail
 It was a mile to the bottom and the bottom was
 mud,
 And they went down with a sickening thud.

Mary Ump Ha Ha was dazed,
 Patrick Ump Ha Ha was crazed,
 Little Willie bumped his nose,
 Big fat Jammie she got froze.
 Fourteen doctors came at once.
 The old mule was buried in the ground.
 Did you ever see a dead mule laying around?
 It took four drays to get them home,
 And when they found they broke no bones,
 They all sat down and thanked their stars,
 And then they laughed out, Ump Ha Ha.

JANE JONES.

JANE JONES keeps a-whisperin' to me all
 the time,

An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
 To study your lessons, an' work hard an'
 learn,

An' never be absent from school?
 Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
 How he clumb up to the top;
 Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
 Down in the blacksmithin' shop."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
 Mebby he did—I dunno;
 'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the to'
 Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
 But full o' ambition and brains,
 An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
 An' see what he got for his pains.
 He brought electricity out of the sky
 With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key,

So we're owin' him more'n any one else
 For all the bright lights 'at we see.

Jane Jones she actually said it was so.

Mebby he did—I dunno;
 'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
 In not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
 When he first thought up his big scheme;
 An' all of the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
 They laughed an' just said 'twas a dream;
 But Queen Isabella she listened to him,
 An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
 An' bought 'im the "Santa Marier" 'n said:
 "Go hunt up the rest of the earth."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
 Mebby he did—I dunno;
 'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
 They ain't any land to discover just now.

BEN KING

DE OLE PLANTATION MULE.

A WERRY funny feller is de ole plantation
 mule;
 An' nobody'll play wid him unless
 he is a fool.

De bestest ting to do w'en you meditates about
 him,
 Is to kinder sorter calkerlate you'll get along
 widout him.

W'en you try to 'proach dat mule from de front
endwise,

He look as meek as Moses, but his looks is full
ob lies;

He doesn't move a muscle, he doesn't even
wink;

An' you say his dispersition's better'n people
tink.

He stan' so still that you s'pose he is a monu-
ment of grace;

An' you almos' see a 'nevolent expression on his
face;

But dat 'nevolent expression is de mask dat's
allers worn;

For ole Satan is behin' it, jest as sure as you is
born.

Den you cosset him a little, an' you pat his other
end,

An' you has a reverlation dat he ain't so much
your friend;

You has made a big mistake; but before de heart
repents,

You is histed werry sudden to de odder side de
fence.

Well, you feel like you'd been standin' on de
locomotive track


An' de engine come an' hit you in de middle ob
de back;

You don' know wat has happened, you can scarcely
cotch your breff;

But you tink you've made de 'quaintance ob a
werry vi'lent deff.



ADAM NEVER WAS A BOY.

 F all the men the world has seen
Since time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man;

And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youth-time, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone;
He never with a pin-hook fished
Along the brook alone;
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hookey played, nor tied
The ever-ready pail,
Down in the alley all alone,
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimmin' came,
His happiness to cloy,
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He might refer to splendid times
'Mong Eden's bowers, yet
He never acted Romeo
To a six year Juliet.
He never sent a valentine,
Intended to annoy
A good, but maiden aunt, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite-string, no!
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble-peg;
He never from the attic stole,
A coon-hunt to enjoy,
To find "the old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ,
I think of him, earth's only man
Who never was a boy.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF S'POSIN.

A MAN hobbled into the Colonel's office upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said :

"Col. Coffin, my name is Briggs. I want to get your opinion about a little point of law. Now, Colonel, s'posin' you lived up the pike here a half mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody *could* hold a wild animal with the human eye, and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And then s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and set him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteen-inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get scary about it and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't.

"And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to run for a plum tree in order to

have a chance to collect your thoughts and to try to reflect what sort of an eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course ?

"Very well, then ; s'posin' you'd take your eye off of that dog—Johnson, mind you, all the time hissing him on and laughing, and you'd turn and rush for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold.

"And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holloa, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs ! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on, howling out ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then at last had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time some of your flesh in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire several doctors to keep you from dying with lock-jaw.

"Sposin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages and make him pay heavily for what that dog did ? That's what I want to get at."

The Colonel thought for a moment, and then said :

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction, and I could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel Johnson suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs,

hysterically. "Oh, very well, very well! I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up it'd 've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But hang me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog,

and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen, and will vote at the next election.

MY PARROT.

Let your face express contempt on the word "pshaw," and make the gesture in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures. Drawl out the word "yawned" in the third verse and give a comical wink in the fourth verse. Prolong the sound on "pshaw" in the last line.

I HAD a parrot once, an ugly bird,
With the most wicked eye I ever saw,
Who, though it comprehended all it heard,
Would only say, "O pshaw!"

I did my best to teach it goodly lore;
I talked to it of medicine and law;
It looked as if it knew it all before,
And simply said, "O pshaw!"

I sat me down upon a dry-goods box
To stuff sound doctrine down its empty
craw,
It would have none of matters orthodox,
But yawned and said, "O pshaw!"

I talked to it of politics, finance;
I hoped to teach the bird to say "Hurrah!"

For my pet candidates when he'd a chance,
He winked and chirped, "O pshaw!"

I am for prohibition, warp and woof,
But that bird stole hard cider through a straw,
And then he teetered off at my reproof
And thickly said, "O pshaw!"

Enraged, I hurled a bootjack, missed my aim
And plugged a passing stranger in the jaw;
He wheeled to see from whence the missile came
The demon laughed "O pshaw!"

I gave the creature to an old-maid aunt,
And shook with parting grief its skinny claw.
"He'll serve to cheer," she said, "my lonely
hearth,

For I'd not marry the best man on earth!"
"O pshaw!" sneered Poll, "O psha-a-w!"
EMMA H. WEBB.

BAKIN AND GREENS.

YO' may tell me ob pastries and fine oyster
patties,
Of salads and crowkets an' Boston baked
beans,

But dar's nuffin so temptin' to dis nigger's palate
As a big slice of bakin and plenty ob greens.

Jes bile 'em right down, so dey'll melt when yo'
eat 'em;
Hab a big streak ob fat an' a small streak o'
lean;

Dar's nuffin on earf yo' kin fix up to beat 'em,
Fur de king ob all dishes am bakin and greens.

Den take some co'hnmeal and sif' it and pat it.
An' put it in de ashes wid nuffin between;
Den blow off de ashes and set right down at it,
For dar's nuffin like ashcake wid bakin and
greens.

'Twill take de ole mammies to fix 'em up
greasy,
Wid a lot ob good likker and dumplin's be-
tween,
Take all yo' fine eatin', I won't be uneasy,
If you'll gimme dat bakin wid plenty
greens.

Rich folks in dar kerrage may frow de dust on me;
 But how kin I envy dem men ob big means.
 Dey may hab de dispepsey and do' they may
 scorn me,
 Dey can't enjoy bakin wid a dish ob good
 greens.

You may put me in rags, fill my cup up wid sorrow;
 Let joy be a stranger, and trouble my dreams,
 But I still will be smilin', no pain kin I borrow,
 Ef you lebe me dat bakin wid plenty of
 greens.

HUNTING A MOUSE.

I WAS dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions and shouting "shoo," in a general manner, at everything in the room. To my anxious inquires as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O Joshua! a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya—shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was

clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage. Besides, I'm not so spry as I was before I had that spine in my back and had to wear plasters.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat."

Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go, for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor, very

dead. I had no idea a mouze could be squeezed to death so easy.

That was not the end of the trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and ar-

rested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now when mice run out of the cupboard I go outdoors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

JOSHUA JENKINS.



THE VILLAGE SEWING SOCIETY.

This is a very amusing recitation when correctly rendered. The gossips make the most disparaging remarks about their neighbors, but are very pleasant to their faces. The words in parentheses should be spoken "aside" in an undertone. A recital for one who can imitate different female voices.

"**M**IS' JONES is late agin to-day:
I'd be ashamed now ef 'twas me.
Don't tell it, but I've heerd folks
say

She only comes to get her tea."

"Law me! she ne~~er~~^{an't} want it *here*,
The deacon's folks ain't much on eatin':
They haven't made a pie this year!
Of course, 'twon't do to be repeatin';

"But old Mis' Jenkins says it's true
(You know she lives just 'cross the way,
And sees most everything they do.)
She says she saw 'em t'other day—"

"Hush, here comes Hannah! How d'ye do?
Why, what a pretty dress you've got!"

("Her old merino made up new:
I know it by that faded spot.")

"Jest look! there's Dr. Stebbins' wife"—
"A bran-new dress and bunnit!—well—
They say she leads him *such* a life!
But, there! I promised not to tell."

"What's that, Mis' Brown? '*All friends*,' of
course;
And you can see with your own eyes,

That *that* gray mare's the better horse,
Though gossipin' I do dispise."

"Poor Mary Allen's lost her beau"—
"It serves her right, conceited thing!
She's flirted awfully, I know.
Say have you heard she kept his ring?"

"Listen! the clock is striking six.
Thank goodness! then it's time for tea."
"Now ain't that too much! Abby Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!"

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we *come*."
("I hope the biscuits won't be cold:
No coffee? Wish I was tu hum!")

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles too (no jelly cake):
I'm quite ashamed to take one more."

"Good-by: we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there*!)"

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